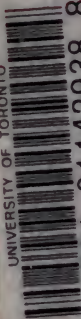


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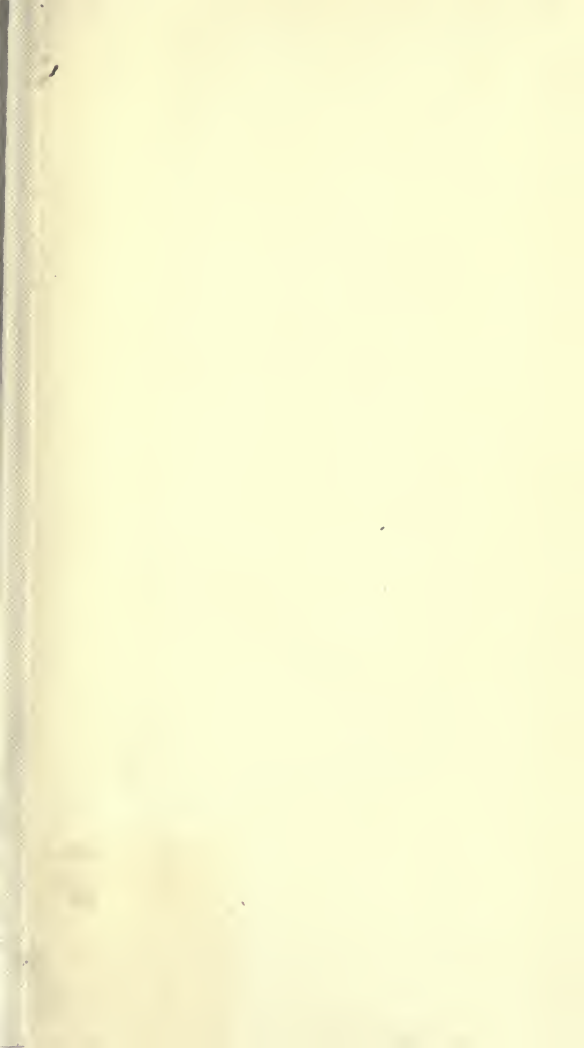


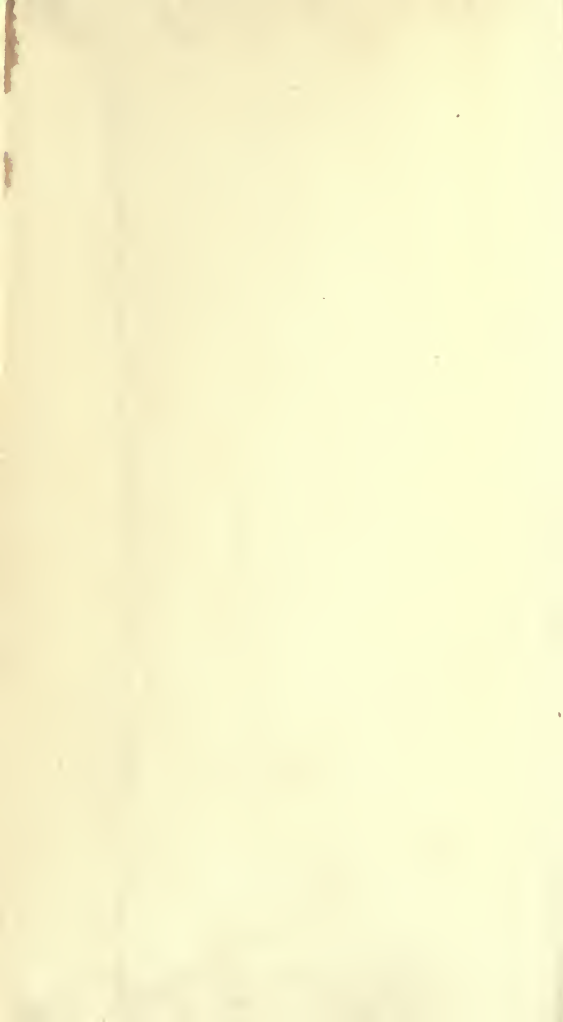
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HANDBOUND
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(66)

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to act vice &c.

to act vice &c.

MISS STORACE in EUPHROSINE.

*But the Nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the Wound in rosy Wine.*

COMUS.

A

MASK.

BY JOHN MILTON,

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED FIRST AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN THE YEAR 1744.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

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3557

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1795

THE
BIOGRAPHER TO THE WORLD.

IT may be necessary exactly to state what are the pretensions specifically, of the brief BIOGRAPHY prefixed to these Volumes:—that expectation may not be disappointed, and that blame may not be imputed to him for omissions of what were by no means comprehended in his plan.

All that is here to be sought, is a concise characteristic SKETCH of the Author, to whose play it is prefixed. ANECDOTES that are entirely new, can scarcely be hoped for at this period. Most of these Lives have been narrated in various forms, with minuteness of research, and length of detail. The confined space that can here be allotted, rather prescribes selection from what is known already, than research after novelties to swell the amount.

If, *multum in parvo*, much in a narrow compass, be found; if the philosophising spirit of Biography render character more perspicuous, and peculiarities prominent; if, exemplifying upon habits and manners, a lesson neither inelegant nor tedious be offered to leisure and curiosity; if the errors of the mind be in any degree corrected and reformed, and the social propensities of mankind strengthened and extended; I have my wish.

THE BIOGRAPHER.

JOHN MILTON.

TO write at this time the life of an Author like the Poet abovementioned, would be superfluous and impertinent.—Every circumstance that attended him is so generally known; his admirers have so minutely recorded his *excellencies*, and his enemies have taken the same kind of care of his *failings*, that little more is left for us than to consider him in the particular province of a DRAMATIC POET.

MILTON appears to have been but slenderly gifted for the effects of Tragedy.—His powers inclined little to the *pathetic*, though EURIPIDES was his favourite author. The other grand principle of tragic effort seemed as little within his attainment.—The *terror* that his conception would excite is rendered less vivid by the solemn prolongation of his periods, and the concatenation of his lines.—The nervous brevity of Shakspeare he admired, but he did not imitate. His two dramatic poems, exquisite as they are, considered as the vehicles of florid imagination and elegant expression, are nevertheless utterly remote from

modern sentiment and modern language. There is little to regret that, following the obvious bias of his mind, he soared into the epic field of unbounded invention, and permitted the Drama of his country, gothic and barbarous as he deemed it, to remain without a contest in those hands to which NATURE seemed to have consigned the portraiture of MANNERS and of MAN.

Fortune is frequently favourable in the arrangement of events: an escape from the enthusiasm of his politics might have rendered the great MILTON an uncouth Historian, and an unsuccessful Dramatist. The extent of his attainments made him little doubtful of their capabilities. It was the most felicitous circumstance of his life, that abandoning the DRAMA *religiously*, and History from calamity, he fixed upon a Theme of such exquisite beauty as enabled him to bear the evils of blindness and adversity, soothed by the nightly harmonies of heaven, and sustained unflinchingly by the holy fervour of inspired POESY.

COMUS.

THIS beautiful MASK has given rise to much Criticism, respecting circumstances of the scene to which objections are applied:—we shall briefly consider them with all possible respect—as the authorities are of high eminence.

FIRST—It is objected, that there is a considerable impropriety in the SPIRIT addressing the Audience to acquaint them with his nature and mission, in a monologue of extreme length, in the First Scene.—The remark is, however, attempted to be repelled by a reference to the continued CHORUS of the *Greek drama* never vacating the stage.—This palliation will, notwithstanding its tone of triumph, be of little avail, until it is shewn that there is in *Comus* any CHORUS whatever. The Greek audiences were not Choroides; that constant occupant of their Theatres, denominated the CHORUS, was relevant to the Drama, and as expedience demanded, either of VIRGINS or SENATORS, SOLDIERS or PRIESTS. The Address is, in truth, an elegant absurdity—and intended to the audience.

To the SECOND—Dr. JOHNSON has hinted at the ridiculous expedient to celebrate the beauty of Philosophy, and the sanctity of Virginity, in the dispu-

tation of the Brothers overtaken by night; and by darkness divided from their Sister. From this charge the Bard may be more easily vindicated—Why they were so long absent is another question—I have to account for the disputation: we find them in the double obscurity of night and a thick shade formed by innumerable boughs. To dissipate the fear of the Younger Brother for his Sister's safety, the Elder descants upon the unassailable nature of virgin purity. In the uncertainty of their situation, to move was dangerous; to expatiate, therefore, while it fortified their minds against alarming apprehension, deceived the weariness of *time*, combined with the aking privations of *silence* and *darkness*.

COMUS, as it is here given, is an adaptation to the modern stage—by the retrenchment of much Dialogue, and the addition of many *Airs*.—That the Poetry of this beautiful piece suffers by a modern hand can be little doubted. Veneration for the Author might wish it in the original state; but a dramatic exhibition must please to be repeated;—the aim should be to venture as little innovation as possible. The Music of ARNE, in the modern *Comus*, is well known; it is as intelligent as modern music can be.

Let not this article be closed without paying to deceased merits the praise so deservedly their due:—From the late Mr. HENDERSON's performance of *Comus* was derived one of the most luxuriant feasts

“ itself, as if overwhelmed by the weight of the drama, almost sunk with it, and became in a manner lost to the stage. That music, formerly heard and applauded with rapture is now restored, and the Mask, on the above considerations, is curtailed.

“ As a further argument in favour of the drama in its present form, it might perhaps be urged, that the festivity of the character of Comus is heightened by his assisting in the vocal parts as well as in the dialogue, and that theatrical propriety is no longer violated in the character of the Lady, who now invokes the Echo in her own person, without absurdly leaving the scene vacant as heretofore, while another voice warbled out the song which the Lady was supposed to execute.

“ To conclude, it may not be impertinent to observe, that *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Beaumont and Fletcher, which is esteemed one of the most beautiful compositions in our language, not only afforded our Author the first hint of this Mask, but that several brilliant passages of Comus are imitated from that excellent performance; yet it is remarkable that the play of *The Faithful Shepherdess*, being merely poetical, was condemned on its first representation; for which hard fate, though succeeding critics have reprehended the barbarism of that age, yet no attempt has ever been hazarded to restore the hapless drama to the stage.”

PROLOGUE.

OUR stedfast Bard, to his own genius true,
Still bade his Muse* "fit audience find, tho' few;"
Scorning the judgment of a trifling age
To choicer spirits he bequeath'd his page.
He too was scorn'd, and to Britannia's shame
She scarce for half an age knew Milton's name:-
But now, his fame by ev'ry trumpet blown,
We on his deathless trophies raise our own.
Nor art nor nature did his genius bound;
Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, he survey'd around:
All things his eye, thro' wit's bright empire thrown,
Beheld, and made what it beheld his own.

Such Milton was: 'tis ours to bring him forth,
And your's to vindicate neglected worth.
Such heav'n-taught numbers should be more than read,
More wide the manna thro' the nation spread.
Like some bless'd spirit he to-night descends,
Mankind he visits, and their steps befriends;
Thro' mazy error's dark perplexing wood
Points out the path of true and real good,
Varns erring youth, and guards the spotless maid
From spell of magic vice by reason's aid.

*Attend the strains; and should some meaner phrase
Hang on the style and clog the nobler lays,
Excuse what we with trembling hand supply,
To give his beauties to the public eye :
His the pure essence, ours the grosser mean
Thro' which his spirit is in action seen.
Observe the force, observe the flame divine
That glows, breathes, acts, in each harmonious line.
Great objects only strike the gen'rous heart ;
Praise the sublime, o'erlook the mortal part :
Be there your judgment, here your candour shewn ;
Small is our portion—and we wish 'twere none.*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

				<i>Men.</i>
COMUS,	-	-	-	Mr. Wroughton.
FIRST SPIRIT,		-	-	Mr. Haymes.
ELDER BROTHER,		-	-	Mr. Benson.
YOUNGER BROTHER,		-	-	Mr. Banks.
BACCHANALS,	-	-	{	Mr. Kelly,
				Mr. Dignum, &
				Mr. Sedgwick.
				<i>Women.</i>
LADY	-	-	-	Mrs. Kemble.
EUPHROSYNE,	-	-	-	Mrs. Storace.
BACCHANTES,	-		{	Mrs. Edwards,
				Miss Barnes,
				Mrs. Fox, &c.
SABRINA and PASTORAL NYMPH,				Miss Romanzini.

Bacchanals, Naiads, Spirits, &c.

COVENT-GARDEN.

				<i>Men.</i>
COMUS,	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
FIRST SPIRIT,		-	-	Mr. Thompson.
ELDER BROTHER,		-	-	Mr. M ^c Ready.
YOUNGER BROTHER,		-	-	Mr. Evett.
BACCHANALS,	-	-	{	Mr. Darley,
				Mr. Cubit.
				<i>Women.</i>
LADY,	-	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
EUPHROSYNE,	-	-	-	Mrs. Martyr.
BACCHANTES,	-	-	{	Mrs. Kennedy,
				Mrs. Morton.
SABRINA and PASTORAL NYMPH,				Mrs. Mountain.

Bacchanals, Naiads, Spirits, &c.



COMUS.

ACT I.

The SCENE discovers a wlld Wood.

The first Attendant Spirit enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aërial spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd and pester'd in this pinfold here
Strive to keep up a frail and fev'rish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants 10
Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there are that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of Eternity ;
To such my errand is ; and but for such
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds

" With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
 " But whence yon' slanting stream of purer light
 " Which streaks the midnight gloom, and hither darts
 " Its beamy point ? Some messenger from Jove 20
 " Commission'd to direct or share my charge,
 " And if I ken him right, a spirit pure
 " As treads the spangled pavement of the sky,
 " The gentle Philadel : but swift as thought
 " He comes——

" The second Attendant Spirit descends.

" Declare on what strange errand bent
 " Thou visitest this clime to me assign'd,
 " So far remote from thy appointed sphere.
 S. Spi. " On no appointed task thou seest me now ;
 " But, as returning from Elysian bow'rs 30
 " (Whither from mortal coil a soul I wafted)
 " Along this boundless sea of waving air
 " I steer'd my flight, betwixt the gloomy shade
 " Of these thick boughs thy radiant form I spy'd,
 " Gliding as streams the moon thro' dusky clouds ;
 " Instant I stoop'd my wing, and downward sped
 " To learn thy errand, and with thine to join
 " My kindred aid, from mortals ne'er withheld
 " When Virtue on the brink of peril stands.

F. Spi. " Then mark th' occasion that demands it
 here. 40

" Neptune, I need not tell, besides the sway
 " Of ev'ry salt flood and each ebbing stream,
 " Took in by lot, 'twixt high and nether Jove

“ Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
“ That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
“ The unadorned bosom of the deep ;
“ Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
“ By course commits to sev’ral government,
“ And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
“ And wield their little tridents ; but this isle, 50
“ The greatest and the best of all the main,
“ He quarters to his blue-hair’d deities ;
“ And all this track that fronts the falling sun
“ A nobler peer of mickle trust and pow’r
“ Has in his charge, with temper’d awe to guide
“ An old and haughty nation proud in arms.

S. Spi. “ Does any danger threat his legal sway
“ From bold sedition or close-ambush’d treason ?

F. Spi. “ No danger thence ; but to his lofty seat,
“ Which borders on the verge of this wild vale, 60
“ His blooming offspring, nurs’d in princely lore,
“ Are coming to attend their father’s state
“ And new entrusted sceptre, and their way
“ Lies through the perplex’d path of this drear wood,
“ The nodding horror of whose shady brows
“ Threats the forlorn and wand’ring passenger ;
“ And here their tender age might suffer peril,
“ But that by quick command from sov’ reign Jove
“ I was dispatch’d for their defence and guard.

S. Spi. “ What peril can their innocence assail 70
“ Within these lonely and unpeopled shades !

F. Spi. “ Attend my words. No place but harbours
danger ;

- " In ev'ry region Virtue finds a foe.
 " Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 " Crush'd the sweet poison of misus'd wine,
 " After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
 " Coasting the Tyrrhene shore as the winds listed,
 " On Circe's island fell : (who knows not Circe,
 " The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
 " Whoever tasted lost his upright shape, 80
 " And downward fell into a grov'ling swine ?)
 " This nymph, that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,
 " With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 " Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 " Much like his father, but his mother more,
 " Whom therefore she brought up and Comus nam'd.
 S. Spi. " I'll-omen'd birth to Virtue and her sons !
 F. Spi. " He, ripe and frolick of his full grown age,
 " Roving the Celtick and Iberian fields,
 " At last betakes him to this ominous wood, 90
 " And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
 " Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 " Off'ring to every weary traveller
 " His orient liquor in a crystal glass
 " To quench the drought of Phœbus, which as they
 taste,
 " (For most do taste thro' fond intemp'rate thirst)
 " Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
 " Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
 " Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
 " Or ounce or tyger, hog or bearded goat, 100
 " All other parts remaining as they were :

“ Yet, when he walks his tempting rounds, the sorcerer
 “ By magic pow’r their human face restores,
 “ And outward beauty to delude the sight.

S. Spi. “ Lose they the mem’ry of their former state?

F. Spi. “ No, they (so perfect is their misery)

“ Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 “ But boast themselves more comely than before ;
 “ And all their friends and native home forget,
 “ To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty. 110

S. Spi. “ Degrading fall ! from such a dire distress

“ What pain too great our mortal charge to save ?

F. Spi. “ For this, when any favour’d of high Jove

“ Chances to pass thro’ this advent’rous glade,

“ Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star

“ I shoot from heaven to give him safe convoy,

“ As now I do ; and opportune thou com’st

“ To share an office which thy nature loves.

“ This be our task ; but first I must put off

“ These my sky robes spun out of Iris’ woof, 120

“ And take the weeds and likeness of a swain

“ That to the service of this house belongs,

“ Who with his soft pipe and smooth-ditty’d song

“ Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,

“ And hush the waving woods ; nor of less faith,

“ And in this office of his mountain watch

“ Likeliest and nearest to the present aid

“ Of this occasion. Veil’d in such disguise

“ Be it my care the sever’d youths to guide

“ To their distress’d and lonely sister ; thine 130

“ To cheer her footsteps thro’ the magic wood.

" Whatever blessed spirit hovers near,
 " On errands bent to wand'ring mortal good,
 " If need require him summon to thy side ;
 " Unseen of mortal eye such thoughts inspire,
 " Such heaven-born confidence, as need demands
 " In hour of trial.

S. Spi. " Swift as winged winds

" To my glad charge I fly.

[*Exit.*

F. Spi. " ----I'll wait awhile

140

" To watch the sorcerer, for I hear the tread

" Of hateful steps : I must be viewless now."

COMUS enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other, with him a rout of Men and Women dressed as Bacchanals; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

Comus speaks.] The star that bids the shepherd fold
 Now the top of heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream ;
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing tow'rd the other gaol
 Of his chamber in the east ;
 Mean-while welcome joy and feast.

150

SONG.

*Now Phæbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song and welcome jest.*

*Midnight shout and revelry,
Topsy dance and jollity :
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.*

*Rigour now is gone to bed ;
And Advice with scrup'ulous head,
Strict Age and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.*

160

We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry choir,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wav'ring morrice move,
And, on the tawny sands and shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves.

170

SONG. *By a Woman.*

*By dimpled brook and fountain brim
The Wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep ;
What has night to do with sleep ?
Night has better sweets to prove ;
Venus now wakes and wakens Love :
Come, let us our rites begin ;
'Tis only day-light that makes sin.*

Comus. Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto ! to whom the secret flame

180

Of midnight torches burn. Mysterious dame !
 That ne'er art call'd but when the dragon-womb
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out ;
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice Morn, on th' Indian steep
 From her cabin loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.

SONG. *By COMUS and Woman.*

*From tyrant laws and customs free
 We follow sweet variety ;
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Love forever on the wing.*

*Why should niggard rules control
 Transports of the jovial soul ?
 No dull stinting hour we own ;
 Pleasure counts our time alone.*

Comus. Come, knit hands and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

A Dance.

Break off, break off ; I feel the diff'rent pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.

Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees ;
Our numbers may affright. Some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains. I shall ere long 210
Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight ;
Which must not be, for that's against my course.
, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy, 220
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
shall appear some harmless villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes ; I fairly step aside
And hearken if I may her bus'ness here.

Enter the Lady.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now : methought it was the sound 230
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment ;
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,

" When for their teeming flocks and granges full
 " In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 " And thank the gods amiss." I should be loath
 To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
 Of such late rioters ; yet oh ! where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?

240

Comus aside.] I'll ease her of that care, and be her guide.

Lady. My brothers when they saw me wearied out
 " With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 " Under the spreading favour of these pines,"
 Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 " They left me then when the grey-hooded Even,
 " Like a sad votarist in palmer's weeds,
 " Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain ;"
 But where they are, and why they come not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts : 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far.
 " This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 " Whence, ev'n now, the tumult of loud mirth
 " Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
 " Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 " What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
 " Begin to throng into my memory,
 " Of calling shapes and beck'ning shadows dire,
 " And æry tongues, that syllable mens' names
 " On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

259

" These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,
 " The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 " By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
 " O! welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
 " Thou hov'ring angel, girt with golden wings,
 " And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity !
 " I see you visibly, and now believe,
 " That he, the supreme Good(t' whom all things ill
 " Are but as slavish officers of vengeance) 271
 " Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
 " To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 " Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
 " Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
 " I did not err ; there does a sable cloud
 " Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 " And casts a gleam over this tufted grove."
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest 280
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

*Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph ! that liv'st unseen
 Within thy æery cell,
 By slow Mæander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the lovelorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are ?*

*Oh ! if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the Sphere !
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.*

Comus aside.] Can any mortal mixture of earth's
 mould

Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ?
 “ Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 “ And with these raptures moves the vocal air 300
 “ To testify his hidden residence :
 “ How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 “ Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
 “ At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven down
 “ Of darkness till it smil'd ! I have oft' heard
 “ My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
 “ Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
 “ Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 “ Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
 “ And lap it in Elysium : Scylla wept, 310
 “ And chid her barking waves into attention,
 “ And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause ;
 “ Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 “ And sweet in madness robb'd it of itself ;
 “ But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 “ Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 “ I never heard till now.”—I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder !

Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddess that, in rural shrine, 320
 Dwell'st here with Pan or Silvan, by bless'd song
 Forbidding ev'ry bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd ! ill is lost that praise
 That is address'd to unattending ears :
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossy couch. 329

Com. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus ?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from near-ush'ring guides ?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Com. " By falsehood or discourtesy, or why ?

" *Lady.*" To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly
 spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady !

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick
 return.

Com. " Perhaps forestalling night prevented them ?

Lady, " How easy my misfortune is to hit !" 339

Com. Imports their loss beside the present need !

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime or youthful bloom !

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Com. Two such I saw " what time the labour'd ox
 " In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 " And the swink't hedger at his supper sat ;

" I saw them" under a " green" mantling vine,
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots :
 Their port was more than human ; " as they stood
 " I took it for a fairy vision 351
 " Of some gay creatures of the element,
 " That in the colours of the rainbow live,
 " And play i' th' lighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
 " And as I pass'd I worshipp'd : " if those you seek
 It were a journey like the path to heav'n
 To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle Villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

Com. " Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. " To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
 " In such a scant allowance of star-light, 362
 " Would overtask the best land pilot's art,
 " Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet."

Com. I know each lane and ev'ry alley green,
 Dingle or bushy dell, of this wide wood,
 " And ev'ry bosky bourn from side to side,"
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood ;
 And if your stray attendants be yet lodg'd,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know 370
 Ere morrow wake, " or the low-roosted lark
 " From her thatch'd pallat rouse : if" otherwise,
 I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 Till farther quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,

And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
 " Which oft' is sooner found in lowly sheds
 " With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
 " And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
 " And yet is most pretended." In a place 381
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength—Shepherd, lead on.
 [Exeunt.

Enter COMUS' from behind the trees.

SONG. *By a Man.*

*Fly swiftly, ye Minutes! till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can give;
 The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she in return yield the raptures of love.*

*Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
 All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain, 391
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave:
 Love and wine give, ye Gods, or take back what you
 gave.*

CHORUS.

*Away, away, away,
 To Comus' court repair;
 There night outshines the day,
 There yields the melting fair.*

ACT II.

Enter the two BROTHERS.

" Elder Brother.

" UNMUFFLE, ye faint Stars ! and thou, fair Moon !

" That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,

" Stoop thy pale visage thro' an amber cloud,

" And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here

" In double night of darkness and of shades ;

" Or if your influence be quite damm'd up

" With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,

" Though a rush candle, from the wicker-hole

" Of some clay habitation, visit us

" With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light, 10

" And thou shalt be our star of Arcady

" Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Y. Bro. " Or, if our eyes

" Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear

" The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,

" Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,

" Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock

" Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,

" 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,

" In this close dungeon of innum'rous boughs. 20

" But oh ! that hapless virgin, our lost sister !

" Where may she wander now, whither betake her

" From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?

" Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,

“ Or ’gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 “ Leans her unpillow’d head, fraught with sad fears :
 “ What if in wild amazement and affright ?
 “ Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 “ Of savage hunger or of savage heat ?

E. Bro. “ Peace brother ; be not over exquisite

“ To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ; 31

“ For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown

“ What need a man forestal his date of grief,

“ And run to meet what he would most avoid ?

“ Or if they be but false alarms of fear

“ How bitter is such self-delusion !

“ I do not think my sister so to seek,

“ Or so unprincipled in virtue’s book,

“ And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,

“ As that the single want of light and noise 40

“ (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)

“ Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,

“ And put them into misbecoming plight.

“ Virtue could see to do what Virtue would

“ By her own radiant light, tho’ sun and moon

“ Were in the flat sea sunk ; and Wisdom’s self

“ Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,

“ Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,

“ She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,

“ That in the various bustle of resort 50

“ Were all to ruffled, and sometimes impair’d.

“ He, that has light within his own clear breast,

“ May sit i’ th’ centre and enjoy bright day ;

“ But he, that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,

“ Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;

“ Himself is his own dungeon. .

Y. Bro. “ Tis most true

“ That musing Meditation most affects

“ The pensive secrecy of desert cell,

“ Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,

“ And sits as safe as in a senate house ; 61

“ For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,

“ His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,

“ Or do his grey hairs any violence ?

“ But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree

“ Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard

“ Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,

“ To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit

“ From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.

“ You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps

“ Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den 71

“ And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope

“ Danger will wink on opportunity,

“ And let a single helpless maiden pass

“ Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.

“ Of night or loneliness it recks me not ;

“ I fear the dread events that dog them both,

“ Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person

“ Of our unowned sister.

E. Bro. “ I do not, brother,

80

“ Infer as if I thought my sister's state

“ Secure, without all doubt or controversy ;

“ Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear

“ Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is

“ That I incline to hope rather than fear,
“ And gladly banish squint suspicion.
“ My sister is not so defenceless left
“ As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength 90
“ Which you remember not.

Y. Bro. What hidden strength

“ Unless the strength of Heav’n ? if you mean that.

E. Bro. “ I mean that too ; but yet a hidden
strength,

“ Which, if Heav’n gave it, may be term’d her own ;

“ ’Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :

“ She that has that is clad in complete steel,

“ And like a quiver’d nymph with arrows keen

“ May trace huge forests and unharbour’d heaths,

“ Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,

“ Where thro’ the sacred rays of chastity

“ No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer, 100

“ Will dare to soil her virgin purity ;

“ Yea, there where very desolation dwells,

“ By grots and caverns shagg’d with horrid shades,

“ She may pass on with unblench’d majesty,

“ Be it not done in pride or in presumption.

“ Some say no evil thing that walks by night

“ In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,

“ Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,

“ That breaks his magick chains at curfew time,

“ No goblin, or swart Fairy of the mine, 110

“ Hath hurtful pow’r o’er true virginity.

“ Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call

“ Antiquity from the old schools of Greece

“ To testify the arms of Chastity ?

“ Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,

“ Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste !

“ Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness

“ And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought

“ The friv'lous bolt of Cupid : gods and men

“ Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o' th'
Woods.

120

“ What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield

“ That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin !

“ Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone

“ But rigid looks of chaste austerity

“ And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence

“ With sudden adoration and blank awe ?

“ So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,

“ That, when a soul is found sincerely so,

“ A thousand livery'd angels lacquey her,

“ Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,

130

“ And in clear dream and solemn vision

“ Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,

“ Till 'oft converse with heav'nly habitants

“ Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,

“ The unpolluted temple of the mind,

“ And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,

“ Till all be made immortal.

“ But when lust

“ By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,

“ But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,

140

“ Lets in defilement to the inward parts,

“ The soul grows clotted by contagion,

‘ Impodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 ‘ The divine property of her first being.
 ‘ Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 ‘ Oft’ seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
 ‘ Ling’ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
 ‘ As loath to leave the body that it lov’d,
 ‘ And link’d itself in carnal sensuality
 ‘ To a degen’rate and degraded state. 150

Y. Bro. “ How charming is divine philosophy !
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo’s lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar’d sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.”

E. Bro. ———List, list ! I hear
 some far-off halloo break the silent air.

Y. Bro. Methought so to ; what should it be ?

E. Bro. For certain
 either some one like us night-founder’d here, 160
 or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst
 some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Y. Bro. Heav’n keep my sister ! Again ! again ! and
 near !

—st draw, and stand upon our guard.

E. Bro. I’ll halloo ;
 he be friendly he comes well , if not,
 defence is a good cause, and Heav’n be for us.

Enter the first Attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

Y. Bro. That halloo I should know—What are you ?
 speak.

"Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes else."

"*F.*" *Spi.* What voice is that? my young lord?
Speak again. 170

Y. Bro. O brother, 't is my father's shepherd sure.

E. Bro. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft' de-
lay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd ev'ry muskrose of the dale,
How cam'st thou here, good Swain? has any ram
Slipp'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequestred nook?

"*F.*" *Spi.* O my lov'd master's heir and his next joy!

"I came not here on such a trivial toy 180

"As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth

"Of pilf'ring wolf: not all the fleecy wealth

"That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought

"To this my errand, and the care it brought.

"But oh!" *where is my virgin lady? where is she?*

How chance she is not in your company!

E. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

"*F.*" *Spi.* Ah me! unhappy! then my fears are true.

E. Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis! prithee briefly
shew? 190

F. Spi. "I'll tell ye: 't is not vain, nor fabulous,

"(Tho' so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)

"What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse

"Story'd of old in high immortal verse,

"Of dire Chimeras, and enchanted isles,

“ And rifted rocks, whose entrance leads to hell ;

“ For such there be ; but unbelief is blind.

E, Bro. “ Proceed, good shepherd ! I am all attention.”

“ *F*” *Spi.* Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immur’d in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells, 200
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill’d in all his mother’s witcheries,

And wanton as his father ;

“ And here to ev’ry thirsty wanderer

“ By sly enticements gives his baneful cup,

“ With many murmurs mix’d, whose pleasing poison

“ The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,

“ And the inglorious likeness of a beast

“ Fixes instead, unmoulding reason’s mintage

“ Character’d in the face.” This have I learnt 210

Tending my flock hard by, “ i’ th’ hilly croft

“ That brow this bottom glade,” whence night by
night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl

“ Like stabled wolves or tigers at their prey,

“ Doing abhorred rites to Hecate

“ In their obscured haunts and inmost bow’rs.”

Yet have they many baits and guileful spells,

And beauty’s tempting semblance can put on

T’ inveigle and invite th’ unwary sense

“ Of them that pass unweeting by the way.” 220

But hark ! the beaten trimbrel’s jarring sound

And wild tumultuous mirth proclaim their presence ;

Onward they move ; “ and see ! a blazing torch

“Gleams thro’ the shade,” and this way guides their
steps.

Let us withdraw awhile and watch their motions.

[*They retire.*]

*Enter COMUS’ Crew revelling, and by turns caressing
each other, till they observe the Two Brothers; then
Elder Brother advances and speaks.*

E. Bro. What are you, speak, that thus in wanton riot
And midnight revelry, like drunken Bacchanals,
Invade the silence of these lonely shades?

F. Wom. Ye godlike youths! “whose radiant forms
excel

“The blooming grace of Maia’s winged son,”
Bless the propitious star that led you to us;
We are the happiest of the race of mortals,
Of freedom, mirth, and joy, the only heirs:
But you shall share them with us; for this cup,
This nectar’d cup, the sweet assurance gives
Of present, and the pledge of future bliss.

[*She offers them the cup, which they both put by.*]

SONG. By a Man.

*By the gayly circling glass
We can see how minutes pass,
By the hollow cask are told
How the waning night grows old.*

*Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play:
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care ’t was made for you.*

E. Bro. Forbear, nor offer us the poison'd sweets
That thus have render'd thee thy sex's shame,
All sense of honour banish'd from thy breast.

“ SONG.

“ *Fame's an echo, prattling double,
“ An empty, airy, glitt'ring bubble ;
“ A breath can swell, a breath can sink it,
“ The wise not worth their keeping think it.*

“ *Why then, why such toil and pain
“ Fame's uncertain smiles to gain ?
“ Like her sister fortune blind,
“ To the best she's oft' unkind,
“ And the worst her favour find.*

E. Bro. “ By her own sentence Virtue stands ab-
solv'd,

“ Nor asks an echo from the tongues of men
“ To tell what hourly to herself she proves.
“ Who wants his own no other praise enjoys ;
“ His ear receives it as a fulsome tale
“ To which his heart in secret gives the lie :
“ Nay, slander'd innocence must feel a peace,
“ An inward peace, which flatter'd guilt ne'er knew.”

F. Wom. Oh ! how unseemly shews in blooming
youth

Such grey severity !—But come with us,
We to the bow'r of bliss will guide your steps ;
There you shall taste the joys that Nature sheds

F. Wom. "Perhaps it may ; perhaps the sweetest joys

"Of love itself from passion's folly spring ;

"But say, does wisdom greater bliss bestow ?

E. Bro. "Alike from love's and pleasure's path you stray,

"In sensual folly blindly seeking both,

"Your pleasure riot, lust your boasted love. 320

"Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal lust

"Is meanly selfish, when resisted cruel,

"And like the blast of pestilential winds

"Taints the sweet bloom of Nature's fairest forms :

"But love, like od'rous Zephyr's grateful breath,

"Repays the flow'r that sweetness which it borrows ;

"Uninjuring, uninjur'd, lovers move

"In their own sphere of happiness content

"By mutual truth avoiding mutual blame."

But we forget : who hears the voice of Truth 330

In noisy riot and intemp'rance drown'd ?

Thyrsis, be then our guide ; we'll follow thee,

And some good angel bear a shield before us !

[*Exeunt Brothers and Spirit.*]

F. Wom. Come, come, my friends, and partners of my joys,

Leave to these pedant youth their bookish dreams ;

"Poor blinded boys, by their blind guides misled !

"A beardless Cynick is the shame of nature,"

Beyond the cure of this inspiring cup ;

"And my contempt, at best my pity, moves."

Away, nor waste a moment more about 'em 340

CHORUS.

*Away, away, away,
To Comus' court repair ;
There night outshines the day,
There yields the melting fair. [Exeunt singing.**

E. Bro. " She's gone ! may scorn pursue her wanton arts,

" And all the painted charms that vice can wear.

" Yet oft' o'er credulous youth such Sirens triumph,

" And lead their captive sense in chains as strong

" As links of adamant. Let us be free,

" And to secure our freedom, virtuous. 350

Y. Bro. " But should our helpless sister meet the rage

" Of this insulting troop, what could she do ?

" What hope, what comfort, what support, were left ?

Spi. " She meets not them ; but yet, if right I guess,

" A harder trial on her virtue waits.

E. Bro. " Protect her Heav'n ! But whence this sad conjecture ?

Spi. " This ev'ning late, by then the chewing flocks

" Had ta'en their supper on the sav'ry herb

" Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,

" I sat me down to watch upon a bank 360

" With ivy canopy'd, and intervove

" With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,

" Wrapp'd in a pleasing fit of melancholy,

" To meditate my rural minstrelsy,

" Till fancy had her fill ; but ere a close,

* The first Act en is here as now performed.

“ The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
 “ And fill’d the air with barbarous dissonance,
 “ At which I ceas’d, and listen’d them a while.

Y. Bro. “ What follow’d then ? O ! if our helpless
 “ sister—

Spi. “ Strait an unusual stop of sudden silence 370
 “ Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds
 “ That draw the litter of close-curtain’d Sleep.
 “ At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 “ Rose like a steam of rich distill’d perfumes,
 “ And stole upon the air, that ev’n Silence
 “ Was took ere she was ’ware, and wish’d she might
 “ Deny her nature, and be never more,
 “ Still to be so displac’d. I was all ear,
 “ And took in strains that might create a soul
 “ Under the ribs of Death—but oh ! ere long 380
 “ Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 “ Of my most honour’d lady your dear sister.

Y. Bro. “ O my foreboding heart ! too true my fears.

Spi. “ Amaz’d I stood, harrow’d with grief and fear,
 “ And O ! poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
 “ How sweet thou sing’st, how near the deadly snare !
 “ Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 “ Thro paths and turnings often trod by day,
 “ Tjll guided by my ear I found the place
 “ Where the damn’d wizard, hid in sly disguise, 390
 “ (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 “ Already, ere my best speed to prevent,
 “ The aidless innocent lady, his wish’d prey,
 “ Who gently ask’d if he had seen such two,

' Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 ' Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 ' Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
 ' Into swift flight till I had found you here;
 ' But farther know I not.

Y. Bro. O night and shades!

400

' How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot
 ' Against the unarm'd weakness of one virgin,
 ' Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
 ' You gave me, brother?

E. Bro. "Yes, and keep it still,

' Lean on it safely; not a period
 ' Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats
 ' Of malice or of sorcery, or that pow'r
 ' Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,

Virtue may be assail'd but never hurt, 410

Surpris'd by unjust force but not intrall'd;

Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm

Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:

But evil on itself shall back recoil,

And mix no more with goodness; when at last

Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,

It shall be in eternal restless change,

Self-fed and self-consum'd. If this fail

The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,

And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on;

Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n 421

May never this just sword be lifted up;

But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt

With all the griesly legions that troop

“ Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
“ Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
“ ’Twixt Africa and Inde, I’ll find him out,
“ And force him to restore his purchase back,
“ Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
“ Curs’d as his life.

Spi. “ Alas! good vent’rous youth,
“ I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
“ But here thy sword can do thee little stead:
“ Far other arms, and other weapons must
“ Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.
“ He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
“ And crumble all thy sinews.

E. Bro. “ Why prithee, shepherd,
“ How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
“ As to make this relation?

Spi. “ A shepherd lad,
“ Of small regard to see to, yet well skill’d
“ In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
“ That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray,
“ Has shewn me simples of a thousand names,
“ Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
“ Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
“ But of divine effect, he cullsd me out;
“ And bad me keep it as of sov’reign use
“ ’Gainst all enchantment, mildew, blast, or damp,
“ Or ghastly fury’s apparition.
“ I purs’d it up. If you have this about you
“ (As I will give you when you go) you may
“ Boldly assault the necromancer’s hall;

“ Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
“ And brandished blade rush on him, break his glass,
“ And shed the luscious liquor on the ground ;
“ But seize his wand, tho’ he and his curs’d crew
“ Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
“ Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke, 460
“ Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.”

ACT III.

“ *Scene opens, and discovers*” a magnificent Hall in
COMUS’s Palace, “ *set off with all the gay decora-*
“ *tions proper for an ancient banqueting-room.*”
COMUS and Attendants stand on each side of the
Lady, who is seated in an enchanted chair ; “ *and*
“ *by her looks and gestures expresses great signs of*
“ *uneasiness and melancholy.*”

COMUS speaks.

“ HENCE, loathed melancholy,
“ Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
“ In Stygian cave forlorn,
“ ’Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-
“ holy,
“ Find out some uncouth cell,
“ Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings
“ And the night-raven sings ;
“ There, under ebon-shades, and low-brow’d rocks,
“ As ragged as thy locks,

“ In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10

“ But” come thou goddess fair and free,

In heaven yclep’d Euphrosyné,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,

Whom lovely Venus at a birth

With two sister Graces more,

To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.

Haste thee nymph and bring with thee

Jest and youthful jollity,

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,

Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles, 20

Such as hang on Hebe’s cheek,

And love to live in dimple sleek ;

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,

And laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it as you go,

On the light fantastic toe ;

And in thy right hand lead with thee

The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty.

[*Whilst these lines are repeating, enter a Nymph representing EUPHROSYNE, or Mirth; who advances to the Lgdy, and sings the following song.*

SONG.

Come, come, bid adieu to fear,

Love and harmony live here, 20

No domestic jealous jars,

Buzzling slanders, wordy wars,

In my presence will appear ;

Love and harmony reign here.

*Sighs to amorous sighs returning,
Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
Words to speak those wishes wanting,
Are the only tumults here,
All the woes you need to fear ;
Love and harmony reigns here.*

40

Lady. How long must I, by magick fetters chain'd
To this detested seat, hear odious strains
Of shameless folly, which my soul abhors ?

Com. Ye sedge-crown'd Naiades, by twilight seen
Along Mæander's mazy border green,
At Comus' call appear in all your azure sheen.

[He waves his Wand, the Naiads enter, and range themselves in order to dance.]

Now swiftly slow let Lydian measures move,
And breathe the pleasing pangs of gentle love.

[“The Naiads dance a slow dance expressive of the passion of Love.”]

[“After this dance” the pastoral Nymph advances slow, with a melancholy and desponding air, to the side of the stage, and repeats, by way of soliloquy, the first six lines, and then sings the ballad. In the mean time she is observed by EUPHROSYNE, who by her gestures expresses to the audience her different sentiments of the subject of her complaint, suitably to the character of their several songs.]

RECITATIVE.

How gentle was my Damon's air !
Like sunny beams his golden hair,
His voice was like the nightingale's,
More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales.
How hard such beauties to resign !
And yet that cruel task is mine !

A BALLAD.

*On every hill, in every grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear consicous scenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the streams remain, 63
But Damon there I seek in vain.*

*" Now to the mossy cave I fly,
" Where to my swain I oft have sung,
" Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
" As o'er the airy steep they hung.
" The mossy cave, the goats remain,
" But Damon there I seek in vain.*

*" Now through the winding vale I pass,
" And sigh to see the well-known shade ;
" I weep and kiss the bended grass, 70
" Where love and Damon fondly play'd.
" The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
" But Damon there I seek in vain."*

*From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
 Each flower in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore.
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.*

RECITATIVE. By EUPHROSYNE.

Love, the greatest bliss below, 80
 How to taste few women know ;
 Fewer still the way have hit
 How a fickle swain to quit.
 Simple nymphs then learn of me,
 How to treat inconstancy.

BALLAD.

*The wanton god, that pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts ;
 But the nymph disdains to pine ;
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.*

*Farewell lovers, when they're cloy'd ;
 If I am scorn'd, because enjoy'd,
 Sure the squeamish fops are free
 To rid me of dull company.*

*They have charms whilst mine can please ;
 I love them much, but more my ease ;
 Nor jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.*

*Why should they e'er give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain?
 All I hope of mortal man,
 Is to love me whilst he can.*

100

COMUS *speaks.*

Cast thine eyes around, and see
 How from every element
 Nature's sweets are cull'd for thee,
 And her choicest blessings sent.

"Fire, water, earth, and air, combine
 "To compose the rish repast,
 "Their aid the distant seasons join
 "To court thy smell, thy sight, thy taste."

Hither summer, autumn, spring,
 Hither all your tributes bring:
 All on bended knee be seen
 Paying homage to your queen.

110

[*After this "they put on their chaplets and prepare for the feast: while COMUS is advancing with his cup, and one of his attendants offers a chaplet to the Lady, (which she throws on the ground with indignation) the preparation for the feast is interrupted by lofty and solemn musick from above, whence" the second Attendant Spirit enters gradually in a splendid machine, repeating the following lines to the Lady, and sings, remaining still invisible to COMUS and his crew.*

From the realms of peace above,
 From the source of heavenly love,
 From the starry throne of Jove,
 Where tuneful Muses in a glittering ring
 To the celestial lyre's eternal string
 Patient Virtue's triumph sing;
 To these dim labyrinths where mortals stray,
 Maz'd in passion's pathless way, 121
 To save thy purer breast from spot and blame
 Thy guardian Spirit came.

SONG.

*Nor on beds of fading flowers,
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride;
 Nor with swains in Syren bowers,
 Will true pleasure long reside.*

*On awful virtue's hill sublime,
 Enthron'd sits the immortal fair;
 Who wins her height, must patient climb,
 The steps are peril, toil and care.*

*So from the first did Jove ordain,
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.*

[Exit the Spirit, the music playing loud and solemn.

Lady. Thanks, heav'nly songster! whoso'er thou
 art,
 Who deign'st to enter these unhallow'd walls,
 To bring the song of virtue to mine ear!

O cease not, cease not the melodious strain,
Till my rapt soul high on the swelling note
To heav'n ascend——far from these horrid fiends !

Com. Mere airy dreams of air-bred people these ?
Who look with envy on more happy man, 141
“ And would decry the joys they cannot take.
“ Quit not the substance for a stalking shade
“ Of hollow virtue, which eludes the grasp.”
Drink this, and you will scorn such idle tales.

[*He offers the cup, which she puts by, and attempts to rise.*]

Nay, lady, sit ; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all bound up in alabaster,
And you a statue : “ or, as Daphne was,
“ Root-bound, that fled Apollo.”

Lady. Fool, do not boast ; 150
Thou can'st not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, altho' this corp'ral rind
Thou hast immanacl'd, while heav'n sees good.

Com. Why are you vex'd, lady ? why do you frown ?
Here dwell no frowns nor anger ; from these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
“ When the fresh blood grows lively and returns
“ Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.”
And first behold this cordial julep here, 160
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
“ With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd,
“ Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
“ In Ægypt gave to Jove-born Helena,

“ Is of such pow’r to stir up joy, as this,
“ To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.”

Lady. Know base deluder, that I will not taste it.
Keep thy detested gifts for such as these.

[*Poins to his crew.*]

SONG. *By a Man.*

*Mortals, learn your lives to measure
Not by length of time, but pleasure ;* 170
*Soon your spring must have a fall ;
Losing youth, is losing all :
Then you’ll ask, but none will give,
And may linger, but not live.*

Com. Why shou’d you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy ?

“ But you invert the cov’nants of her trust,
“ And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
“ With that which you receiv’d on other terms, 180
“ Scorning the unexempt condition,
“ By which all human frailty must subsist,
“ Refreshment after toil, ease after pain ;”
That have been tir’d all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted. But, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lady. ’Twill not, false traitor !
’Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banis’d from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage and the safe abode, 190

Thou told'st me of ? Hence with thy brew'd enchantments.

“ Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence

“ With vizard'd falshood, and base forgery ?

“ And would'st thou seek again to trap me here

“ With liq'rish baits, fit to ensnare a brute ” ?

Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,

I wou'd not taste thy treas'nous offer—None,

But such as are good men, can give good things ;

And that which is not good is, not delicious

To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

200

Com. “ O, foolishness of men ! that lend their ears

“ To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,

“ And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,

“ Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.

“ Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth

“ With such a full and unwithdrawing hand.

“ Cov'ring the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,

“ Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,

“ But all to please and sate the curious taste ;

“ And set to work millions of spinning worms,

210

“ That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd
silk,

“ To deck her sons ; and that no corner might

“ Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins

“ She hutch'd th' all-worshipp'd ore, and precious
gems

“ To store her children with ; if all the world

“ Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,

“ Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,

“Th’ All-giver would be unthank’d, would be un-
prais’d,

“Not half his riches known, and yet despis’d,

“And we should serve him as a grudging master,

“As a penurious niggard of his wealth, 221

“And live like Nature’s bastards, not her sons;

“Who would be quite surcharg’d with her own
weight,

“And strangled with her waste fertility.

Lady. “I had not thought to have unlock’d my lips

“In this unhallow’d air, but that this juggler

“Wou’d think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,

“Obtruding false rules, prank’d in reason’s garb.

“I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,

“And virtue has no tongue to check her pride, 230

“Imposter, do not charge most innocent Nature,

“As if she would her children should be riotous

“With her abundance. She, good cateress,

“Means her provision only to the good,

“That live according to her sober laws,

“And holy dictate of spare Temperance.

“If ey’ry just man, that now pines with want,

“Had but a moderate and beseeming share

“Of that which lewdly-pamper’d Luxury

“Now heaps upon some few with vast excess, 240

“Nature’s full blessings would be well dispens’d

“In unsuperfluous even proportion,

“And she no whit encumber’d with her store;

“And then the Giver wou’d be better thank’d,

“His praise due paid. For swinish Gluttony

“ Ne’er looks to heav’n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 “ But with besotted, base ingratitude
 “ Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.” Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough ?

Com. Enough to shew 250
 That you are cheated by the lying boasts
 Of starving pedants, that affect a fame
 From scorning pleasures, which they cannot reach.

*EUPHROSYNE sings.**

*Preach not to me your musty rules,
 Ye drones that mould in idle cell ;
 The heart is wiser than the schools,
 The senses always reason well.*

*If short my span, I less can spare
 To pass a single pleasure by ;
 An hour is long, if lost in care ;
 They only live, who life enjoy.*

260

Com. “ These are the maxims of the truly wise,
 “ Of such as practise what they preach to others.
 “ Here are no hypocrites, no grave dissemblers ;
 “ Nor pining grief, nor eating cares approach us,
 “ Nor sighs, nor murmurs—but of gentle Love,
 “ Whose woes delight ; What must his pleasures then ?

“ EUPHROSYNE sings.

*“ Ye Fauns, and ye Dryads, from hill, dale, and grove,
 “ Trip, trip it along, conducted by Love ;*

* Sung by Comus, as now performed at Covent-garden Theatre.

“ *Swiftly resort to Comus’ gay court,*
 “ *And in various measures shew Love’s various sport.*

“ *Enter the Fauns and Dryads, and attend to the fol-*
 “ *lowing directions. The tune is play’d a second time,*
 “ *to which they dance.*

“ *Now lighter and gayer, ye tinkling strings, sound :*
 “ *Light, light in the air, ye nimble nymphs, bound.*
 “ *Now, now with quick feet the ground beat, beat ;*
 “ *Now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat,*
 “ *Now cold and denying,*
 “ *Now kind and complying,*
 “ *Consenting, repenting,*
 “ *Disdaining, complaining,*
 “ *Indifference now feigning,* 280

“ *Again with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat.*
 [“ *Excunt Dancers.*”]

Com. List, Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen’d
 With that same vaunted name Virginity.

“ *Beauty is nature’s coin, must not be hoarded,*
 “ *But must be current, and the good thereof*
 “ *Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,*
 “ *Unsavory in th’ enjoyment of itself :*
 “ *If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,*
 “ *It withers on the stalk with languish’d head.*
 “ *Beauty is nature’s brag, and must be shown* 290
 “ *In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,*
 “ *Where most may wonder at the workmanship.*
 “ *It is for homely features to keep home,*
 “ *They had their name thence : Coarse complexions,*

" And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
 " The sampler, and to teaze the housewife's wool"
 What need a vermeil tinctur'd lip for that,
 Love-darting eyss, or tresses like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts;
 Think what, and be advis'd: you are but young yet;
 This will inform you soon.

301

Lady. " To him that dares
 " Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 " Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
 " Fain would I something say, yet to what purpose?
 " Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend;
 " And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 " More happiness than this thy present lot.
 " Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
 " That has so well been taught her dazzling fence:
 " Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd,
 " Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 " Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 " To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 " That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 " And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and
 shake,
 " Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
 " Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

311

Com. " She fables not, I feel that I do fear
 " Her words set off by some superior pow'r;
 " And tho' not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
 " Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 " Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,

326

" To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
 " And try her yet more strongly——Come, no more,
 " This is mere moral babble, and direct
 " Against the canon laws of our foundation;
 " I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 " And settlings of a melancholy blood;
 " But this will cure all strait," one sip of this 330
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste——

*[The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest the
 glass out of his hand, and break it against the
 ground; his rout make signs of resistance, but are all
 driven in.]*

Enter the First Spirit.

What, have you let the false enchanter scape?
 O, ye mistook, you should have snatch'd his wand
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
 " And backward mutters of dissev'ring pow'r,"
 We cannot free the lady, that sits here
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless.
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
 " Some other means I have, which may be us'd, 340
 " Which once of Melibæus old I learn'd,
 " The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains:
 " I learn'd 'em then, when with my fellow swain,
 " The youthful Lycidas, his flocks I fed."
 There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
 That sways the Severn stream;

“ And, as the old swain said,” she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invok’d in warbled song ; 350
 “ For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 “ To aid a virgin, such as was herself.
 “ And see the swain himself in season comes.”

Enter the Second Spirit.

Haste ; Lycidas, and try thy tuneful strain,
 Which from her bed the fair Sabrina calls.

SONG. *By Second Spirit.*

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ; 360
Listen for dear honour’s sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

SABRINA rises and sings.

By the rusby-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of Turkis blue, and em’rald green,
That in the channel strays ;

, “ *Whilst from off the waters fleet* 370
 “ *Thus I set my printless feet*
 “ *O’er the cowslip’s velvet head,*
 “ *That bends not as I tread ;*”
Gentle swain, at thy request,
I am here.

RECITATIVE. Second Spirit.

Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here distress’d,
 Thro’ the force, and thro’ the wile, 380
 Of unblest’d enchanter vile.

RECITATIVE. Sabrina.

Shepherd, ’tis my office best
 To help ensnared chastity :
 Brightest lady, look on me ;
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops, that from my fountain pure
 I have kept, of precious cure ;
 Thrice upon thy finger’s tip,
 Thrice upon thy ruby’d lip ;
 Next this marble venom’d seat, 390
 Smear’d with gums of glutinous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold ;
 Now the spell hath lost his hold ;
 And I must haste, ere morning-hour,
 To wait in Amphitrite’s bower.

[SABRINA descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat;
the Brothers embrace her tenderly.]

E. Bro. "I oft had heard, but ne'er believ'd till now,
 "There are, who can by potent magic spells
 "Bend to their crooked purpose nature's laws,
 "Blot the fair moon from her resplendant orb,
 "Bid whirling planets stop their destin'd course, 400
 "And thro' the yawning earth from Stygian gloom
 "Call up the meagre ghost to walks of light :
 "It may be so for some mysterious end !"

Y. Bro. Why did I doubt ? Why tempt the wrath
 of heav'n
 To shed just vengeance on my weak distrust ?
 "Here spotless innocence has found relief,
 "By means as wond'rous as her strange distress."

E. Bro. The freedom of the mind, you see, no
 charm,
 No spell can reach ; that righteous Jove forbids,
 Lest man should call his frail divinity 410
 The slave of evil, or the sport of chance.
 Inform us, Thyrsis, if for this thine aid,
 We aught can pay that equals thy desert.

First Spirit discovering himself.

Pay it to Heaven ! There my mansion is :
 "But when a mortal, favour'd of high Jove,
 "Chances to pass thro' yon advent'rous glade,
 "Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star

" I shoot from heav'n to give him safe convoy."
That lent you grace to escape this cursed place ;
To heaven, that here has try'd your youthli, 420
Your faith, your patience, and your truth,
And sent you thro' these hard essays
With a crown of deathless praise.

[Then the two first Spirits advance and speak alternately the following lines, which MILTON calls epiloguizing.]

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lye
Where day never shuts his eye
Up in the broad fields of the sky :
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his Daughters three, 430
That sing about the golden tree.

Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
The Graces and the rosý-bosom'd Hours
'Thither all their bounties bring ;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-wings with musky wing
About the cedern alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.

Now my task is smoothly done, 440
I can fly or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend ;

And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free :

She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;

Or, if Virtue feeble were,

45

Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Chorus. *Taught by virtue, you may climb*

Higher than the sphery chime ;

Or, if Virtue feeble were,

Heaven itself would stoop to her.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

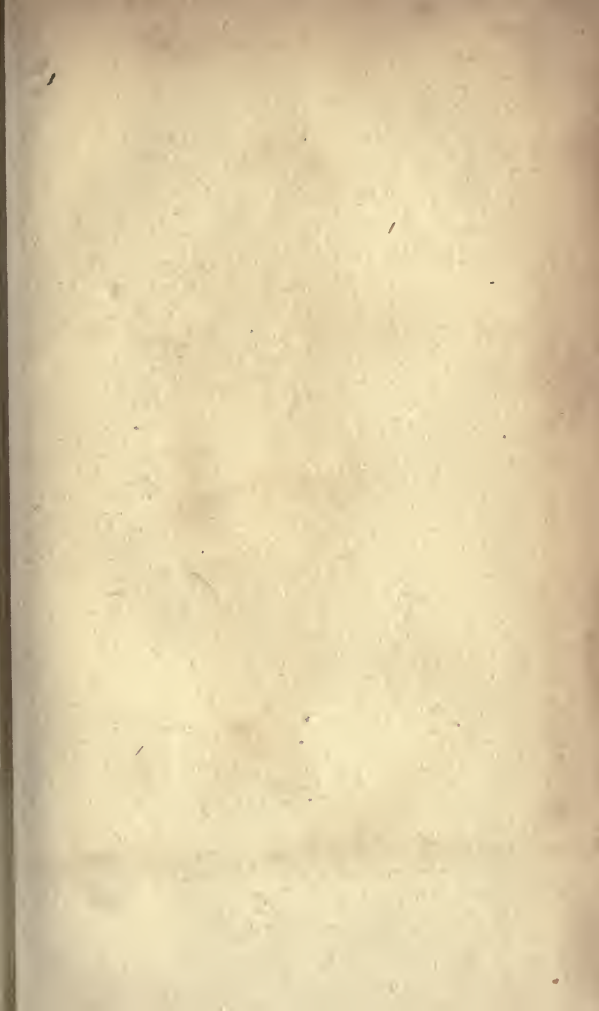
SPOKEN BY

EUPHROSYNE, WITH A WAND AND CUP.

*SOME critic, or I'm much deceived, will ask,
"What means this wild, this allegoric masque?
Beyond all bounds of truth this author shoots;
Can wands or cups transform men into brutes?
'Tis idle stuff!"—And yet I'll prove it true;
Attend; for sure I mean it not of you.
The mealy fop, that tastes my cup, may try,
How quick the change from beau to butterfly;
But o'er the Insect should the Brute prevail,
He grins a monkey with a length of tail. 10
One stroke of this,* as sure as Cupid's arrow,
Turns the warm youth into a wanton sparrow.
Nay, the cold prude becomes a slave to love,
Feels a new warmth, and cooes a billing dove.
The sly coquet, whose artful tears beguile
Unwary hearts, weeps a false crocodile.
Dull poring pedants, shock'd at truth's keen light,
Turn moles, and plunge again in friendly night;
Misers grow vultures, of rapacious mind,
Or more than vultures, they devour their kind; 20*

* The Wand.

*Flatt'ers cameleons, creeping on the ground,
With ev'ry changing colour changing round.
The party-fool, beneath his heavy load,
Drudges a driven ass thro' dirty road.
While guzzling sots, their spouses say, are hogs;
And snarling critics, authors swear, are dogs.
But to be grave, I hope we've prov'd at least,
All vice is folly, and makes man a beast.*





De Wilde ad eum piaz.

Thaen the actor

M^r. DODD as ABEL DRUGGER.

Face—*Must thou no credit with the Players?*

Drug—*Yes, Sir. Did you never see me play the Fool?*

THE
ALCHYMIST.

A
COMEDY.

AS ALTERED FROM BEN JONSON.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, IN DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

¹ The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas are omitted in the Representation. ²

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

THE

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE alterations and additions in this Play (as performed at the Theatres) on comparing it with the original, were judged so necessary and judicious, and the omissions so numerous and intricate, that it was impracticable to give the Original intire, without greatly embarrassing the Reader; such Lines as could be restored (though omitted on the Stage) are printed with Inverted Commas, those in Italics are added in the Representation,

BEN JONSON.

THE life of this great Poet is not a subject of pleasurable retrospect—it was darkened by envy, it was saddened by necessity—and, as if his suffering were never to have an end, his WIT is disparaged and GENIUS undervalued, even by that Posterity to which he might be supposed to refer his claims with assurance of justice.

SHAKSPERE is the man before whose contemporary excellence JONSON fades away—To whose injured friendship his fame, both as a man and as a writer, is sacrificed for propitiation.

THE COMMENTATORS upon our *greatest* POET seem, with infinite industry, to have raked up the ashes of forgotten aspersions, and to have violated that Grave in which all injuries are permitted to enjoy oblivion—Jonson has written dispraisingly of their Idol, it therefore follows in their idea, that wanting gratitude, he has wanted all—and they wish to deny that excellence

in his writings, which there is reasonable ground for presuming did not do honour to his life—Yet, esteemed and learned Gentlemen, Envy is a passion too apt to invade either the literate or the illiterate; and though JONSON might write under its influence, I cannot expect you to pity what you never felt. None of you have ever vindictively laboured to smother up a commenting rival—None of you are skilled in the art of plunging a name into oblivion, that your plagiarisms may never rise in judgment against you—Ye comment and criticise as though the precise accuracy of CAPELL had never preceded your toil. And may he continue to moulder in obscurity! for, alas! should a fair estimate of his researches be made, the high plumed *sagacity* of one Commentator, and the unpresuming *modesty* of another, might be expunged from the burthened pages of the Poet,

“ And like the baseless Fabric of your Visions,

“ Leave not a Rack behind.”

LET me be pardoned if any thing acrimonious should be inferred from aught above written. The Writer is just fresh from the perusal of the following play, and excellence, come from whom it may, is apt to win so warm an interest in his bosom,

that the very Gentlemen alluded to might enkindle within his breast a similar enthusiasm, were it possible to discover any congeniality of merits in their elaborate compositions.

THE above I owe to the *fame* of JONSON, what I am indebted to his *life* shall be punctually paid to his inimitable VOLPONE.

THE BIOGRAPHER.

THE ALCHEMIST.

THE characters of JONSON cannot be defined like those of SHAKSPERE;

“Which are not of an age, but of all times.”

They are such as only existed for the most part in his own—They speak in consequence a language deformed by affectation, and obscured by local allusion. Yet, so wonderful is the strength of this Hercules, that he may be stiled the great Historian of the Drama, and from his page is reflected the most perfect image of the domestic manners of our Ancestors in the Sixteenth Century.

OUR romantic Sires, as a worthy companion to their belief in the doctrine of Demons and Witches, believed in the transmutation of Metals, the Philosopher's Stone, and other conundrums of a similar nature; to ridicule the latter folly, this admirable play was written.

IF the Writer did not dread the undefined terrors of LIBEL, he might venture to say, JONSON was too wise to attack the belief in *Witchcraft*, sanctioned by the learned ignorance of his SOVEREIGN's sublime treatise entitled, *Dæmonologia*.

THE ARGUMENT.

*T*he sickness bot, a master quit for fear,
*H*is house in town, and left one servant there;
*E*ase him corrupted, and gave means to know,
A cheater and his punk; who, now brought low,
*L*earing their narrow practice, were become
*C*ox'ners at large; and only wanting some
*H*ouse to set up, with him they here contract,
*E*ach for a share, and all begin to act.
*M*uch company they draw, and much abuse,
*I*n casting figures, telling fortunes, news,
*S*elling of flies, flat bawd'ry, with the stone;
*T*ill it, and they, and all, in fume are gone.

PROLOGUE.

FORTUNE, that favours fools, these two short hours
We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,
Judging spectators; and desire in place,
To the author justice, to ourselves but grace.
Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,
No country's mirth is better than our own:
No clime breeds better matter for your whore,
Bawd, 'squire, impostor, many persons more,
Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;
And which have still been subject for the rage

Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better men;
Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure
The vices that she breeds, above their cure.
But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,
And in their working gain and profit meet,
He hopes to find no spirit so much diseas'd,
But will with such fair correctives be pleas'd:
For here he doth not fear who can apply.
If there be any that will sit so nigh
Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
They shall find things, they'd think, or wish, were done;
They are so natural follies, but so shown,
As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

SUBTLE, <i>the Alchymist,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Aickin.
FACE, <i>the Housekeeper,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Palmer.
SIR EPICURE MAMMON, <i>Knight,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Chaplin.
ABEL DRUGGER, <i>a Tobacco Man,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Dodd.
SURLY, <i>a Gamester,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Phillimore.
DAPPER, <i>a Clerk,</i>	- - - - -	
KASTRILL, <i>the angry Boy,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Burton.
LOVEWIT, <i>Master of the House,</i>	- - - - -	
TRIBULATION, <i>a Pastor of Amsterdam,</i>	- - - - -	
ANANIAS, <i>a Deacon there,</i>	- - - - -	

Women.

DOL COMMON, <i>Colleague with Subtle and</i>		
<i>Face,</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. Hopkins.
DAME PLIANT, <i>a Widow, Sister to the</i>		
<i>angry Boy,</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. A. Palmer.
<i>Neighbours, Officers, &c.</i>		

SCENE, London.

N. B. This Play never performed at Covent-Garden Theatre.



THE
ALCHYMIST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

FACE, SUBTLE, and DOL COMMON.

Face.

BELIEVE it, I will.

Sub. Do thy worst. I dare thee.

Face. Sirrah, I'll strip you out of all your sleights.

Dol. Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you mad men?

Sub. O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silk
With good strong water, an' you come.

Dol. Will you have
The neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?
"Hark, I hear somebody."

Face. Sirrah!

Sub. I shall mar
All that the taylor has made, if you approach.

Face. You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,
Dare you do this?

Sub. Yes faith, yes faith.

Face. Why, who

Am I, my mongrel? Who am I?

Sub. I'll tell you,

Since you know not yourself—

Face. Speak lower rogue.

20

Sub. Yes, you were once (time not long pass'd) the
good,

Honest, plain, livery-man, that kept

Your master's worship's house here in the Friars,
For the vacations.

Face. Will you be so loud?

Sub. Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.

Face. By your means, doctor Dog?

Sub. Within man's memory,

All this I speak of.

Face. Why, I pray you, have I

Been countenanced by you, or you by me?

Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.

Sub. I do not hear well.

Face. Not of this, I think it:

But I shall put you in mind, sir; at Pye-Corner,

Taking your meal of steam in, from cook's stalls;

Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk

Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horn nose,

And your complexion of the Roman wash,

Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,

40

Like powder corn shot at th' artillery-yard.

Sub. I wish you could advance your voice a little

Face. When you went pinn'd up in the several rags

You had rak'd and pick'd from dunghills before day ;
 Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes
 A felt of rug, and a thin threaden cloak,
 That scarce would cover your no-buttocks—

Sub. So, sir!

Face. When all your alchymy, and your algebra,
 Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,
 Your conjuring, coz'ning, and you doz'n of trades,
 Could not relieve your corpse with so much linen
 Would make you tinder but to see a fire ;
 I gave you count'nance, credit for your coals,
 Your stills, your glasses, your materials ;
 Built you a furnace, drew you customers,
 Advanc'd all your black arts, lent you, beside,
 A house to practice in—

Sub. Your master's house ?

Face. Where you have studied the more thriving skill
 Of bawdry since. 61

Sub. Yes, in your master's house.

You and the rats here kept possession.
 Make it not strange. “ I know you were one could
 keep

“ The butt'ry hatch still lock'd, and save the chippings,
 “ Sell the dole beer to *aqua-vita* men,
 “ The which, together with your Christmas vails
 “ At post and pair, your letting out of counters,
 “ Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
 “ And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs
 “ Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up house.

“ *Face.* You might talk softer, rascal.

- " *Sub.* No, you Scarabe;
 " I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
 " How to beware to tempt a fury again,
 " That carries tempest in his hand and voice.
 " *Face.* The place has made you valiant.
 " *Sub.* No, your clothes,
 " Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,
 " So poor, so wretched, when no living thing - 80
 " Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse!
 " Rais'd thee from brooms, and dust, and wat'ring
 pots!
 " Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
 " I' the third region call'd our State of Grace!
 " Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with pains
 " Would twice have won me the philosopher's work!
 " Made thee a second in mine own great art!
 " And have I this for thanks? Do you rebel?
 " Do you fly out i' the projection?
 " Would you begone now?
 " *Dol.* Gentlemen, what mean you?
 " Will you mar all?
 " *Sub.* Slave, thou hadst had no name——
 " *Dol.* Will you undo yourselves with civil war?
 " *Sub.* Never been known, past *equi clibanum*,
 " The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cellars,
 " Or an ale house darker than deaf John's; been lost
 " To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,
 " Had not I been.
 " *Dol.* Do you know who hears you, sovereign?
 " *Face.* Sirrah—

Dol. Nay, general, I thought you were civil."

Face. I shall turn desperate if you grow thus loud.

Sub. And hang thyself, I care not.

Face. Hang thee, collier,

And all thy pots and pans in picture, "I will,

"Since thou hast mov'd me—

"*Dol.* Oh, this'll o'erthrow all.

"*Face.* Write thee up bawd in Paul's, have all thy tricks

"Of coz'ning with a hollow coal, dust, scrapings,

"Searching for things lost with a sieve and sheers,

"Erecting figures in your rows of houses,

"And taking in of shadows with a glass,

"Told in red letters; and a face cut for thee,

"Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.

"*Dol.* Are you sound?

"Ha' you your senses, masters?

"*Face.* I will have

"A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,

"Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to printers."

Sub. Away, you trencher-rascal,

121

Face. Out, you dog-leach,

The vomit of all prisons.

Dol. Will you be

Your own destructions, gentlemen?

Sub. Cheater.

Face. Bawd.

Sub. Cow-herd.

Face. Conjurer,

Sub. Cut-purse.

Dol. We are ruin'd! lost! Ha' you no more regard
To your reputations? Where's your judgment? Slight,
Have yet some care of me, o' your republick—

Face. Away, this breach. I'll bring the rogue within
The statute of sorcery, "*tricesimo tertio*

"Of Harry the Eighth; ay, and, perhaps, thy neck
"Within a noose for laund'ring gold, and barbing it."

Dol. You'll bring your head within a coxscorn,
will you?

[*She catches out Face's sword, and breaks Subtle's glass.*

And you, sir, with your menstrue, gather it up.
'Sdeath! you abominable pair of stinkards, 140

Leave off your barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.

I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal,
For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt o' you both.

Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the world? and shall it now be said,
You've made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?

You will accuse him: You will bring him in
Within the statute! Who shall take your word?

A whore's-son, upstart, apocryphal captain,
Whom not a puritan in Black Friars will trust

So much as for feather! And you too
Will give the cause, forsooth! You will insult,
And claim a primacy in the divisions!

You must be chief! As if you only had
The powder to project with, and the work
Were not begun out of equality?

The venture tripartite ! All things in common ;
Without priority.

Face. It is his fault ;

160

He ever murmurs, and objects his pains ;
And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

Sub. Why, so it does.

Dol. How does it ? Do not we
Sustain our parts ?

Sub. Yes, but they are not equal.

Dol. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope
Ours may to-morrow match it.

Sub. Ay, they may.

Dol. May, murm'ring mastiff ! ay, and do. Death
on me !

Help me to throttle him.

Sub. Dorothy, mistress Dorothy !

'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean ?

Dol. Because o' your fermentation and cibation—

Sub. Not I by 'Heav'n——

Dol. Your Sol and Luna—help me.

Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform myself.

Dol. Will you, sir ? Do so, then, and quickly : swear.

Sub. What shall I swear ?

Dol. To leave your faction, sir.

180

And labour kindly in the common work.

Sub. Let me not breathe, if I meant ought beside.

I only us'd those speeches as a spur
To him.

Dol. I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we ?

Face. Slid, prove to day, who shall shark best.

Sub. Agreed.

Dol. Yes, and work close and friendly.

Sub. 'Slight, the knot

Shall grow the stronger for this breach with me.

Dol. Why so, my good baboons! Shall we go make
A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours,
(That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the king came in)
A feast of laughter at our follies? No, agree.
And may Don Provost ride a feasting long,
In his old velvet jerkin,
(My noble sovereign and worthy general)
Ere we contribute a new cruel garter
To his most worsted worship.

Sub. Royal Dol!

200

Spoken like Claridiana and thyself.

Face. For which, at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph
And not be stil'd Dol Common, but Dol Proper,
Dol Singular: "the longest cut at night,
" Shall draw thee for his Dol particular." [*One knocks.*]

Sub. Who's that? [*Knocks.*] To the window.

Pray Heav'n

The master do not trouble us this quarter.

Face. Oh, fear not him. "While there dies one a
week

"O', the plague, he's safe from thinking toward
London.

"Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now:

"I had a letter from him. If he do,

"He'll send such word, for airing o' the house,

"As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:

"Tho' we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter."

Sub. Who is it, Dol?

Dol. A fine young quodling.

Face. Oh,

My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night

In Holborn at the Dagger. He would have

220

(I told you of him) a familiar,

To rifle with at horses, and win cups.

Dol. Oh, let him in.

Face. Get you

Your robes on: I will meet him, as going out.

Dol. And what shall I do?

Face. Not be seen. Away.

Seem you very reserv'd.

Sub. Enough.

Face. God be with you, sir.

I pray you let him know that I was here.

His name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid, but—

Enter DAPPER.

Dap. Captain, I am here.

Sub. Who's that?

Face. He's come, I think, doctor.

Good faith, sir, I was going away.

Dap. In truth,

I am very sorry, captain.

Face. But I thought

Sure I should meet you.

240

Dap. Ay, I am very glad.

I had a scurvy writ or two to make,

And I had lent my watch last night to one
That dines to-day at the sheriff's, and so was robb'd
Of my pass-time. Is this the cunning man?

Face. This is his worship.

Dap. Is he a doctor?

Face. Yes.

Dap. And ha' you broke with him, captain?

Face. Ay.

Dap. And how?

Face. Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so dainty,
I know not what to say.

Dap. Not so, good captain.

Face. Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.

Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why should
you wish so?

I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.

“*Face.* I cannot think you will, sir. But the law

“Is such a thing!—And then, he says, Read's matter.

“Falling so lately——

260

“*Dap.* Read! he was an ass,

“And dealt, sir, with a fool.

“*Face.* It was a clerk, sir.

“*Dap.* A clerk!

“*Face.* Nay, hear me, sir, you know the law

“Better, I think——

“*Dap.* I should, sir, and the danger.

“You know, I shew'd the statute to you.

“*Face.* You did so.

“*Dap.* And will I tell then? By this hand of flesh,

“Would it might never write good court-hand more,

“ If I discover. What do you think of me,

“ That I am a Chiause ?

Face. What’s that ?

“ *Dap.* The Turk was here—

“ As one would say, do you think I am a Turk ?”

Face. I’ll tell the doctor so.

Dap. Do, good sweet captain.

Face. Come, noble doctor, pray thee let’s prevail ;
This is the gentleman, and he is no Chiause. . . . 280

Sub. Captain, I have return’d you all my answer.
I would do much, sir, for your love—but this
I neither may, nor can.

Face. Tut, do not say so.
You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor.
One that will thank you richly, “and he’s no Chiause.”
Let that, sir, move you.

Sub. Pray you, forbear.

Face. He has
Four angels here.

Sub. You do me wrong, good sir.

Face. Doctor, wherein ? To tempt you with these
spirits !

Sub. To tempt my art and love, sir, to my peril.
’Fore Heaven, I scarce can think you are my friend,
That so would draw me to apparent danger.

Face. I draw you ! a horse draw you, and a halter,
You and your flies together.

Dap. Nay, good captain.

Face. That know no difference of men.

Sub. Good words, sir. . . . 300

Face. Good deeds, sir, doctor Dogs-meat.

Dap. Nay, dear captain,

Use master doctor with some more respect.

Face. Hang him, proud stag; with his broad velvet head.

But for your sake, I'd choak, ere I would change
An article of breath with such a puck-foist—
Come, let's be gone.

Sub. Pray you, let me speak with you.

Dap. His worship calls you, captain.

Face. I am sorry

I e'er embark'd myself in such a business.

Dap. Nay, good sir, he did call you.

Face. Will he take then?

Sub. First hear me—

Face. Not a syllable, 'less you take.

Sub. Pray ye, sir—

Face. Upon no terms, but an *assumpsit*.

Sub. Your humour must be law. [*He takes money.*]

Face. Why now, sir, talk.

Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak. 320
So may this gentleman too.

Sub. Why, sir—

Face. No whispering.

Sub. 'Fore Heav'n, you do not apprehend the loss—
You do yourself in this.

Face. Wherein? For what?

Sub. Marry, to be so importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all!
He'll win up all the money i'the town,
If it be set him.

Face. How!

Sub. Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,

“As they do crackers in a puppet-play.

“If I do give him a familiar,

“Give you him all you play for: never set him;

“For he will have it.

Face. You are mistaken, doctor.

“Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,

“A rising fly; none of your great familiars.

Dap. Yes, captain, I would have it for all games.

Sub. I told you so.

341

Face. Slight, that's a new business!

“I understood you, a tame bird, to fly

“Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,

“When you had left the office, for a nag

“Of forty or fifty shillings.

Dap. Ay, 'tis true, sir;

“But I do think now I shall leave the law,

“And therefore——

Face. Why, this changes quite the case!

“Do you think that I dare move him?

Dap. If you please, sir;

“All's one to him, I see.

Face. What! for that money?

“I cannot with my conscience: nor should you

“Make the request, methinks.

Dap. No, sir, I mean

“To add consideration.

Face. Why then, sir,

“I'll try. Say, were it for all games, doctor.

Sub. I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him

“At any ordinary, but o’ the score.

“This is a gaming month, conceive me.

Face. Indeed!

Sub. He’ll draw you all the treasure of the realm,

“If it be set him.”

Face. Speak you this from art?

Sub. Ay, sir, and reason too, the ground of art.

He is o’ the only best complexion

The queen of Fairy loves.

Face. What! is he?

Sub. Peace,

He’ll overhear you. Sir, should she but see him—

Face. What?

Sub. Do not you tell him.

Face. Will he win at cards too?

Sub. He will, he will.

“The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,

“You’d swear, were in him; such a vigorous luck

“As cannot be resisted. Slight, he’ll put 380

“Six o’ your gallants to a cloak indeed.”

Face. Indeed, a strange success that some men should
be born to!

Sub. He hears you, man.

Dap. Sir, I’ll not be ungrateful.

Face. Faith, I have confidence in his good nature;
You hear, he says he will not be ungrateful.

Sub. Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.

Face. Troth, do it, doctor; think him trusty, and
make him.

He may make us both happy in an hour;
Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.

Dap. Believe it, and I will, sir.

Face. And you shall, sir.

You have heard all?

Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, sir.

Face. Nothing? [*Face takes him aside.*]

Dap. A little, sir.

Face. Well, a rare star

Reign'd at your birth.

Dap. At mine, sir? No.

Face. The doctor

400

Swears that you are——

Sub. Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.

Face. Allied to the queen of Fairy.

Dap. Who! that I am?

Believe it, no such matter.—

Face. Yes, and that

You were born with a cawl o' your head.

Dap. Who says so?

Face. Come,

You know it well enough, tho' you dissemble it.

Dap. I-fac, I do not; you are mistaken.

Face. How!

Swear by your fac! and in a thing so known

Unto the doctor! How shall we, sir, trust you

I' th' matter? Can we ever think,

When you have won five or six thousand pound,

You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?

Dap. By Jove, sir,

I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half.

I-fac's no oath.

420

Sub. No, no, he did but jest,

Face. Go to. Go thank the doctor. He's your friend,
To take it so.

Dap. I thank his worship.

Face. Do you think that will do? No, no;
Give him another angel.

Dap. Must I?

Face. Must you! 'Slight,
What else is thanks? Will you be trivial? Doctor,
When must he come for his familiar?

Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me?

Sub. Oh, good sir!

There must be a world of ceremonies pass;
You must be bath'd and fumigated first;
Besides, the queen of Fairy does not rise
Till it be noon.

Face. Not if she danc'd to-night.

Sub. And she must bless it.

Face. Did you never see
Her royal grace yet?

440

Dap. Whom?

Face. Your aunt of Fairy.

Sub. Not since she kiss'd him in the cradle, captain;
I can resolve you that.

Face. Well, see her grace,
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.]
It will be somewhat hard to compass; but,
However, see her. You are made, believe it,

If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman,
And very rich; and if she take a phant'sy,
She will do strange things. See her at any hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!
It is the doctor's fear.

Dap. How will't be done then?

Face. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But say to me, captain, I'll see her grace.

Dap. Captain, I'll see her grace.

Face. Enough.

Sub. Who's there? *[One knocks without.]*

Anon. Conduct him forth by the back way.— 460

Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself;
Till when you must be fasting; only take
Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,
Two at your mouth, and one at either ear;
Then bathe your fingers' ends, and wash your eyes,
To sharpen your five senses, and cry hum
Thrice, and buz as often; and then come.

Face. Can you remember this?

Dap. I warrant you.

Face. Well, then; away. 'Tis but your bestowing
Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's servants,
And put on a clean shirt; you do not know
What grace her grace may do you in clean linen.

Dap. Hum—buz. *[Exit.]*

Face. Hum—buz. *[Exit.]*

Sub. Come in.

Enter DRUGGER.

[Within.] I will see the doctor. 111

Sub. Good wives, I pray you forbear me now:
Troth, I can do you no good till afternoon.—

What is your name, say you? Abel Drugger! 18

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. A seller of tobacco?

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. Umh.

Free of the grocers?

Drug. Yes, I'm free of the grocers.

Sub. Well——

Your business, Abel?

Drug. This an't please your worship.
I am a young beginner, and am building
Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just
At corner of a street (here is the plot on't);
And I would know, by art, sir, of your worship,
Which way I should make my door, by necromancy
And where my shelves; and which should be for boxe
And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, si
And I was wish'd to your worship by a gentleman
One captain Face, that says you know men's planet
And their good angels, and their bad.

Sub. I do,
If I do see them.

Enter FACE.

Face. What! my honest Abel?
Thou art well met here.

Drug. Troth, sir, I was speaking
Just as your worship came here, of your worship.

I pray you speak for me to master doctor.

Face. He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?

This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow :

He lets me have good tobacco, and he

Does not sophisticate it.

Drug. No, I never sophisticate it.

Face. Nor wrap it up in piss'd clouts.

Drug. Oh, fye for shame, captain.

Face. He's a neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.

Drug. No, I am no goldsmith.

Sub. He's a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on—

Face. Already, sir, ha' you found it! Lo'thee, Abel!

Sub. And in right way towards riches——

Face. Sir?

Sub. This summer

520

He will be of the clothing of his company.

And next spring call'd to the scarlet, spend what he can.

Face. What, and so little beard?

Sub. You must think,

He may have a receipt to make hair come :

But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't ;

His fortune looks for him another way.

Face. 'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?

I am amaz'd at that !

Sub. By a rule, captain,

In metoposcopy, which I do work by ;

A certain star i' the forehead, which you see not.

Your chesnut, or your olive-colour'd face,

Does never fail ; and your long ear doth promise,

I knew't, by certain spots too, in his teeth,
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.

Face. Which finger's that?

Sub. His little finger. Look

You were born upon a Wednesday?

Drug. "Yes, indeed, sir," *and so I was.* 54

Sub. The thumb in Chiromancy, we give Venus
The fore-finger, to Jove; the midst, to Saturn;
The ring, to Sol; the least, to Mercury,
Who was the lord, sir, of his Horoscope,
His House of Life being Libra; which foreshew'd
He should be a merchant, and should trade with
balance.

Face. Why this is strange! Is't not, honest Nab

Drug. Yes, very strange.

Sub. There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,
That shall yield him such a commodity
Of drugs——Come hither, Abel;
This is the west, and this is the south.

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And those are your two sides.

Drug. Ay, sir.

Sub. Make me your door then south; your broad
side, west;

And, on the east side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarmael, and Baraborat:
Upon the north-part, Rael, Velet, Thiel.
They are the names of those mercurial spirits, 56
That do fright flies from boxes.

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And

Beneath your threshold, bury me a loadstone
To draw in gallants, that wear spurs; the rest
They'll seem to follow.

Face. That's a secret, Nab.

Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice,
And a court-fucus to call city-dames.
You shall deal much with minerals.

Drug. Sir, I have
At home already.

Sub. Ay, I know, you have, Arsnike,
Vitriol, Salt-tartre, Argale, Alkaly,
Cinoper: I know all. This fellow, captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a say (I will not say directly
But very fair) at the Philosopher's Stone.

Face. Why, how now, Abel! is this true?

Drug. Good captain, 580
What must I give?

Face. Nay, I'll not counsel thee.
Thou hear'st what wealth (he says spend what thou
canst)

Th'art like to come to.

Drug. I would give him a crown.

Face. A crown! and towards such a fortune?
Heart,

Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about
thee?

Drug. Yes, I have a Portague, I have kept this
half year,

And I would fain keep it half a year longer.

Face. Out on thee, Nab. 'Slight, there was such an offer,

'Shalt keep 't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee.

Drug. Will ye?

Face. Doctor, Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears

He will appear more grateful, as your skill
Does raise him in the world.

Drug. I would intreat
Another favour of his worship.

Face. What is't, Nab?

Drug. But to look over, sir, my almanack,
And cross out my ill days, that I may neither 600
Bargain nor trust upon them.

Face. That he shall, Nab.
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.

Sub. And a direction for his shelves.

Face. Now, Nab,
Art thou well pleased, Nab?

Drug. Thank, sir, both your worships,
I am a made man.

[Exit.

Face. Away.

Why, now you smoaky prosecutor of nature!
Now do you see, that something's to be done.
Beside your beech coal, and your cor'sive waters,
"Your crosslets, crucibles, and cucurbites?"
"You must have stuff, brought home to you, to
work on?"

And yet, you think, I am at no expence

In searching out these veins, then following them,
Then trying them out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Costs me more money than my share oft comes to
In these rare works.

Sub. You are pleasant, sir.—How now? 620

Enter Dol.

Face. What says my dainty Dolkin?

Dol. Yonder fish-wife.
Will not away. And there's your giantess,
The bawd of Lambeth.

Sub. Heart, I cannot speak with them.

Dol. Not afore night, I have told them, in a voice,
Through the trunk, like one of your familiars.
But I have spied sir Epicure Mammon.

Sub. Where?

Dol. Coming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue,
To one that's with him.

Sub. Face, go you, and shift.

Dol. you must presently make ready too——

Dol. Why, what's the matter?

Sub. Oh, I did look for him
With the sun's rising : marvel, he could sleep !
This is the day I am to perfect for him
The *Magisterium*, our Great-Work, the Stone ;
And yield it, made into his hands ; of which 640
He has, this month, talk'd, as he were possess'd,
“ And now he's dealing pieces on't away.
“ Methinks I see him entering ordinaries,

" Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses,
 " Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for lepers,
 " Searching the spittal, to make old bawds young;
 " And the highways, for beggars to make rich :
 " I see no end of my labours. He will make
 " Nature asham'd of her long sleep ; when art,
 " Who's but a step dame, shall do more than she."
 He's, in belief of chymistry, so bold,
 If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

MAMMON and SURLY.

Mammon.

COME on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore,
 In *no-vo orbe* ; here's the rich Peru :
 And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
 Great Solomon's Ophir ! He was sailing to't
 Three years, but we have reached it in ten months.
 This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
 I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.
 This day you shall be *speſtatiffimi*,
 And have your punquees, and punquetees, my Surly,
 And unto thee, I speak it first, Be rich.—Face,
 Where is my Subtle, there?—Within, ho !

Face. [*Within.*] Sir, he'll come to you, by and by.

Mam. That's his fire-drake.

His lungs, his Zephirus, he that puffs his coals,

Till he firke Nature up in her own centre.

You are doubtful, sir. This night, I'll change

All that is metal, in my house, to gold.

And, early in the morning, will I send

To all the plumbers, and the pewterers,

And buy their tin, and lead up; and to Lothbury 20

For all the copper.

Sur. What, and turn that too?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and
Cornwall,

And make them perfect Indies! you admire now?

Sur. No faith.

Mam. But when you see the effects of the great
medicine,

You will believe me.

Sur. Yes, when I see't, I will.

Mam. Why?

Do you think, I fable with you? I assure you,

He that has once the Flower of the Sun,

The perfect ruby, which we call Elixir,

Not only can do that, but by its virtue,

Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,

Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,

To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,

I'll make an old man of fourscore a child.

Sur. No doubt, he's that already.

Mam. Nay, I mean,

Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle, 40

To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,

Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.

Sur. The decay'd vestals of Drury-Lane would
 thank you,
 That keep the fire alive there.

Mam. 'Tis the secret
 Of Nature, naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,
 Cures all diseases coming of all causes ;
 A month's grief in a day ; a year's in twelve :
 And of what age soever, in a month.
 Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
 You're still incredulous.

Sur. Faith, I have a humour,
 I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone
 Cannot transmute me.

Mam. Surly,
 Will you believe antiquity ? Records ?
 I'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his sister,
 And Solomon, havè written of the art ;
 Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam.

Sur. How! 60

Mam. O' the Philosopher's Stone, and in High
 Dutch.

Sur. Did Adam, write, sir, in High Dutch ?

Mam. He did.

Which proves it was the primitive tongue. How now ?

Enter FACE.

Do we succeed ; Is our day come ? and holds it ?

Face. The evening will set red upon you, sir :
 You havè colour for it, crimson : the red ferment
 Has done his office ; three hours hence, prepare you
 To see projection.

Mam. My Surly,
Again, I say to thee, aloud, Be rich;
This day, thou shalt have ingots; and, to-morrow,
Gives lords th' affront. Is it, my Zephyrus, right?
Blushes the bolt's head?

Face. Like a wench with child, sir,
That were, but now, discovered to her master.

Mam. Excellent witty, Lungs! My only care is,
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on.
This town will not half serve me.

Face. No, sir? Buy 80
The covering off o' churches.

Mam. That's true.

Face. Yes,
Let them stand bare, as do their auditory;
Or cap them new with shingles.

Mam. No, good thatch:
Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs.
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,
Lost in the embers; and repair this brain,
Hurt wi' the fume o' the metals.

Face. I have blown, sir,
Hard for your worship; these blear'd eyes
Have wak'd, to read your several colours, sir;
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.

Mam. And lastly,
Thou hast descry'd the flower.

Face. Yes, sir.

Mam. Where's master?

100

Face. At his prayers, sir: he,
Good man, he's doing his devotions,
For the success.

Mam. Lungs, I will set a period
To all thy labours: thou shalt be the mastes
Of my Seraglio.

Face. Good, "sir.

"*Mam.* But do you hear?

"I'll geld you, Lungs.

"*Face.* Yes," sir.

Mam. For I do mean
To have a list of wives and concubines,
Equal with Solomon, who had the stone
Alike with me: "and I will make me a back
"With the Elixir, that shall be as tough
"As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.
Th'art sure thou saw'st it, blood?

Face. Both blood and spirit, sir.

Mam. I will have all my beds blown up; not
stuff'd;

Down is too hard.

120

(Is it arriv'd at ruby?)—Where I spy
A wealthy citizen, or a rich lawyer,
Have a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow
I'll send a thousand pounds, to be my cuckold.

Face. And shall I carry it?

Mam. No, I'll have no bawds,
But fathers and mothers. They will do it best,
Best of all others. And my flatterers,

Shall be the pure, and gravest of divines,
That I can get for money. My meet fools,
Eloquent burgesses.

We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med'cine.
My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells.

Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, saphirs, hyacinths, and rubies.

My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calvèr'd salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbels serv'd instead of sallads;
Oil'd mushrooms, "and the swelling unctious paps
"Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off," 140

Dress'd with an exquisite poignant sauce;
For which, I'll say unto my cook, there's gold,
Go forth, and be a knight.

Face. Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens.

[*Exit.*

Mam. Do. My shirts
I'll have of a taffata-sarsnet, soft and light
As cob-webs, and for all my other raiment,
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew.

My gloves of fishes and birds-skins, perfumed
With gums of Paradise, and eastern air———

Sur. And do you think to have the stone with this?

Mam. No, I do think t'have all this with the stone.

Sur. Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

Mam. That makes it, sir, he is so. But I buy it.

My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,
 A notable, superstitious good soul, 160
 Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
 With prayer and fasting for it; and, sir, let him
 Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
 Not a prophane word, afore him: 'tis poison.

Enter SUBTLE.

Good-morrow, father.

Sub. Gentle son, good-morrow.

And to your friend there. What is he is with you?

Mam. An heretick that I did bring along,
 In hope, sir, to convert him.

Sub. Son, I doubt

You're covetous, that thus you meet your time
 I' the just point: prevent your day, at morning,
 This argues something, worthy of a fear
 Of importune, and carnal appetite;
 Take heed, you do not cause the blessing leave you,
 With your ungoverned haste. I should be sorry
 To see my labours, now e'en at perfection,
 Got by long watching, and large patience,
 Not prosper, where my love and zeal hath placed them.
 Which in all my ends, 180

Have look'd no way, but unto public good.

To pious uses, and dear charity,

Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein

If you, my son, should now prevaricate,

And, to your own particular lusts, employ

So great and catholic a bliss, be sure,

A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle, and most secret ways.

Mam. I know, sir.

You shall not need to fear me, I but come,
To have you to confute this gentleman.

Sur. Who is,
Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief
Toward your Stone; would not be gull'd.

Sub. Well, son,
All that I can convince him in, is this :
The work is done; bright Sol is in his robe.
We have a medicine of the triple soul,
Thanks be to Heaven,

And make us worthy of it. *Ulen Spigel!*

200

Face. [*Within.*] Anon, sir.

Sub. Look well to the register,
And let you heat still lessen by degrees,
To the Aludels.

“ *Face.* Yes, sir.

“ *Sub.* Did you look

“ O’ the Bolt’s head yet ?

“ *Face.* Which, on D, sir ?

“ *Sub.* Ay.

“ What’s the complexion ?

“ *Face.* Whitish.

“ *Sub.* Infuse vinegar

“ To draw his volatile substance, and his tincture ;

“ And let the water in glass E be filter’d,

“ And put into the Gripe’s egg.” Lute him well ;

And leave him clos’d in *balneo* ;

And bring me the complexion of glass B.

Face. I will, sir.

[*Exit Face.*]

Sur. What a brave language here is ! next to canting !

Sub. I have another work, you never saw, son, 220
That three days since pass'd the philosopher's wheel,
In the lent heat of Athanor ; and is become
Sulphur of Nature.

Mam. But 'tis for me ?

Sub. What need you ?

You have enough, in that is perfect.

Mam. Oh, but——

Sub. Why, this is covetous !

Mam. No, I assure you,

I shall employ it all in pious uses,
Founding of colleges and grammar schools,
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
And now and then a church.

Enter FACE.

“ *Sub.* How now ?

“ *Face.* Sir, please you,

“ Shall I not change the *feltre* ?

“ *Sub.* Marry, yes,

“ And bring me the complexion of glass B. [*Exit Face.*]

“ *Mam.* Have you another ?

“ *Sub.* Yes, son, were I assur'd

240

“ Your piety were firm, we would not want

“ The means to glorify it. But I hope the best :

“ I mean to tinct C in sand-heat to-morrow,

“ And give him imbition.

“ *Mam.* Of white oil ?

“ *Sub.* No, sir, of red. F is come over the helm too,

“ In St. Mary’s Bath, and shews *lac virginis*.

“ I sent you of his *faces* there calcin’d.

“ Out of that calx I have won the salt of mercury.

“ *Mam.* By pouring on your rectified water ?”

Sub. “ Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.”

How now ? What colour says it ?

Enter FACE.

Face. The ground black, sir.

Mam. That’s your crow’s head ?

Sur. Your coxcomb’s, is’t not ?

Sub. No, ’tis not perfect, would it were the crow.

That work wants something.

Sur. Oh, I look’d for this.

The hay’s a pitching.

Sub. Are you sure you loosed them 260

In their own *menstrue* ?

Face. Yes, sir, and then married them,

And put them in a bolt’s head, nipp’d to digestion,

According as you bade me, when I set

The liquor of Mars to circulation,

In the same heat.

Sub. The process then was right.”

Face. Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake,

And what sav’d was put into the pellicane,

And signed with *Hermes’* seal.

Sub. I think ’twas so.

We should have a new *amalgama*.

Sur. Oh, this ferret
Is rank as any pole-cat.

Sub. But I care not.
Let him e'en die; "we have enough besid
" In *embrion*. H has his white shirt on?

" *Face.* Yes, sir.
" He's ripe for *inceration*: he stands warm
" In his ash fire." I would not you should let 280
Any die now, if I might counsel, sir,
For luck's sake to the rest. It is not good.

Mam. He says right.
Sur. Ay, are you bolted?
Face. Nay, I know't, sir.
I have seen th' ill fortune. What is some three
 ounces
Of fresh materials?

Mam. Is 't no more.
Face. No more, sir,
Of gold t'*amalgame*, with some six of mercury.

Mam. Away, here's money. What will serve?
Face. Ask him, sir.

Mam. How much?
Sub. Give him nine pounds: you may give him ten.
Sur. Yes. Twenty, and be cozened, do.
Mam. There 'tis.

Sub. This needs not. But that you will have it so,
To see conclusions of all, "for two
" O' four inferior works are at fixation.
" A third is in ascension." Go your ways. 300
Have you set the oil of Luna in Kemia?

Face. Yes, sir.

Sub. And the philosopher's vinegar?

Face. Ay.

[Exit.

Sur. Ay.

Sur. We shall have a sallad.

Mam. When do you make projection?

Sub. Son, be not hasty. I exalt our med'cine,
By hanging him in *balneo vaporoso*,
And giving him solution, then congeal him:
And then dissolve him, then again congeal him:
For look, how oft I iterate the work,
So many times I add unto his virtue.
Get you your stuff here against afternoon,
Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.

Mam. Not those of iron?

Sub. Yes you may bring them too.
We'll change all metals.

Sur. I believe you in that.

Mam. Then I may send my spits?

Sub. Yes, and your racks.

312

Sur. And dripping pans, and pot-hangers, and
hooks,

Shall he not?

Sub. If he please.

Sur. To be an ass.

Sub. How, sir!

Mam. This gent'man you must bear withal!
told you, he had no faith.

Sur. And little hope, sir;
But much less charity, should I gull myself.

Sub. Why, what have you observed, sir, in our art.
Seems so impossible?

Sur. But your whole work, no more.
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,
As they do eggs in Egypt!

Sub. Sir, do you
Believe that eggs are hatched so?

Sur. If I should?

Sub. Why I think that the greater miracle,
No egg but differs from a chicken more
Than metals in themselves.

349

Sur. That cannot be.
The egg's ordain'd by Nature to that end,
And is a chicken in *potentia*.

Sub. The same we say of lead, and other metals,
Which would be gold, if they had time.

Mam. And that
Our art doth further.

Sub. Ay, for 'twere absurd
To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect i' the instant. Something went before,
There must be remote matter.

Sur. Ay, what is that?

Enter DOLL,

Sub. Marry, we say—
God's precious—What do you mean? Go in, good
lady,
Let me entreat you.—Where's this varlet?

Enter FACE.

Face. Sir?

Sub. You very knave! Do you use me thus?

Face. Wherein, sir?

Sub. Go in, and see, you traitor. Go. [*Exit Face.*

Mam. Who is it, sir?

360

Sub. Nothing, sir. Nothing.

Mam. What's the matter, good sir?

I have not seen you thus distemper'd? Who is't?

Sub. All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries;
But ours the most ignorant. What now? [*Face returns.*

Face. 'Twas not my fault, sir; she would speak
with you.

Sub. Would she, sir? Follow me. [*Exit. Sub.*

Mam. Stay, Lungs.

Face. I dare not, sir.

Mam. How! Pray thee stay.

Face. She's mad, sir, and sent hither——

Mam. Stay, man, what is she?

Face. A lord's sister, sir.

He'll be mad too.

Mam. I warrant thee.

Why sent hither?

Face. Sir, to be cur'd.

Sur. Why rascal?

Face. Lo you. Here, sir. [*He goes out.*

Mam. 'Fore heaven, a *bradamante*, a brave piece. 381

Sur. Heart, this is a bawdy house! I'll be burnt else.

Mam. Oh, by this light, no do not wrong him. He's
Too scrupulous that way. It is his vice.

No, he's a rare physician, do him right,
An excellent Paracelsian, and has done

Strange cure with mineral physick. He deals all
With spirits, he. He will not hear a word
Of Galen or his tedious recipes.

Enter FACE.

How now, Lungs!

Face. Softly, sir, speak softly. I meant
To have told your worship all. This must not hear.

Mam. No, he will not be gull'd: let him alone.

Face. Y'are very right, sir, she is a most rare scholar,
And is gone mad with studying Broughton's works.
If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,
She falls into her fit, and will discourse
So learnedly of genealogies,
As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir.

Mam. How might one do t'have conference with
her, Lungs? 400

Face. Oh, divers have run mad upon the conference.
I do not know, sir: I am sent in haste,
To fetch a viol. [Exit.

Sur. Be not gull'd, Sir Mammon.

Mam. Wherein? Pray ye, be patient.

Sur. Yes as you are,
And trust confederate knaves, and bawds, and whores.

Mam. You are too foul, believe it.

Enter FACE.

Come here, Ulen, one word.

Face. I dare not, in good faith.

Mam. Stay, knave.

Face. He is extreme angry that you saw her, sir.

Mam. Drink that. [*Gives him money.*] What is she when she's out of her fit.

Face. Oh, the most affablest creature, sir, so merry! So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like quick-silver, Over the helm; and circulate, like oil, A very vegetal: discourse of state, Of mathematics, bawdry, any thing——

Mam. Is she no ways accessible? No means, No trick to give a man a taste of her——wit—— 420 Or so?

[*Sub. within.*] *Ulen.*

Face. I'll come to you again, sir, [*Exit.*

Mam. Surly, I did not think one of your breeding Would traduce personages of worth.

Sur. Sir Epicure,
Your friend to use: yet, still loth to be gull'd.
I do not like your philosophical bawds.
Their Stone is enough to pay for,
Without this bait.

Mam. 'Heart, you abuse yourself.
I know the lady, and her friends, and means,
The original of this disaster. Her brother
Has told me all.

Sur. And yet you never saw her
Till now?

Mam. Oh, yes! but I forgot: I have, believe it,
One of the treacherousest memories, I do think,
Of all mankind.

Sur. What call you her brother?

Mam. My Lord——

He will not have his name known, now I think on't.

Sur. A very treacherous memory!

Mam. O' my faith!

Sur. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, pass it,
Till we meet next.

Mam. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true:

He's one I honour, and my noble friend,
And I respect his house.

Sur. Heart! can it be,
That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus,
With his own oaths and arguments, make hard means
To gull himself; “An this be your elixir,
“Your *lapis mineralis*, and your lunary,
“Give me your honest trick yet at *primero*;
“I'll have gold before you,
“And with less danger of the quick-silver,
“Or the hot sulphur.”

Enter FACE.

Face. Here's one from captain Face, sir, [*To Surly*.
Desires you to meet him i'the Temple Church, 461
Some half hour hence, and upon earnest business.
Sir, if you please to quit us now and come

[*He whispers Maimmon.*

Again within two hours, you shall have
My master busy examining o'the works;
And I will steal you in unto the party,
That you may see her converse. Sir, shall I say

You'll meet the captain's worship?

Sur. Sir, I will.

[*Exit Face.*]

Now, I am sure it is a bawdy-house;

"I'll swear it, were the marshall here to thank me;"

The naming this commander doth confirm it.

Don Face! why 'tis the most authentic dealer

In these commodities—The superintendant

To all the quainter traffickers in town.

Him will I prove, by a third person, to find

The subtleties of this dark labyrinth;

Which, if I do discover, dear Sir Mammon,

You'll give your poor friend leave, though no philosopher,

To laugh; for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep. 480

Enter FACE.

Face. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.

Sur. I will not, sir.

Sir Epicure, I shall leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Mam. I follow you, straight.

Face. But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion:

This gent'man has a parlous head.

Mam. But wilt thou, Ulen,

Be constant to thy promise?

Face. As my life, sir.

Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am, and
praise me,

And say I am a noble fellow?

Face. Oh, what else, sir?

And that you'll make her royal, with the Stone,

An empress, and yourself King of Bantam.

Mam. Wilt thou do this?

Face. Will I, sir!

Mam. Lungs, my Lungs!

I love thee.

Face. Send your stuff, sir, that my master
May busy himself about projection. 500

Mam. Th' hast witch'd me, rogue! Take, go.

Face. Your jack and all, sir.

Mam. Thou art a villain—I will send my jack,
And the weights too. "Slave, I could bite thine ear."
Away; thou dost not care for me.

Face. Not I, sir.

Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good
weasel;

Set thee on a bench, and ha' thee whirl a chain
With the best lord's vermin of them all.

Face. Away, sir.

Mam. A count, nay, a count-palatine——

Face. Good sir, go.

Mam. Shall not advance thee better; no, nor faster.

[*Exit Mam.*]

Enter SUBTLE and DOL.

Sub. Has he bit? Has he bit?

Face. And swallow'd too, my Subtle.

I ha' given him line, and now he plays, i' faith.

Sub. And shall we twitch him?

Face. Thorough both the gills.

A wench is a rare bait, "with which a man

“ No sooner’s taken, but he straight firks mad. 520

Sub. Dol, my Lord What’shum’s sister, you must now
Bear yourself statelich.

Dol. Oh, let me alone.

I’ll not forget my race, I warrant you.

I’ll keep my distance, laugh, and talk aloud :

Have all the tricks of a proud, scurvy lady,

And be as rude as her woman.

Face. Well said, Sanguine.

Sub. But will he send his andirons ?

Face. His jack too ;

And’s iron shoeing-horn ; I ha’ spoken to him. Well,
I must not lose my wary gamester, yonder.

Sub. Oh, monsieur Caution, that will not be gull’d ?

Face. Ay ; if I can strike a fine hook into him, now.
The Temple Church, there I have cast mine angle.

Well, pray for me ; I’ll about it. [One knocks.

Sub. What, more gudgeons ?

Dol, scout, scout ! Stay, Face, you must go to the
door. [Exit Face.

Pray Heav’n it be my Anabaptist. Who is’t, Dol ?

Dol. I know him not. He looks like an end of gold
and silver-man. 540

Sub. God’s-so ! ’tis he ; he said he would send
What call you him ?

The sanctified elder, that should deal

For Mammon’s jack and andirons—Let him in. Stay,

And help me off with my gown—Away,

Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. Now,

[Exit Dol.

In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.
 This fellow is sent from one negociates with me
 About the stone too; "for the holy brethren
 "Of Amsterdam, the exil'd saints, that hope
 "To raise their discipline by it." I must use him
 "In some strange fashion now, to make him admire
 me."

Enter FACE and ANANIAS.

Where is my drudge?

Face. Sir.

Sub. Take away the recipient,
 And rectify your menstroe from the phlegma.
 Then pour it o' the sol, in the cucurbite,
 And let them macerate together.

Face. Yes, sir.

And save the ground?

560

Sub. No; *terra damnata*

Must not have entrance in the work. [*Exit Face.*

Who are you? [*To Ananias.*

Ana. A faithful brother, if it please you.

Sub. What's that?

"A Lullianist, a Ripley, *filius artis*?

"Can you sublime and dulcify? Calcine?

"Know you the *sapor pontic*? *Sapor styptic*?"

Or what is homogene or heterogene?

Ana. I understand no Heathen language, truly.

Sub. Heathen, you knipper-doling! Is *ars sacra*,

"Or *chrysopëia*, or *spagyrica*,

"Or the pamphysick or panarchick knowledge,"

A Heathen language?

Ana. Heathen Greek, I take it.

Sub. How! Heathen Greek?

Ana. All's Heathen but the Hebrew.

Enter FACE.

Sub. Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth, and speak
to him

Like a philosopher: answer i' the language,
Name the vexations, and the martyrizations 580
Of metals in the work.

Face. Sir, putrefaction,
Solution, ablution, sublimation,
Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and
Fixation.

" Sub. This is Heathen Greek to you now.

" And whence comes vivification?

" Face. After mortification.

" Sub. What's cohobation?

" Face. 'Tis the pouring on

" Your *aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,

" To the trine circle of the seven spheres.

" Sub. What's the proper passion of metals?

" Face. Malleation.

Sub. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?

Face. Antimonium.

" Sub. This is Heathen Greek to you. And what's
your mercury?

" Face. A very fugitive; he will begone, sir.

" Sub. How know you him?

"Face. By his viscosity,

"His oleosity, and his suscitability.

"Sub. How do you sublime him?

"Face. With the calce of egg-shells,

"White marble, talc.

"Sub. Your *magisterium*, now?

"What's that?

"Face. Shifting, sir, your elements,

"Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, hot
into dry."

Ana. Oh, Oh!—

Sub. This is Heathen Greek to you still. What is
Your *lapis philosophicus*?

Face. 'Tis a stone, and not
A stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body;
Which if you dissolve, it is dissolved;
If you coagulate, it is coagulated;
If you make it to fly, it flieth.

Sub. Enough.

[Exit Face.

This is Heathen Greek to you—

What are you, sir?

Ana. Please you, a servant of the exil'd brethren,
That deal with widows' and with orphans' goods, 621
And make a just account unto the saints;
A deacon.

Sub. Oh, you are sent from master Wholesome,
Your teacher?

Ana. From Tribulation Wholesome,
Our very zealous pastor.

Sub. Good. I have

Some orphans' goods to come here.

Ana. Of what kind, sir?

Sub. Pewter and brass, and irons and kitchen ware;
Metals that we must use our med'cine on;
Wherein the brethren may have a penn'orth,
For ready money.

"*Ana.* Were the orphans' parents

"Sincere professors?

"*Sub.* Why do you ask?

"*Ana.* Because

"We then are to deal justly, and give, in truth,

"Their utmost value.

640

"*Sub.* 'Slid, you'd cozen else,

"An if their parents were not of the faithful.

"I will not trust you, now I think on't,

"Till I ha' talk'd with your pastor." Ha' you brought
money

To buy more coals?

Ana. No, surely.

Sub. No! How so?

Ana. The brethren bid me say unto you, sir;
Surely, they will not venture any more,
Till they may see projection.

Sub. How!

Ana. You have had
For the instruments, as bricks, and loam, and glasses,
Already thirty pounds; and for materials,
They say, some ninety more: and they have heard since,
That one at Heidelberg made it of an egg,
And a small paper of pin dust.

Sub. What's your name ?

Ana. My name is Ananias.

Sub. Out, the varlet

660

That cozen'd the apostles ! Hence, away,
Flee, mischief ! Had your holy consistory
No name to send me of another sound
Than wicked Ananias ? Send your elders
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,
And gi' me satisfaction ; or out goes
The fire, and down th' alembicks, and the furnace,
" Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,
" Both Sericon and Bufo shall be lost,
" Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the bishops,
" Or th' antichristian hierarchy, shall perish,"
If they stay threescore minutes. The aqueity,
Terreity, and sulphureity,
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked Ananias. [Exit Ananias.

This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.
A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright
Those that are froward to an appetite.

Enter FACE and DRUGGER.

Face. He's busy with his spirits ; but we'll upon him.

Drug. Where are they ?

681

Face. Hush !

Sub. How now ? What mates, what baiards ha' we here ?

Face. I told you he would be furious. Sir, here's Nab,
Has brought you another piece of gold to look on.

(We must appease him. Give it me) and prays you,
You would devise—What is it, Nab?

Drug. A sign, sir.

Face. Ay, a good lucky one; a thriving sign, doctor.

Sub. I was devising now.

Face. 'Slight do not say so;

He will repent he gave you any more. [*Aside to Sub.*

What say you to his constellation, doctor?

The Balance?

Sub. No, that way is stale and common.

A townsman born in Taurus, gives the bull,

Or the bull's head; in Aries, the ram;

A poor device. *Come hither, Abel.*

No, I will have his name

Form'd in some mystic character, whose *radii*, 700

Striking the senses of the passers by,

Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,

That may result upon the party owns it:

As thus—

Drug. *I don't understand it.*

Face. Nab!

Sub. He shall have a bell, that's Abel.

Drug. *And so it is.*

Sub. And by it standing one whose name is Dee,

In a rug gown; there's D, and rug, that's Drug;

And right anenst him a dog snarling er;

There's Drugger, Abel Drugger.

Drug. *My name!*

Sub. That's his sign.

And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic!

Face. Abel, thou art made.

Drug. I do thank his worship.

Face. Six o' thy legs more will not do it, Nab.

What'st got there, Nab?

Drug. A pipe of tobacco.

720

Face. A pipe of tobacco! Give it me.

He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor.

Drug. Yes, sir—Captain Face, captain Face, your worship.

Face. What dost say, Nab?

Drug. I have another thing I would impart——

Face. Out with it, Nab.

Drug. Sir, there is lodg'd hard by me,

A rich young widow——

Face. Good; a *bona roba*!

Drug. But nineteen at the most.

Face. Very good, Abel.

Drug. Marry, she's not in fashion yet; she wears
A hood; but 't stands acop.

Face. No matter, Abel.

Drug. And I do now and then give her a *fucus*——

Face. What! dost deal, Nab?

Sub. I did tell you, captain.

Drug. And physick too, sometimes, sir; for which
she trusts me

With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose
To learn the fashion.

740

Face. Good; on, Nab.

Drug. And she does strangely long to know her
fortune.

Face. God'slid, Nab, send her to the doctor hither.

Drug. Yes, I have spoken to her of his worship already:

But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her marriage.

Face. Hurt it! 'Tis the way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and sought. Nab, thou shalt tell her this:
She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your widows
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous.
Their honour is the multitude of suitors.
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What,
Thou dost not know?

Drug. No, sir, she'll never marry
Under a knight. Her brother has made a vow.

Face. What, and dost thou despair, my little Nab,
Knowing what the doctor has set down for thee,
And seeing so many of the city dubb'd?

"One glass o' thy water, with a madam, I know 760
"Will have it done," Nab. What's her brother? A
knight?

Drug. No, sir, a gentleman, newly warm in his land,
sir.

Scarce cold in his one-and-twenty, that does govern
His sister here, and is a man himself
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,
And will go down again, and die i' the country,
When he can't live any longer here.

Face. How! to quarrel?

Drug. Yes, sir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do; to manage them by line.

Face. 'Slid, Nab, the doctor is the only man
In Christendom for him.

Drug. *Is he?*

Face. He has made a table,
With mathematical demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels.

Drug. *Has he?*

Face. He will give him
An instrument to quarrel by.

Drug. *Will he?*

Face. Go, bring 'em both,
Him and his sister. And for thee, with her
The doctor haply may persuade. Go to.
Sha't give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premises.

Sub. Oh, good captain——

Face. He shall:
He is the honestest fellow, doctor——Stay not;
No offers; bring the damask and the parties.

Drug. I'll try my power, sir.

Face. And thy will, too, Nab.

Sub. 'Tis good tobacco, this. What is't a pound?

Drug. *I'll sell your worship a hogshead of it.*

Face. He'll send you a hogshead, doctor.

Abel runs out, and Face brings him back.

Sub. Oh, no!

Face. He will do't:

It is the goodest soul——Abel, about it.

Thou shalt know more anon. Away, begone.

Drug. I'll give him a pound.—I'll give him two pound. [Exit.

Face. A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese, 80x
And has the worms. That was the cause, indeed,
Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,
To get a med'cine for them.

Sub. And shall, sir. This works.

Face. A wife, a wife for one of us, my dear Subtle;
We'll e'en draw lots, "and he that fails shall have
"The more in goods, the other has in tail."
But Doll must ha' no breath on't.

Sub. Mum.

Away to your Surly, yonder; catch him.

Face. Pray Heaven, I ha' not staid too long.

Sub. I fear it. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter TRIBULATION and ANANIAS.

Tribulation.

THESE chastisements are common to the saints;
And such rebukes we of the separation
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

Ana. In pure zeal,
I do not like the man. He is a Heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

Trib. I think him a prophane person, indeed.

Ana. He bears

“ The visible mark of the beast in his forehead,

“ And for his stone it is the work of darkness,

“ And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man.

Trib. Good brother, we must bend unto all means

“ That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

Ana. Which his cannot: the sanctified cause

“ Should have a sanctified course.

Trib. Not always necessary:

“ The children of perdition are oft-times

“ Made instruments even of the greatest works.

“ Beside we should give somewhat to man's nature,

“ The place he lives in, still about the fire,

“ And fumes of metals, that intoxicate.

“ The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.

“ Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?

“ Or more profane, or choleric, than your glassmen?

“ More antichristian than your bell-founders?

“ What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,

“ Satan, our common enemy, but his being

“ Perpetually about the fire, and boiling

“ Brimstone and arsenick?

“ You did ill to upbraid him

“ With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg, weighing

“ What need we have to hasten on the work,

“ For the restoring of the silenc'd saints,

“ Which ne'er will be, but by the philosopher's stone;

“ And so a learned elder, one of Scotland,

“ Assured me.

Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by man,

“ Not since the beautiful light first shone on me,
 “ And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.” 40

Trib. Let us call on him then.

Ana. The motion's good,
 And of the spirit; I will knock first. Peace be within.

Enter SUBTLE.

Sub. Oh, are you come? 'Twas time. Your three-
 score minutes

Were at the last thread, you see, “and down had gone
 “ *Furnus acediae, turris circulatorius* :

“ ‘Lembick, bolts-head, retort, and pellicane

“ Had all been cinders.” Wicked Ananias!

Art thou returned? Nay, then it goes down yet.

Trib. Sir, be appeased; he is come to humble
 Himself in spirit, and ask your patience,
 If too much zeal hath carried him aside
 From the due path.

Sub. Why, this doth qualify.

Trib. The brethren had no purpose, verily,
 To give you the least grievance; but are ready
 To lend their willing hands to any project
 The spirit and you direct.

Sub. This qualifies more.

Trib. And for the orphans' goods, let them be valued,
 Or what is needful else to the holy work,
 It shall be number'd. Here, by me, the saints
 Throw down their purse before you.

Sub. This qualifies most!
 Why, thus it should be; now you understand.

Have I discoursed so unto you of our stone,
 " And of the good that it shall bring your cause?
 " Shew'd you,
 " That even the med'cinal use should make you a faction
 " And party in the realm? As put the case
 " That some great man in state, he have the gout;
 " Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,
 " You help him straight; there you have made a friend.
 " Another has the palsy, or the dropsy;
 " He takes of your incombustible stuff,
 " He's young again: there you have made a friend.
 " A lady that is past the feat of body,
 " Tho' not of mind, and hath her face decay'd;
 " Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore
 " With the oil of talck; there you have made a friend,
 " And all her friends. 81
 " Still you increase your friends.

" *Trib.* Ay, 'tis very pregnant.

" *Sub.* And then the turning of his lawyer's pewter
 " To plate at Candlemas.

" *Ana.* Candle-tide, I pray you.

" *Sub.* Yet, Ananias?

" *Ana.* I have done.

" *Sub.*" Oh, but the stone! all's idle to't; nothing!

Nature's miracle,

The divine secret, that doth fly in clouds

From east to west; and whose tradition

Is not from men, but spirits.

Ana. I hate traditions:

I do not trust them.

Trib. Peace.

Ana. They are popish, all,
I will not peace. I will not——

Trib. Ananias.

Ana. Please the prophane, to grieve the godly. I
may not. 100

Sub. Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.

Trib. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir :
But, truly, else, a very faithful brother ;
A botcher, and a man, by revelation.
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.

Sub. Has he a competent sum there i' the bag,
To buy the goods within ? I am made guardian,
And must for charity and conscience sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor orphans ;
“ Tho' I desire the brethren too, good gainers.”
There they are within. When you have view'd and
bought 'em,

And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
They are ready for projection ; there's no more
To do ; cast on the med'cine, so much silver
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,
I'll gi't you in by weight.

“ *Trib.* But how long time,
“ Sir, must the saints expect yet ?

“ *Sub.* Let me see—
“ How's the moon now?—Eight, nine, ten days
hence, 120

“ He will be silver potatoe ; then three days
“ Before he citronize : some fifteen days

“ The *magisterium* will be perfected.

“ *Ana.* About the second day of the third week

“ In the ninth month ?

“ *Sub.* Yes, my good Ananias.”

Trib. What will the orphan’s goods arise to, think you ?

Sub. Some hundred marks ; as much as fill’d three cars

Unladen now ; you’ll make six millions of them.

But I must ha’ more coals laid in.

“ *Trib.* How !

“ *Sub.* Another load,

“ And then we have finished. We must now increase

“ Our fire to *ignis ardens* ; we are past

“ *Fimus equinus, balnei cineris,*

“ And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse

“ Should with this draught fall low,” and that the saints

Do need a present sum, I have a trick

To melt the pewter you shall buy now, instantly,

And with a tincture make you as good Dutch dollars

As any are in Holland.

141

Trib. Can you so ?

Sub. Ay, and shall ’bide the third examination.

Ana. It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.

Sub. But you must carry it secret.

Trib. Ay ; but stay :

This act of coining, is it lawful ?

Ana. Lawful !

We know no magistrate ; or if we did,

This’s foreign coin.

Sub. It is no coining, sir ;
It is but casting.

Trib. Ha ! you distinguish well :
Casting of money may be lawful.

Ana. 'Tis, sir.

Trib. Truly. I take it so.

Sub. There is no scruple,
Sir, to be made of it : believe, Ananias ;
This case of conscience he is studied in.

Trib. I'll make a question of it to the brethren. 160

" *Ana.* The brethren shall approve it lawful,
doubt not.

" Where shall it be done ? "

Sub. " For that we'll talk anon. " [*Knock without.*]
There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,
And view the parcels. That's the inventory.
I'll come to you straight. [*Exeunt Trib. and Ana.*] Who
is it ? Face ! Appear.

Enter FACE.

How now ? Good prize ?

Face. Good pox ! Yond' costive cheater
Never came on.

Sub. How then ?

Face. I ha' walk'd the round
Till now, and no such thing.

Sub. And ha' you quit him ?

Face. Quit him ! an' hell would quit him too, he
were happy.

*Slight ! would you have me stalk like a mill-jade

All day, for one that will not yield us grains?
I know him of old.

Sub. Oh, but to ha' gull'd him,
Had been a mastery.

Face. Let him go, black boy!
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee.
A noble count, a don of Spain,
Furnish'd with pistolets and pieces of eight,
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,
(That is the colour) and to make his batt'ry
Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port,
Our Dover-pier, our what thou wilt.
Where is the doxy?

Sub. I will send her to thee;
And but dispatch my brace of little John Leydens,
And come again myself.

Face. Are they within then?

Sub. Numb'ring the sum.

Face. How much?

Sub. A hundred marks, boy.

[Exit.

Face. Why, this's a lucky day! Ten pounds of
Mammon;

Three o' my clerk; a portague o' my grocer;
This o' the brethren; besides reversions,
And 'states to come i' the widow, and my count.
My share to-day will not be bought for forty—— 200

Enter DOL.

Dol. What?

Face. Pounds, dainty Dorothy—Art thou so near!

Dol. Yes—say lord general, how fares our camp?

Face. This dear hour

A dainty don is taken with my Dol;

And thou may'st make his ransom what thou wilt,

My Dousabel.

Dol. What is he general?

Face. An *Adalantado*,

A *Grande* girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?

Dol. No.

Face. Nor my Drugger?

Dol. Neither.

Face. A pox on them!

They are are so long a furnishing!

Enter SUBTLE.

How now? Ha' you done?

Sub. Done! They are gone. The sum
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew
Another chapman now would buy 'em out-right.

Face. 'Slid, Nab shall do't against he ha' the widow,
To furnish houshold. 221

Sub. Excellent well thought on.
Pray heaven he come.

Face. I pray he keep away,
Till our new business be o'erpast.

Sub. But, Face,
How cam'st thou by this secret don?

Face. A spirit
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle

For Surly. "I ha' my flies abroad. Your bath
 "Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,
 "You must go tune your virginal: no losing
 "O' the least time. And do you hear?" His great
 Verdugoship has not a jot of language:

So much the easier to be cozen'd, my Dolly;
 He will come here in a hired coach, obscure,
 And our own coachman, whom I have sent to guide,
 No creature else. Who's that? [One knocks.

Sub. It is not he!

240

Face. Oh, no, not yet, this hour.

Sub. Who is't?

Dol. Dapper,
 Your clerk.

Face. God's will! then, queen of Fairy,
 On with your tire; and doctor, with your robes.
 Let's dispatch him, for God's sake.

Sub. 'Twill be long.

Face. I warrant you: take but the cues I give you,
 It shall be brief enough. Slight, here are more!
 Abel, and, I think, the angry boy, the heir,
 That fain would quarrel.

Sub. And the widow?

Face. No;

Not that I see. Away. [Exeunt Sub. and Dol.
 Oh, sir, you are welcome!

Enter DAPPER, DRUGGER, and KASTRIE.

The doctor is within, moving for you.

"I have had the most ado to win him to it."

“ He swears you’ll be the darling of the dice.
“ He never heard her highness doat till now, he says.
“ Your aunt has giv’n you the most gracious words 261
“ That can be thought on.”

Dap. Shall see her grace?

Face. See her, and kiss her too—What, honest Nab!
Hast brought the damask?

Drug. No, sir, here’s tobacco.

Face. ’Tis well done, Nab. Thou’lt bring the
damask too?

Drug. Yes. Here’s the gentleman, captain; master
Kastril,

I have brought to see the doctor.

Face. Where’s the widow? *[Whispers.]*

Drug. Sir, as he likes, his sister (he says) shall come.

Face. Oh, is it so?

Drug. I’ll introduce him. Master Kastril, Captain
Face.

Face. Good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?

Kas. Ay, and the best of the Kastrils; I’d be
sorry else,

By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the doctor?

My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one

That can do things. Has he any skill?

Face. Wherein, sir?

Kas. To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms. 281

Face. It seems, sir, y’are but young
About the town, that can make that a question.

Kas. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech

Drug. Could he tell you that too?

Face. How should I know it?

Drug. In truth, *I'll tell you the whole story :*
We had been a shooting,

And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my stomach——

Face. And he has no head——

Drug. No, *I have no head.*

Face. To bear any wine? for what with the noise
of the fiddlers,

And care of his shop; for he dares keep no servant——

Drug. My head did so ache——

Face. As he was fain to be brought home,
The doctor told me. And then a good old woman——

Drug. (Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea-coal-lane) did
cure me

With sodden ale, and pellitory o' the wall;
Cost me but two-pence. I had another sickness,
Was worse than that——

360

Face. Ay, that was the grief
Thou took'st for being 'sess'd at eighteen pence
For the water-work.

Drug. In truth, and it was like
T' have cost me almost my life.

Face. Thy hair went off.

Drug. Yes, *and it has never been very good since.*

'Twas done for spite.

Face. Nay, so says the doctor.

Kas. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster;
I'll see this learned boy before I go;
And so shall she.

Face. Sir, he is busy now ;
But if you have a sister to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner,
And he by that time will be free.

Kas. I go.

Face. Drugger, she's thine—the damask. [*Ex. Drug.*
and Kastril.] Subtle and I
Must wrestle for her. [*Aside.*] Come on, master
Dapper ;

You see how I turn clients here away, 380
To give your cause dispatch. Ha' you perform'd
The ceremonies were enjoin'd you ?

Dap. Yes, o' the vinegar,
And the clean shirt.

Face. 'Tis well ; that shirt may do you
More worship than you think. "Your aunt's a-fire ;
" But that she will not shew it, t'have a sight o' you."
Ha' you provided for her grace's servants ?

Dap. Yes, here are six score Edward's shillings.

Face. Good.

Dap. And an old Harry's sovereign.

Face. Very good.

Dap. And three James's shillings, and an Elizabeth
groat ;

Just twenty nobles.

Face. Oh, you are too just !
I would you had the other noble in Mary's.

Dap. I have some Philip and Mary's.

Face. Ay, those same
Are best of all. Where are they ? Hark ! the doctor.

Enter SUBTLE.

Sub. Is yet her grace's cousin come? 400

Face. He is come.

Sub. And is he fasting?

Face. Yes.

Sub. And hath cry'd hum?

Face. Thrice, you must answer.

Dap. Thrice.

Sub. And as oft, buz?

Face. If you have, say.

Dap. I have.

Sub. Then, to her cuz,

Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,
As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticoat of Fortune;
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune,
And though to Fortune near be her petticoat,
Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note:
And therefore, even of that a piece she has sent,
Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent;
And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it
(With as much love as then her grace did tear it) 420
About his eyes, to shew he is fortunate.

[They blind him with a rag.]

And, trusting unto her to make his state,
He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him:
Which that he will perform she doth not doubt him.

Face. She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has
nothing

But what he will part withal as willingly
 Upon her grace's word (Throw away your purse.)
 As she would ask it. ("Handkerchiefs and all.")
 He cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.
 If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
 Or a silver seal at your wrist: her grace will send
 Her fairies here to search you; therefore deal
 Directly with her highness. If they find
 That you conceal a mite, you are undone.

[He throws away as they bid him.]

Dap. Truly, there's all.

Face. All what?

Dap. My money, truly.

Face. Keep nothing that is transitory about you.
 Look the elves are come

To pinch you if you tell not truth. Advise you. 440

Dap. Oh, I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't.

Face. Ti, ti,

They knew it, they say.

Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, he has more yet.

"*Face.* Ti, ti-ti-ti. I' the other pocket?"

"*Dap.* Oh, oh.

"*Face.* Nay, pray you hold. He is her grace's
 nephew.

"Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you shall care.

"Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Shew

"You are an innocent."

Dap. By this good light, I ha' nothing
 But a half-crown

Of gold, about my wrist, that my love gave me;

And a leaden heart I wore sin' she forsook me.

Face. I thought 'twas something. And would you incur

Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come, I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns, You may weary your leaden heart still. [*Knock.*] How now?

Enter DOL.

Sub. What news, Dol?

Dol. Yonder's your knight, sir Mammon. 460

Face. God's lid, we never thought of him till now.

Where is he?

Dol. Here, hard by. He's at the door.

Sub. And you are not ready now.

Dol. He must be sent back.

Face. Oh, by no means.

What shall we do with this same puffing here, Now he's o' the spit?

Sub. Why, lay him back a while,

With some device. Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti. Would her grace speak with me? [*Knock.*]

I come. Help, Dol.

Face. Who's there? Sir Epicure.

[*He speaks through the key-hole, the other knocking.*]

My master's i' the way. Please you to walk

Three or four turns, but till his back be turn'd,

And I am for you. Quickly, Dol. [*Exit Dol.*]

Sub. Her grace

Commends her kindly to you, master Dapper.

Dap. I long to see her grace.

Sub. She now is set

At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you 480
From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,
And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal,
And stay your stomach, least you faint with fasting:
Yet if you could hold out till she saw you (she says)
It would be better for you,

Face. Sir, he shall
Hold out an 'twere this two hours for her highness;
I can assure you that. We will not lose
All we ha' done——

Sub. He must not see, nor speak
To any body, till then.

Face. For that we'll put, sir,
A stay in's mouth.

Sub. Of what?

Face. Of gingerbread.
Make you it fit. "He that hath pleas'd her grace
"Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little."
Gape, sir, and let him fit you.

Sub. Where shall we now
Bestow him? 500

Dol. I' the privy.

Sub. Come along, sir,
I now must shew you fortune's privy lodgings.

Face. Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?

Sub. All.
Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.

"*Face.* Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by."

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

FACE and MAMMON meet.

Face.

OH, sir, yo'are come i' th' only fittest time.

Mam. Where's master?

Face. Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuff will all be chang'd shortly.

Mam. Into gold?

Face. To gold and silver, sir.

Mam. Silver I care not for.

Face. Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.

Mam. Where's the lady?

Face. At hand here. I ha' told her such brave
things o' you,

Touching your bounty and your noble spirit——

Mam. Hast thou?

Face. As she is almost in her fit to see you.

But, good sir, no divinity i' your conference,
For fear of putting her in a rage——

Mam. I warrant thee.

“*Face.* Six men will not hold her down. And then
“If the old man should hear or see you.”

Mam. Fear not.

Face. The very house, sir, would run mad. You
know it,

How scrupulous he is, and violent

'Gainst the least act of sin. “Physic, or mathematics,

“ Poetry, state, or bawdry (as I told you)

“ She will endure, and never startle; but

“ No word of controversy.”

Mam. I am school'd, good *Ulen*.

Face. And you must praise herhouse, remember that,
And her nobility.

Mam. Let me alone;
No herald, nor no antiquary, *Lungs*,
Shall do it better. Go.

“ *Face.* Why, this is yet
“ A kind of modern happiness, to have
“ *Dol* Common for a great lady. [*Aside and exit,*

“ *Mam.* Now, *Epicure*,
“ Heighten thyself, talk to her, all in gold;
“ Rain her as many showers as *Jove* did drops
“ Unto his *Danae*; shew the god a miser,
“ Compar'd with *Mammon*. What, the stone will do't.
“ She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold;
“ Nay, we will *concumbers* gold. I will be puissant,
“ And mighty in my talk to her.”

Enter Dol.

Here she comes.

Face. To him, *Dol*, suckle him. This is the noble
knight

I told your ladyship. [*Exit Face.*

Mam. Madam, with your pardon,
I kiss your vesture.

Dol. Sir, I were uncivil
If I would suffer that; my lip to you, sir.

Mam. I hope my lord your brother be in health, lady.

Dol. My lord my brother is, though I no lady, sir.

“ Face. Well said, my Guiny bird.”

Mam. Right noble madam——

“ Face. Oh, we shall have most fierce idolatry.”

Mam. 'Tis your prerogative.

Dol. Rather your courtesy.

Mam. Were there nought else t'enlarge your virtues
to me,

These answers speak your breeding and your blood.

Dol. Blood we boast none, sir; a poor baron's
daughter.

Mam. Poor! and gat you? Profane not. Had your
father

60

Slept all the happy remnant of his life

After that act,

He had done enough to make himself, “ his issue,”

And his posterity noble.

“ Face. I'll in, and laugh.”

Mam. Sweet madam, let me be particular——

Dol. Particular, sir? I pray you, know your distance.

Mam. In no ill sense, sweet lady, but to ask

How your fair graces pass the hours? I see

Yo'are lodg'd here i' the house of a rare man,

An excellent artist; but what's that to you?

Dol. Yes, sir, I study here the mathematics,
And distillation.

DE

Mam. Oh, I cry your pardon.

He's a divine instructor.

Dol. Ay, and for his physick, sir——

Mam. Above the art of Æsculapius,
That drew the envy of the thunderer!
I know all this and more,

Dol. Troth, I am taken, sir, 80
Whole with these studies that contemplate nature.

Mam. It is a noble humour; but this form
Was not intended for so dark a use.
I muse, my lord your brother will permit it!
You should spend half my land first, were I he.
Does not this diamond look better on my finger
Than i' the quarry?

Dol. Yes.

Mam. Why, you are like it,
You were created, lady, for the light!
Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge
Of what I speak to bind you to believe me.

Dol. In chains of adamant?

Mam. Yes, the strongest hands.
And take a secret too; here, by your side,
Doth stand, this hour, the happiest man in Europe,

Dol. You are contented, sir?

Mam. Nay, in true being,
The envy of princes, and the fear of states.

Dol. Say you so, sir Epicure? 100

Mam. Yes, and thou shalt prove it,
Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty
Above all stiles.

Dol. You mean no treason, sir?

Mam. No; I will take away that jealousy.

I am the lord of the philosopher's stone,
And thou the lady.

Dol. How, sir! ha' you that?

Mam. I am the master of the mastery.

This day the good old wretch here o' the house
Has made it for us; now he's at projection.
Think therefore thy first wish now; let me hear it;
And it shall reign into thy lap, no shower,
But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee.

" *Dol.* I could well consent, sir,

" But in a monarchy, how will this be?

" The prince will soon take notice, and both seize

" You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit 120

" For any private subject.

" *Mam.* 'Tis no idle fear:

" We'll therefore go with all, my girl, and live

" In a free state, where we will eat our mullets

" Sous'd in high-country wines, sup pheasants eggs,

" And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells,

" Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,

" In a rare butter, made of dolphin's milk,

" Whose cream does look like opals: and with these

" Delicate meats set ourselves high for pleasure,

" And take us down again, and then renew

" Our youth and strength, with drinking the elixir,

" And so enjoy a perpetuity of life and lust."

Enter FACE.

Face. Sir, you're too loud, I hear you every word

Into the laboratory. Some fitter place;
The garden, or great chamber above. How like
you her?

Mam. Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee.

[Gives money.]

Face. But do you hear?

Good sir, beware, no mention of the Rabbins.

Mam. We think not on 'em. *[Exit Mam. and Dol.]*

Face. "Oh, it is well, sir." Subtle! 141

Enter SUBTLE.

Face. Dost thou not laugh?

Sub. Yes. Are they gone?

Face. All's clear.

Sub. The widow is come.

Face. And your quarrelling disciple?

Sub. Ay.

Face. I must to my captainship again then.

Sub. Stay, bring 'em in first.

Face. So I meant. What is she?

A bonny belle?

Sub. I know not.

Face. We'll draw lots.

You'll stand to that?

Sub. What else?

To the door, man.

Face. You'll have the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready.

Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you thro' both the nostrils.

Enter KASTRIL and PLIANT.

Face. Who would you speak with?

Kas. Where's the captain?

160

Face. Gone, sir,

About some business.

Kas. Gone!

Face. He'll return straight.

But master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

Sub. Come near, my worshipful boy, my *Terra Filii*,

That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches.

Welcome: I know thy lust, and thy desires,

And I will serve and satisfy 'em. Begin,

Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;

Here is my centre: ground thy quarrel.

Kas. You lie?

Sub. How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie!

For what, my sudden boy?

Kas. Nay, that look you to,

I am afore-hand.

Sub. O, this is no true grammar,

And as ill logick! You must render causes, child,

Your first and second intentions, know your canons,

And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differences,

And ha' your elements perfect——

181

Kas. What, is this

The angry tongue he talks in?

Sub. That false precept

Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number,

And made 'em enter quarrels, oftentimes,

Before they were aware; and afterward,

Against their wills.

Kas. How must I do then, sir?

Sub. I cry this lady mercy: she should first
Have been saluted.

Kas. Go and kiss her.

Sub. I do call you lady, [Kisses her.]
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,
My soft and buxom widow. [He kisses her.]

Kas. Is she, i' faith?

Sub. Yes, or my heart is an egregious liar.

Kas. How know you?

Sub. By inspection on her forehead,
And subtilty of her lip, which must be tasted 200
Often, to make a judgment. "Slight she melts."

Kas. Kiss her again. [He kisses her again.]

Sub. "Like a myrabolane!" Here is yet a line,
In *rivo frontis*, tells me, he is no knight.

Phi. What is he, sir?

Sub. Let me see your hand.

Oh, your *linea Fortunæ* makes it plain;

"And *Stella* here, in *monte Veneris*:"

"But most of all, *junctura annulæ*."

He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady;

But shall have some great honour shortly.

Phi. Brother,

He's a rare man, believe me!

Kas. Hold your peace.

Here comes the t'other rare man.

Enter FACE.

'Save you, captain.

Face. Good master *Kastril*, is this your sister?

Kas. Ay, sir,

Please to kuss her, and be proud to know her.

Face. I shall be proud to know you, lady. 220

Pli. Brother, he calls me lady too.

Kas. Ay, peace, I heard it.

Face. The count is come.

"*Sub.* Where is he?

"*Face.* At the door."

Sub. Why, you must entertain him.

Face. What'll you do——

With these the while?

Sub. Why have 'em up, and shew 'em

Some fustain book, or the dark glass.

Face. 'Fore god,

She is a delicate dab-chick! I must have her. [*Exit.*

Sub. Must you? Ay, if your fortune will, you must.

Come, sir, the captain will come to us presently:

I'll have you to my chamber of demonstrations,

Where I'll shew you my instrument,

That hath the several scales upon't, shall make you

Able to quarrel, at a straw's breadth by moon-light.

And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass,

Some half an hour, but to clear your eye-sight, 240

Against you see your fortune; which is greater

Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FACE.

Face. Where are you, doctor?

Sub. [*within.*] I'll come to you presently.

Face. I will ha' this same widow, now I ha' seen her,
On any composition.

Enter SUBTLE.

Sub. What do you say?

Face. Ha' you disposed of them.

Sub. I ha' sent them up.

Face. Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow.

Sub. Is that the matter?

Face. Nay, but hear me.

Sub. Go to.

If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all.

Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

Face. Nay, thou art so violent now—Do but conceive.

“Thou art old, and canst not serve——

Sub. Who, cannot I?

“Slight, I will serve her with thee for a——”

Face. Nay,

260

But understand: I'll give you composition.

Sub. I will not treat with thee. What, sell my fortune?

'Tis better than my birth-right. Do not murmur.

Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol

Knows it directly.

Face. Well, sir, I am silent.

Will you go help to fetch in don in state?

Sub. I follow you, sir. We must keep Face in awe,
Or he will overlook us like a tyrant. [*Aside.*

Brain of a taylor! Who comes here! Don John?

Enter SURLY like a Spaniard.

Sur. Señores, beso las manos, a vuestras mercedes.

I ij

“ *Sub.* Would you had stoop’d a little, and kiss’d our *anos*.

“ *Face.* Peace, Subtle.

“ *Sub.* Stab me; I shall never hold, man.

“ He looks in that deep ruff, like a head in platter,

“ Serv’d in by a short cloak upon two tressils.

“ *Face.* Or what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down

“ Beneath the souse, and wriggld with a knife?”

Sub. Don, your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

Sur. *Gratia.*

280

Sub. He speaks out of a fortification.

Pray god, he ha’ no squibs in those deep sets.

Sur. *Por dios, sennores, muy linda casa!*

Sub. What says he?

Face. Praises the house, I think;

I know no more but’s action.

Sub. Yes, the Casa,

My precious Diego, will prove fair enough

To cozen you in. Do you mark? You shall

Be cozen’d, Diego.

Face. Cozen’d, do you see?

My worthy Donzel cozen’d

Sur. *Entiendo.*

Sub. Do you intend it? So do we, dear don,

Have you brought pistolets, or portagues,

My solemn don? Dost thou feel any?

Face. Full.

[*He feels his pockets.*

Sub. You shall be emptied, don, pumped and drawn

Dry, as they say.

Face. 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?

300

Sub. For what?

Face. Why Dol's employ'd, you know.

Sub. That's true.

'Fore heaven, I know not:

Mammon must not be troubled.

Face. Mammon? in no case.

Think; you must be sudden.

Sur. *Entiendo, qua la sennora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan a ver la, como la bien aventuranxa de mi vida.*

Face. *Mi vida?* 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind
o' the widow.

What dost thou say to draw her to't? Ha!

And tell her it is her fortune? "All our venture

"Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,

"Which on's chance to have her: and beside

"There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost.

"What dost thou think on't, Subtle.

"*Sub.* Who, I, why?

"*Face.* The credit of our house too is engaged.

"*Sub.* You made mean offer for my share ere-while,

"What wilt thou gi' me, i'faith?

320

"*Face.* Oh, by that light

"I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.

"E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; win her,

"And wear her out for me.

"*Sur.* *Sennores por que se tarda tanta?*

"*Sub.* Faith, I am not fit, I am old.

"*Face.* That's now no reason, sir.

“ Sur. *Puede ser, de hazer burla de mi amor.*

“ Face. You hear the don too? By this air, I call,

“ And loose the hinges: Dol.

“ Sub. A plague of hell——

“ Face. Will you then do?

“ Sub. You are a terrible rogue;

“ I’ll think of this. Will you, sir, call the widow?

“ Face. Yes, and I’ll take her too, with all her faults,

“ Now I do think on’t better.

“ Sub. With all my heart, sir!

“ Am I discharg’d o’ the lot?

“ Face. As you please.

“ Sub. Hands.

340

“ Face. Remember now, that upon any change,

“ You never claim her.

“ Sub. Much good joy, and health to you, sir.

“ Marry a whore? Fate, let me wed a witch first.

“ Sur. *Por estas bonradas barbas——*”

Sub. “ He swears by his beard.”

Dispatch, and call her brother too. [Exit Face.

Sur. *Tiengo, duda, sennores,*

Que no me hagan alguna traycion.

Sub. How, issue on? Yes, *præsto sennor*. Please you
Entbratba the *Chambratha*, worthy don?

Where if you please the fates, in your *Bathada*,

You shall be soak’d, and stroak’d, and tubb’d, and
rubb’d,

And scrubb’d, and fubb’d, dear don, before you go.

You shall, in faith, my scurvy baboon don,

Be curried, claw’d, and flaw’d, and taw’d, indeed.

[Exit Surly.]

I will the heartlier go about it now,
And make the widow a punk so much the sooner,
To be reveng'd on this impetuous Face:
The quickly doing of it is the grace.

360

Enter FACE, KASTRIL, *and* PLIANT.

Face. Come, lady; I knew the doctor would not leave,

Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

Kas. To be a countess, say you? a Spanish countess, sir?

Pli. Why, is that better than an English countess?

Face. Better! 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?

Enter SUBTLE.

Here comes the doctor.

Sub. My most honour'd lady,
(For so I am now to stile you, having found
By this my scheme you are to undergo
An honourable fortune, very shortly)
What will you say now, if some——

Face. I have told her all, sir;
And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be
A countess; do not delay then, sir; a Spanish countess.

Sub. Still, my scarce worshipful captain, you can keep
No secret. Well, since he has told you, madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.

Kas. She shall do that, sir,
I'll look to't, 'tis my charge.

Sub. Well then, nought rests

But that she fit her love now to her fortune.

Pli. Truly, I shall never brook a Spaniard.

Sub. No ?

Pli. Never sin' eighty-eight could I abide them.
And that was some three year afore I was born, in
truth.

Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserable.

Kas. Gods'lid you shall love him, or I'll kick you.

Pli. Why ?

I'll do as you will ha' me, brother.

Kas. Do.

Or by this hand you are not my sister,
If you refuse.

Pli. I will not refuse, brother.

Enter SURLY.

Sur. *Que es esto, sennores, que non se venga ?*
Esta tardanza me mata !

Face. It is the count come,
The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.

Sub. *En gallanta madama, don ! gallantissima !*

Sur. *Par todos los dioses, le mas acabada*
Hermosura, que he visto en mi vida ! 400

Face. Is't not a gallant language that they speak ?

Kas. An admirable language ! Is't not French ?

Face. No, Spanish, sir.

Kas. It goes like law-French ;
And that, they say, is the courtliest language.

Face. List, sir.

Sur. *Valga me dios.*

Face. He admires your sister.

Kas. Must not she make a curtsy?

Sub. Od's will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him!

It is the Spanish fashion for the woman

To make first court, Sir?

Sur. *Pol el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tarda?*

Kas. Nay, see; she will not understand him! Gull! Noddy!

Pli. What say you, brother?

Kas. Ass, my suster!

Go kuss him, as the cunning man would ha' you;
I'll thrust a pin i' your buttocks, else.

Face. Oh, no sir.

420

Sur. *Sennora, si sera servida, entremus.*

Kas. Where does he carry her?

[*Exeunt Surly and Pliant.*]

Face. Into the garden, sir;

Take you no thought; I must interpret for her.

Sub. Give Dol the word. [*Exit Face.*] Come, my fierce child, advance.

We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.

Kas. Agreed.

I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.

Sub. Nay, by this means, sir, you shall be brother
To a great count.

Kas. Ay, I knew that at first.

This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.

Sub. Pray God your sister prove but pliant.

Kas. Why,

Her name is so by her other husband.

Sub. How !

Kas. The widow Pliant. Knew you not that ?

Sub. No faith, sir.

“ Yet, by erection of her figure, I guess'd it.”

Yes, yes, I knew it by my art.

440

Come, let's go to practice.

Kas. Yes ; but do you think, doctor,
I e'er shall quarrel well.

Sub. I warrant you.

Kas. *Damme, you lie.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Apartment. Enter DOL and MAMMON.

Dol. For, after Alexander's death——

[*In her fit of talking.*]

Mam. Good lady.

Dol. That Perdiccas and Antigonus were slain,
The two that stood, Seleuc' and Ptolmee——

Mam. Madam.

Dol. Made up the two legs, and the fourth beast,
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south ; which after
Was call'd Gog-iron-leg, and South-iron-leg——

Mam. La——

Dol. And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.
Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg.

Mam. Sweet madam.

Dol. And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall
In the last link of the fourth chain. And these
Be stars in story, which none see or look at—— 460

Mam. What shall I do?

Dol. For, as he says, except
We call the rabins, and the heathen Greeks——

Mam. Dear lady.

Dol. To come from Salem, and from Athens,
And teach the people of Great-Britain——

Enter FACE.

Face. What's the matter, sir.

Dol. To speak the tongue of Eber and Javan——

Mam. Oh, she's in her fit.

Dol. We shall know nothing——

Face. Death, sir,

We are undone. My master will hear!

“ *Dol.* A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most
high——

“ *Mam.* Sweet honourable lady.

“ *Dol.* To comprize

“ All sounds of voices in few marks of letters——

“ *Face.* Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

“ *Dol.* And so may we arrive by Talmud skill,

“ And profane Greek, to raise the building up

“ Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite, 480

“ King of Thogarma, and his Habergions

“ Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force

“ Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim,

“ Which rabbi David Kimchi, Crakeloc,

" And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.

" *Face.* How did you put her into't ;

" *Mam.* Alas, I talk'd

" Of a fifth monarchy I would erect,

" [*They speak together.*

" With the philosopher's stone (by chance) and she

" Falls on the other four straight.

" *Face.* Out of Broughton.

" I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.

" *Mam.* Is't best.

" *Face.* She'll never leave else. If the old man
hear her,

" We are but *faces*, ashes."

Sub. [*within.*] What's to do there?

Face. Oh, we are lost. Now she hears him, she is quiet.

Mam. Where shall I hide me ?

[*Upon Subtle's entry they disperse.*

Sub. How, what sight is here !

Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light ! 500

Bring him again ; who is he ?—What, my son !

Oh, I have liv'd too long.

Mam. Nay, good, dear father,

There was no unchaste purpose.

Sub. No ? and flee me

When I come in ?

Mam. That was my error.

Sub. Error ?

Guilt, guilt, my son. Give it the right name. No marvel

If I found check in our great work within,

When such affairs as these were managing !

Mam. Why, have you so?

Sub. It has stood still this half hour;
And all the rest of our less works gone back.
Where is the instrument of wickedness,
My lewd false drudge?

Mam. Nay, good sir, blame not him;
Believe me, 'twas against his will, or knowledge,
I saw her by chance.

Sub. Will you commit more sin 520
T' excuse a varlet?

Mam. By my hope, 'tis true, sir.

Sub. Nay, then I wonder less, if you for whom
The blessing was prepared, would so tempt heaven;
And lose your fortunes.

Mam. Why, sir?

Sub. This 'll retard
The work, a month at least.

Mam. Why, if it do,
What remedy? but think it not, good father:
Our purposes were honest.

Sub. As they were,
So the reward will prove. [*A great crack and noise within.*]

How now! Ay me.

God, and all saints be good to us! What's that?

Face. Oh, sir, we are defeated: all the works
Are flown in fumo:

Retorts, receivers, pellicanes, bolt-heads,
All struck in shivers! Help, good sir! alas!

[*Subtle falls down as in a swoon.*]

Coldness and death invade him. Nay, sir Mammon,

Do the fair office of a man! You stand, 540
 As you were readier to depart than he. [*One knocks.*
 Who's there? My lord, her brother is come.

Mam. Ha, Lungs?

Face. His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,
 For he's as furious as his sister is mad. [*One knocks.*

Mam. Alas!

Face. My brain is quite undone with the fume, sir,
 I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

Mam. Is all lost, Lungs? Will nothing be preserv'd,
 Of all our cost?

Face. Faith, very little, sir:

A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, sir,

Mam. Oh, my voluptuous mind! I'm justly punish'd.

Face. And so am I, sir.

Mam. Cast from all my hopes——

Face. Nay, certainties, sir.

Mam. By mine own base affections.

Sub. Oh, the curs'd fruits of vice and lust!

[*Subtle seems to come to himself.*

Mam. Good father,

It was my sin. Forgive it.

560

Sub. Hangs my roof

Over us still, and will not fall, Oh justice!

Upon us, for this wicked man?

Face. Nay, look, sir.

You grieve him now with staying in his sight:

Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take you,
 And that may breed a tragedy.

Mam. Ill go.

Face. Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be,
For some good penance you may have it yet ;
A hundred pounds to the box at Bethlem.

Mam. Yes.

Face. For the restoring such as ha' lost their wits.

Mam. I'll do't.

Face. I'll send one to you to receive it.

Mam. Do.

Is no projection left ?

Face. All flown, or stinks, sir.

Mam. Will nought be sav'd that's good for med'cine,
think'st thou ?

Face. I cannot tell, sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the scraping of the shards, 581
Will cure the itch :

It shall be sav'd for you, and sent home. Good sir.
This way, for fear the lord should meet you.

[Exit Mammon.

Sub. Face.

Face. Ay.

Sub. Is he gone ?

Face. Yes, and as heavily
As all the gold he hop'd for were in his blood.
Let us be light though.

Sub. Ay, as balls, and bound
And hit our heads against the roof for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away.

Face. Now to our don.

Sub. Yes, your young widow, by this time,

Is made a countess. She's now in travail
Of a young heir for you,

Face. Good, sir.

Sub. Off with your case.

And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should, 600
After these common hazards.

Face. Very well, sir.

Will you go fetch don Diego off the while?

Sub. And fetch him over, too, if you'll be pleas'd, sir,
Would Dol were in her place to pick his pockets now.

Face. Why, you can do it as well, if you would set
to't.

I pray you prove your virtue.

Sub. For your sake, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The Alchymist's Room. Enter SURLY and DAME
PLIANT.*

Sur. Lady, you see into what hands you are fall'n!
'Mongst what a nest of villains! and how near
Your honour was to've catch'd a certain ruin
(Through your credulity) "had I but been
" So punctually forward, as place, time,
" And other circumstances would ha' made a man:
" For yo'are a handsome woman, would you were
wise too."

I am a gentleman come here disguis'd,

Only to find the knaveries of this citadel,
And where I might ha' wrong'd your honour, and ha' not,
I claim some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widow, rich; and I am a batchelor, 620
Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man,
As mine ha' preserv'd you a woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deserv'd you, or no.

Pli. I will, sir.

Sur. And for these household-rogues, let me alone
To treat with them.

Enter SUBTLE.

Sub. How doth my noble Diego?
And my dear madam countess? Hath the count
Been courteous, lady? liberal, and open?
Donsel, methinks you look melancholic
After your *coicum*, and scurvy! Truly
I do not like the dulness of your eye,
It hath a heavy cast; 'tis Upsee-Dutch,
And says you are a lumpish whore-master.
Be lighter; I will make your pockets so.

[*He falls to picking of them.*]

Sur. Will you, don bawd, and pick-purse? How
now? Reel you?
Stand up, sir; you shall find, since I am so heavy,
I'll give you equal weight.

Sub. Help, murder?

Sur. No, sir, there's no such thing intended. A
good cart, 640
And a clean whip, shall ease you of that fear.

I am the Spanish don, that should be cozen'd,
Do you see? Cozen'd! Where's you captain Face?

Enter FACE.

Face. How, Surly!

Sur. Oh, make your approach, good captain.
I have found from whence your copper rings and spoons
Come now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.
And this doctor,

“Your sooty, smoaky-bearded compeer, he”
Will close you so much gold in a bolt's head,

[Face steals off.]

And, on a turn, convey (i' the stead) another
With sublim'd mercury, that shall burst i' the heat,
And fly out all *in fumo*? *What is he gone?*

Nay, sir, you must tarry,

Tho' he be 'scap'd, and answer by the ears, sir.

Enter FACE and KASTRIL.

Face. Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
Well, as they say, and be a true-born child.
The doctor and your sister both are abus'd.

Kas. Where is he? Which is he? He is a slave,
Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore. Are you
The man, sir, I would know? 660

Sur. I should be loth, sir,
To confess so much.

Kas. Then you lie i' your throat.

Sur. How!

Face. A very arrant rogue, sir, and a cheater,

Employ'd here by another conjurer,
That does not love the doctor, and would cross him,
If he knew how——

Sur. Sir, you are abus'd.

Kas. You lie;

And 'tis no matter.

Face. Well said, sir. He is
The impudent'st rascal——

Sur. You are, indeed! Will you hear me, sir?

Face. By no means—Bid him be gone.

Kas. Begone, sir, quickly.

Sur. This's strange! lady, do you inform your brother.

Face. There is not such a foist in all the town:
The doctor had him presently; and finds yet, 680
The Spanish count will come here. Bear up Subtle,

Sub. Yes, sir, he must appear within this hour.

Face. And yet this rogue will come in a disguise,
By the temptation of another spirit,
To trouble our art, tho' he could not hurt it.

Kas. Ay.

I know—Away; you talk like a foolish mouter.

Sur. Sir, all is truth, she says.

Face. Do not believe him, sir.
He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir.

Sur. You are valiant out of company.

Kas. Yes. How then, sir?

Enter DRUGGER.

Face. Nay, here's an honest fellow too, that knowshim,
And all his tricks—Make good what I say, Abel;

This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the widow.

[To Abel.

He owes this honest Druggier, here, seven pounds,
He has had on him in two-penn'orths of tobacco.

Drug. Yes, sir; and he has damn'd himself three
Terms to pay me.

Face. And what does he owe for *lotium*? 700

Drug. Thirty shillings, sir.

And for six syringes.

Sur. Hydra of villany!

Face. Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house.

Kas. I will, Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie;
And you are a pimp.

Sur. Why, this is madness, sir,
Not valour in you. I must laugh at this.

Kas. It is my humour. You are a pimp, and a trig,
And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote.

Drug. Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb, do you see?

Enter ANANIAS.

Ana. Peace to the houshold.

Kas. I'll keep peace for no man.

Ana. Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.

Kas. Is he the constable!

Sub. Peace, Ananias.

Face. No, sir.

Kas. Then, you are an otter, and a shad, a whit,
A very Tim.

Sur. You'll hear me, sir? 720

Kas. I will not,

Ana. What is the motive?

Sub. Zeal in the gentlemen,
Against his Spanish slops.

Ana. They are prophane.
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

Sur. New rascals!

Kas. Will you begone, sir?

Ana. Avoid, Satan.

Thou art not of the light. That ruff of pride
About thy neck betrays thee, and is the same
With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven,
Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts.
Thou look'st like Antichrist, in the lewd hat.

Sur. I must give way.

Kas. Begone, sir.

Sur. But I'll take a course with you,

Ana. Depart, proud Spanish fiend.

Sur. Captain and doctor——

Ana. Child of perdition!

Kas. Hence, sir.

[*They fight.* Exit Surly.

Did I not quarrel bravely?

Face. Yes, indeed, sir.

Kas. Nay, an I give my mind to't, I shall do't.

Drug. Well, and how did I?

Face. Very well;

But you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame;
He'll turn again else.

Kas. I'll return him then.

Face. Druggier, this rogue prevented us; for thee,
We had determin'd that thou shouldst ha' come

In a Spanish suit, and ha' carried her so: and he,
A brokerly slave, goes, puts it on himself.
Hast brought the damask?

Drug. Yes, sir.

Face. Thou must borrow

A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the players?

Drug. Yes, sir. Did you never see me play the fool?

Face. Thou shalt, if I can help it.

Hieronymo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve; 760

[*Subtle hath whispered him this while.*]

I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st them.

Drug. Did I not behave well?

Will you be gone?—He won't be here

In a hurry, I believe.

[*Exit.*]

Ana. Sir, I know

The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies

Upon their actions: "and that this was one,

"I make no scruple. But the holy synod

"Have been in prayer and meditation for it."

And 'tis reveal'd no less to them than me,

That casting of money is most lawful.

Sub. True;

But here I cannot do it. If the house

Should chance to be suspected, all would out,

And we be lock'd up in the Tower for ever,

To make gold there for the state; never come out;

And then you are defeated.

Ana. I will tell

This to the elders, and the weaker brethren,

That the whole company of the separation

May join in humble prayer again.

Sub. And fasting.

Ana. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind
Rest within these walls. [Exit.

Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias.

Face. What did he come for?

Sub. About casting dollars.

Presently out of hand. And so I told him,
A Spanish minister came here to spy
Against the faithful.

Face. I conceive. Come, Subtle.
Thou art so down upon the least disaster!
How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had nothelp'd thee out?

Sub. I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy, i'faith.

Face. Who would ha' look'd it 'hould ha' been that
rascal, Surly?

Well, sir,

Here's damask come to make you a suit.

Sub. Where's Druggier?

Face. He's gone to borrow me a Spanish habit.
I'll be the count now. 800

Sub. But where's the widow?

Face. Within, with my lord's sister: madam Dol
Is entertaining her.

Sub. By your favour, Face;
Now she is honest, I will stand again.

Face. You will not offer it?

Sub. Why?

Face. Stand to your word,
Or——here comes Dol; she knows——

Sub. Y' are tyrannous still.

Face. Strict for my right.

Enter Dol.

How now, Dol? Hast told her.

The Spanish count will come?

Dol. Yes; but another is come
You little look'd for.

Face. Who's that?

Dol. Your master;
The master of the house.

Sub. How, Dol!

Face. She lies.

820

This is some trick. Come, leave your quibblings,
Dorothy.

Dol. Look out and see.

Sub. Art thou in earnest?

Dol. 'Slight!

Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking.

Face. 'Tis he by this good day.

Dol. 'Twill prove an ill day

For some of us.

Face. We are undone and taken.

Dol. Lost I'm afraid.

Sub. You said he would not come
While there died one a week within the liberties.

Face. No; 'twas within the walls.

Sub. What shall we do now, Face?

Face. Be silent; not a word, if he call or knock.
I'll into mine old shape again, and meet him,

Of Jeremy the butler. I' the mean time,
Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase,
That we can carry i' the two trunks. I'll help him
Off for to-day, if I cannot longer; and then, 840
At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff,
Where we'll meet to-morrow, and there we'll share.
Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar—
We'll have another time for that. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street. Enter LOVEWIT and Neighbours.

Lovewit.

HAS there been such resort, say you?

1 Nei. Daily, sir.

2 Nei. And nightly too.

3 Nei. Ay, some as brave as lords.

4 Nei. Ladies and gentlewomen.

5 Nei. Citizens wives, and knights in coaches.

2 Nei. Yes, and oyster-women.

1 Nei. Beside other gallants.

3 Nei. Sailors' wives.

4 Nei. Tobacco-men.

5 Nei. Another Pimlico!

“ Love. What shou'd my knave advance,
“ To draw this company? He hung out no banners
“ Of a strange calt, with five legs, to be seen?
“ Or a huge lobster, with six claws?

“ 6 *Nei.* No, sir.

“ 3 *Nei.* We had gone in then, sir.

“ *Love.* He has no gift

“ Of teaching i’ the nose, that e’er I knew of.

“ You saw no bills set up that promis’d cure 20

“ Of agues, or the tooth-ach?

“ 2 *Nei.* No such thing, sir.

“ *Love.* Nor heard a drum struck, for baboons, or
puppets?

“ 5 *Nei.* Neither, sir.”

Love. What device should he bring forth now?
I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment.

Pray Heav’n he ha’ not kept such open house,
That he hath sold my hangings and my bedding;
I left him nothing else. If he have eat them,

A plague o’ the mouth, say I. “ Sure he has got

“ Some bawdy pictures, to call all this gang.”

When saw you him?

1 *Nei.* Who, sir? Jeremy?

2 *Nei.* Jeremy, butler?

We saw him not this month.

Love. How!

4 *Nei.* Not these five weeks, sir.

6 *Nei.* These six weeks, at the least.

Love. Y’ amaze me, neighbours!

5 *Nei.* Sure, if your worship know not where he is,
He’s slipp’d away. 41

6 *Nei.* Pray, Heav’n, he be not made away. [*He knocks.*]

Love. Ha! It is not time to question, then.

6 *Nei.* About

Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry,
As I sat up, a mending my wife's stockings.

Love. This's strange, that none will answer!
Didst thou hear

A cry, say'st thou?

6 Nei. Yes, sir, like unto a man
That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.

2 Nei. I heard it too, just this day three weeks at
two o'clock

Next morning.

Love. These be miracles, or you make 'em so.
A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,
And both you heard him cry!

3 Nei. Yes, downward, sir.

Love. Thou'rt a wise fellow. Give me thy hand,
I pray thee.

What trade art thou?

3 Nei. A smith, an't please your worship. 60

Love. A smith! then lend me thy help to get this
door open.

3 Nei. That I will presently, sir; but fetch my
tools. [Exit.

1 Nei. Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

Enter FACE.

Love. I will.

Face. What mean you, sir?

All Nei. Oh, here's Jeremy!

Face. Good sir, come from the door.

Love. Why, what's the matter?

Face. Yet farther; you are too near yet.

Love. I'the name of wonder, what means the fellow?

Face. The house, sir, has been visited.

Love. Stand thou then farther.

Face. No, sir, I had it not.

Love. Who had it then? I left
None else but thee i' th' house.

Face. Yes, sir, my fellow,
The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her
A week before I spied it; but I got her
Convey'd away i' the night. And so I shut
The house up for a month——

80

Love. How!

Face. Purposing then, sir,
T'have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,
And ha'made itsweet, that you should ne'er ha' known it.
Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir.

Love. Why, this is stranger!
The neighbours tell me all here, that the doors
Have still been open——

Face. How, sir!

Love. Gallants, men, and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, ha'been seen to flock here
In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second hog's-den.
In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright.

Face. Sir,
Their wisdoms will not say so!

Love. To-day, they speak
Of coaches and gallants; one in a French hood
Went in they tell me; and another was seen

In a velvet gown at the window; divers more
Pass in and out.

100

Face. They did pass through the doors then,
Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles;
For here, sir, are the keys, and there have been,
In this my pocket, now above twenty days.
“ And for before, I kept the fort alone there.
“ But that ’tis not yet deep i’ th’ afternoon,
“ I should believe my neighbours had seen double
“ Thro’ the black pot, and made these apparitions.”
For, on my faith to your worship, for these three weeks,
And upwards, the door has not been open’d.

Love. Strange!

Nei. Good faith, I think I saw a coach.

Love. Do you but think it now?

And but one coach?

4 *Nei.* We cannot tell, sir; Jeremy
Is a very honest fellow.

Face. Did you see me at all?

1 *Nei.* No; that we are sure on,

Love. Fine rogues, to have your testimones built on!

Re-enter 3 Neighbour,

3 *Nei.* Is Jeremy come?

120

1 *Nei.* Oh, yes; you may leave your tools;
We were deceiv’d; he says he has had the keys,
And the door has been shut these three weeks.

3 *Nei.* Like enough.

Love. Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

Face. [*Aside.*] Surly come!

L ij

And Mammon made acquainted! They'll tell all.
 How shall I beat them off? What shall I do?
 Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.

Enter SURLY and MAMMON.

Sur. No, sir, he was a great physician. This,
 It was no bawdy-house, but a mere chancel.
 You knew the lord and his sister.

Mam. Nay, good Surly——

Sur. The happy word, Be rich——

Mam. Play not the tyrant.

Sur. Should be to-day pronounc'd to all your friends.
 And where be your andirons now, and your brasspots,
 That should ha' been golden flaggons, and great wedges.

Mam. Let me but breathe:—What! they ha' shut
 their doors,

Methinks. 149

Sur. Ay, now, 'tis holy-day with them.

Mam. Rogues,

Cozeners, impostors, bawds!

Face. What mean you, sir? [*Mam. and Surly knock.*

Mam. To enter, if we can.

Face. Another man's house!

Here is the owner, sir; turn to him,
 And speak your business.

Mam. Are you, sir, the owner?

Love. Yes, sir.

Mam. And are those knaves within your cheaters?

Love. What knaves, what cheaters:

Mam. Subtle, and his Lungs.

Face. The gentleman is distracted, sir. No lings
Nor lights ha' been seen here these three weeks, sir;
Within these doors, upon my word,

Sur. Your word!
Groom arrogant.

Face. Yes, sir; I am the housekeeper,
And know the keys ha' not been out o' my hands: 160

Sur. This's a new *Face*.

Face. You do mistake the house, sir.
What sign was't at?

Sur. You rascal! This is one
O' the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,
And force the door.

Love. Pray you stay, gentlemen.

Sur. No, sir, we'll come with warrant.

Mam. Ay, and then
We shall ha' your doors open. [*Exeunt Sur. and Mam.*

Love. What means this?

Face. I cannot tell, sir.

Nei. These are two o' the gallants,
That we do think we saw.

Face. Two of the fools!
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir,
I think the moon hath craz'd them all.—Oh, me,
The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all. [*Aside.*

Enter KASTRIL.

Kas. What, rogues, bawds, slaves! you'll open the
door anon. [*Kastril knocks.*

Punk, cockatrice, my suster: By this light 281
 I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore,
 To keep your castle.—

Face. Who would you speak with, sir?

Kas. The bawdy doctor, and the cozening captain,
 And puss, my sustur.

Love. This is something, sure!

Face. Upon my trust, the doors were never open, sir,

Kas. I have heard all their tricks told me twice over,
 By the fat knight, and the lean gentleman,

Love. Here comes another.

Face. Ananias too!
 And his pastor! [Aside,

Enter ANANIAS and TRIBULATION.

Ana. Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of fire;
 Your stench is broke forth; abomination
 Is in the house.

Kas. Ay, my sustur's there.

Ana. The place
 Is become a cage of unclean birds.

Kas. Yes, I will fetch the scavanger and the constable.

Trib. You shall do well. 301

Ana. We'll join to weed them out.

Kas. You will not come then, punk device, my sustur?

Ana. Call her not sister. She's a harlot, verily.

Kas. I'll raise the street.

Love. Good gentlemen, a word—

Ana. Satan, avoid, and hinder not our zeal,

Love. The world's turn'd Bedlam.

Face. These are all broke loose
Out of St. Kath'rine's, where they use to keep
The better sort of mad folks.

1 Nei. All these persons
We saw go in and out here.

2 Nei. Yes, indeed, sir.

3 Nei. These were the parties.

Face. Peace, you drunkards. Sir,
I wonder at it! Please you to give me leave
To touch the door: I'll try an the lock be chang'd.

Love. It 'mazes me!

Face. Good faith, sir, I believe 320
There's no such thing. 'Tis all *deceptio visus*.
Would I could get him away! [*Dapper cries out within.*]

Dap. Master captain, master doctor.

Love. Who's that?

Face. Our clerk within, that I forgot! [*Aside.*] I
know not, sir.

Dap. For God's sake, when will her grace be at leisure?

Face. Ha!

Illusions, some spirit o' the air! — His gag is melted,
And now he sets out the throat. [*Aside.*]

Dap. I'm almost stifled.

Face. Would you were altogether, [*Aside,*

Love. 'Tis i' the house.

Ha! list —

Face. Believe it, sir, i' the air.

Love. Peace you —

Dap. Mine aunt's grace does not use me well,

Sub. You fool,

Peace, you'll mar all.

Face. Or you will else, you rogue.

Love. Oh, is it so? Then you converse with spirits.
Come, sir, no more o' your tricks, good Jeremy; 341
The truth's the shortest way.

Face. Dismiss this rabble, sir.

What shall I do? I am catch'd. [Aside.

Love. Good neighbours,
I thank you all. You may depart! Come, sir,
You know that I am an indulgent master;
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your med'cine,
To draw so many several sorts of wild-fowl?

Face. Sir, you were won't to affect mirth and wit:
(But here's no place to talk on't i' the street.)
Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,
And only pardon me th' abuse of your house;
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,
In recompence, that you shall give me thanks for,
Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a spanish cloak.
I have her within. You need not fear the house;
It was not visited.

Love. But by me, who came 360
Sooner than you expected.

Face. It is true, sir.
Pray you, forgive me.

Love. Let's see your widow. [Exeunt

SCENE II.

A Chamber. Enter SUBTLE, DAPPER, and DOL.

Sub. How! ha' you eaten your gag?

Dap. Yes, faith, it crumbled

Away i' my mouth.

Sub. You ha' spoil'd all then.

Dap. No;

I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.

Sub. Your aunt's a gracious lady; but in troth,
You were to blame.

Dap. The fume did overcome me,
And I did do't to stay my stomach. Pray you,
To satisfy her grace.

Enter FACE.

Face. How now! is his mouth down?

Sub. Ay, he has spoken.

Face. A pox! I heard him, and you too—He's un-
done then—

I have been fain to say the house is haunted
With spirits, to keep Churl back.

Sub. And hast thou done it?

Face. Sure, for this night.

Sub. Why, then triumph and sing

Of Face so famous, the precious king

Of present wits.

Face. Did you not hear the coil

About the door?

Sub. Yes, and I dwindled with it.

Face. Shew him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd :
I'll send her to you.

Drugger is at the door ; go take his suit,
And bid him fetch a parson presently.

Say, he shall marry the widow. "Thou shalt spend
"A hundred pounds by the service." [*Exeunt Dap-
per and Subtle.*] Now, queen Dol,
Ha' you pack'd up all?

Dol. Yes.

Face. And how do you like
The lady Pliant?

Dol. A good dull innocent.

Re-enter SUBTLE.

Sub. Here's your Hieronymo's cloak and hat. 400

Face. Give me 'em.

Sub. And the ruff too.

Face. Yes: I'll come to you presently. [*Exit.*]

Sub. Now is he gone about his project, Dol,
I told you of, for the widow.

Dol. 'Tis direct
Against our articles.

Sub. Well, we'll fit him, wench.

Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels, or her bracelets?

Dol. No, but I will do't.

Sub. Soon at night, my Dolly,
When we are shipp'd, and all our goods aboard,
Eastward for Ratcliff, we will turn our course
To Brainford, westward, if thou say'st the word,

And take our leave of this o'erweening rascal,
This temporary Face.

Dol. Content; I'm weary of him.

Sub. We'll tickle it at the pigeons,
When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,
And say, this's mine and thine, and thine and mine,
[*They kiss.*

Enter FACE.

Face. What now, a billing?

Sub. Yes, a little exalted,
In the good passage of our stock affairs.

“*Face.* Drugger has brought his parson; take him
in, Subtle,

“And send Nab back again to wash his face.

“*Sub.* I will: and shave himself. [Exit.

“*Face.* If you can get him.

“*Dol.* You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is!

“*Face.* A trick that Dol shall spend ten pounds a
month by.

“Is he gone?

Enter SUBTLE.

“*Sub.* The chaplain waits you i' the hall, sir. [

“*Face.* I'll go bestow him. [Exit.

“*Dol.* He'll now marry her instantly.

“*Sub.* He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol,
“Cozen her all thou canst. To deceive him

“Is no deceit, but justice that would break

“Such an inextricable tie as ours was.

“*Dol.* Let me alone to fit him.

Enter FACE.

Face. Come, my venturers,
You ha' packed up all? Where be the trunks? Bring
forth. 440

Sub. Here.

Face. Let us see them. Where's the money?

Sub. Here.

Face. The brethren's money, this. Drugger's and
Dapper's in this.

Mammon's ten pounds: eight score before.

Where be the French petticoats,

And girdles, and hangers?

Sub. Here i' the trunk,

And the bolts of lawn.

Face. Is Drugger's damask there?

Sub. Yes.

Face. Give me the keys.

Dol. Why you the keys?

Sub. No matter, Dol; because

We shall not open them, before he comes.

Face. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed;
Nor have them forth. Do you see? Not forth, Dol.

Dol. No!

Face. No, my smock-rampant. The right is, my
master 459

Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep them;

Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your figures:

I sent for him indeed. Wherefore, good partners,

Both he, and she, be satisfy'd: for here.

Determines the *indenture tripartite*,
'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do,
Is to help you over the wall, o' the backside;
Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol.
Here will be officers presently; bethink you
Of some course suddenly to 'scape the dock;
For thither you'll come else. Hark you, thunder.

[*Some knocks.*]

Sub. You are a precious fiend!

"*Off.* Open the door."

Face. Dol, I am sorry for thee i' faith. But hear'st
thou?

It shall go hard, but I will place thee somewhere:
Thou shalt ha' my letter to mistress Amo.

Dol. Hang you——

Face. Or madam Cæsarean.

Dol. Pox upon you, rogue:

Would I had but time to beat thee. [*Exit Dol.*]

Face. Subtle,

Let's know where you set up next: I'll send you
A customer, now and then, for old acquaintance;
What new course ha' you?

Sub. Rogue, I'll hang myself,
That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
And haunt thee i' the flock-bed and the buttery. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Street before LOVEWIT'S House. LOVEWIT above.
Enter Officers, MAMMON, SURLY, FACE, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, and TRIBULATION.

Love. What do you mean, my masters?

Mam. Open your door,
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

Offi. Or we'll break it open.

Love. What warrant have you?

Offi. Warrant enough, sir, doubt not.

Love. Is there an officer there?

Offi. Yes, two or three for failing.

Love. Have but patience,
And I will open it straight.

Face. Sir h' you done?
Is it a marriage? perfect?

Love. Yes, my brain.

Face. Off with your ruff, and cloak then; be your-
self, sir.

501

Sur. Down with the door.

Kas. 'Slight, ding it open.

Love. Hold,

Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence?

Mam. Where is this collier?

Sur. And my captain Face?

Mam. These day-owls?

Sur. That are birding in men's purses.

Mam. Madam Suppository?

Kas. Doxey, my suster?

Ana. Locusts of the foul pit.

Tri. Prophane as Bell and the Dragon.

Ana. Worsethan thegrashoppers, or the lice of Egypt.

Love. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,
And cannot stay this violence?

Offi. Keep the peace.

Love. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do
you seek?

Mam. The chymical cozener,

Sur. And the captain pander,

Kas. The nun my suster.

Mam. Madam Rabbi,

Ana. Scorpions and caterpillars.

Love. Fewer at once I pray you.

Offi. One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,
By virtue of my staff.

Ana. They are the vessels
Of pride, lust, and the cart.

Love. Good zeal, lie still
A little while,

Tri. Peace, deacon Ananias.

Love. The house is mine here, and the doors are open;
If there be any such persons you seek for,
Use your authority;
I am but newly come to town, and finding
This 'tumult 'bout my door (to tell you true)
It somewhat 'maz'd me; till my man here, fearing
My more displeasure, told me he had done

Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
To a doctor and a captain ; who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knows not. 540

Mam. Are they gone ? [*They enter.*

Love. You may go in and search, sir. Here, I find
The empty walls worse than I left them, smok'd,
A few crack'd pots and glasses, and a furnace ;
The cieling fill'd with poesies of the candle :
Only one gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that said she is a widow——

Kas. Ay, that's my suster. I'll go thump her.

Where is she ? [*Exit.*

Love. And should ha'married a Spanish count, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her so grossly,
That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

Sur. How ! have I lost her then ?

Love. Were you then the don, sir ?
Good faith, now, she does blame yo' extremely, and
says

You swore, and told her, you had ta'en the pains
" To dye your beard, and umbre o'er your face,"
Borrowed a suit and ruff all for her love,
And then did nothing. What an oversight,
And want of putting forward, sir, was this !
Well fare an old harquebuzier, yet, 560
Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinkling.

Enter MAMMON.

Mam. The whole nest are fled !

Love. What sort of birds were they ?

Mam. A kind of choughs,
Or thievish daws, sir, that have pick'd my purse
Of eight-score and ten pounds, within these five weeks,
Beside my first materials, and my goods,
That lie i' the cellar, which I am glad they ha' left.
I may have them home yet.

Love. Think you so, sir?

Mam. Ay.

Love. By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.

Mam. Not mine own stuff?

Love. Sir, I can take no knowledge,
That they are yours, but by public means.
If you can bring certificate, that you were gull'd of them,
Or any formal writ out of a court,
That you did cozen yourself, I will not hold them.

Mam. I'll rather lose them. 580

Love. That you shall not, sir,
By me, in troth. Upon these terms they are yours.
What should they ha' been, sir, turn'd into gold all?

Mam. No.
I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then?

Love. What a great loss in hopes have you sustain'd!

Mam. Not I, the commonwealth has.
I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach
The end o' the world, within these two months.
Surly, what! in a dream?

Sur. Must I needs cheat myself,
With that same foolish vice of honesty?
Come, let us go, and hearken out the rogues.
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANANIAS and TRIBULATION.

Trib. 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet. Go,
And get some carts——

Love. For what, my zealous friends?

Ana. To bear away the portion of the righteous
Out of this den of thieves.

Love. What is that portion? 600

Ana. The goods, sometimes the orphans, that the
brethren

Bought with their silver pence.

Love. What those i' the cellar,
The knight sir Mammon claims!

Ana. I do defy
The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren.
Thou prophane man, I ask thee with what conscience
Thou canst advance that idol against us,
That have the seal? Were not the shillings number'd,
That made the pounds? Were not the pounds told out
Upon the second day of the fourth week,
In the eighth month upon the table dormant,
The year of the last patience of the saints,
Six hundred and ten?

Love. Mine earnest vehement botcher,
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you;
But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel.

Ana. Sir?

Trib. Be patient, Ananias. 620

Ana. I am strong,

And will stand up, well girt, against an host,
That threaten Gad in exile.

Love. I shall send you
To Amsterdam to your cellar.

Ana. I will pray there,
Against the house: may dogs defile the walls,
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,
This seat of falsehood, and this cave of coz'nage.

[*Exeunt Trib. and Ana.*]

Face. If you get off the angry child, now, sir——

[*Enter KASTRIL.*]

Kas. Come on, you ewe, you have match'd most
sweetly, ha' you not? [To his sister.

Did I not say, I would never ha' you tup'd
But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a lady-Tom?
'Slight you are a mammet! Oh, I could touse you, now,
Death, mun you marry with a pox?

Love. You lie, boy;
As sound as you; and I'm before-hand with you.

Kas. Anon?

Love. Come, willyou quarrel? I will seizeyou, sirrah.
Why do you not buckle to your tools! 640

Kas. God's light!
This is a fine old boy, as e'er I saw!

Love. What, do you change yourcopenow? Proceed.
Here stands my dove; stoop at her if you dare.

Kas. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot chuse
i'faith!"

And I should be hang'd for't. Suster, I protest,
I honour thee for this match.

Love. Oh, do you so, sir?

Kas. Yes, an' thou canst take tobacco, and drink,
old boy,

I'll give her five hundred pounds more to her marriage
Than her own 'state.

Love. Fill a pipe-full, Jeremy.

Face. Yes, but go in, and take it, sir.

Love. We will.

I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, Jeremy.

That master

That had received such happiness by a servant,

In such a widow, and with so much wealth,

Were very ungrateful, if he would not be

A little indulgent to that servant's wit, 660

And help his fortune, though with some small strain

Of his own candor.

Speak for thyself, knave.

Face. So I will, sir. Gentlemen

Though I am clean

Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,

Hot Ananias, Dapper, Druggier, all

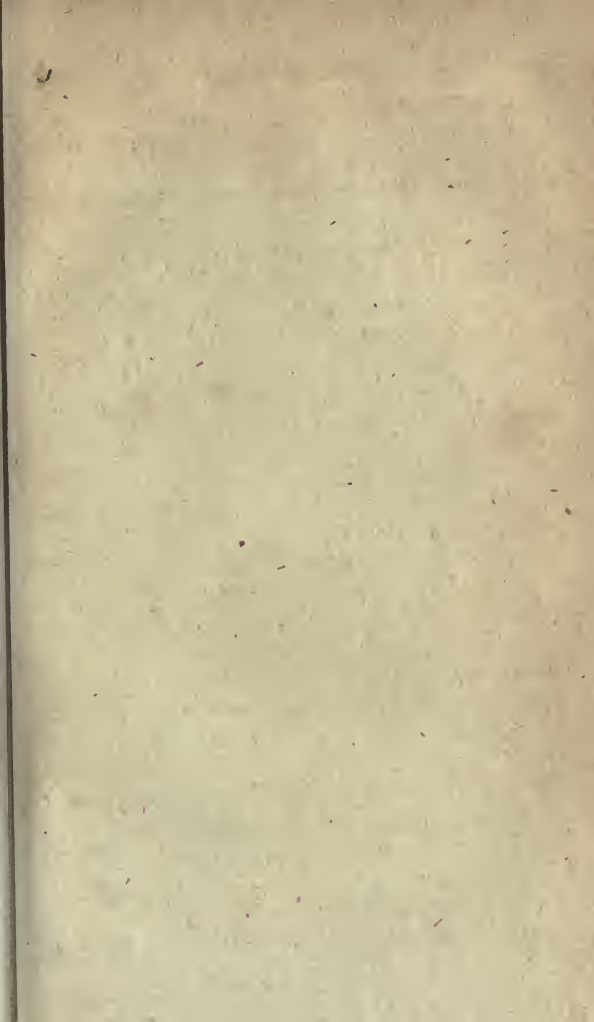
With whom I traded; yet I put myself

On you that are my country; and this pelf,

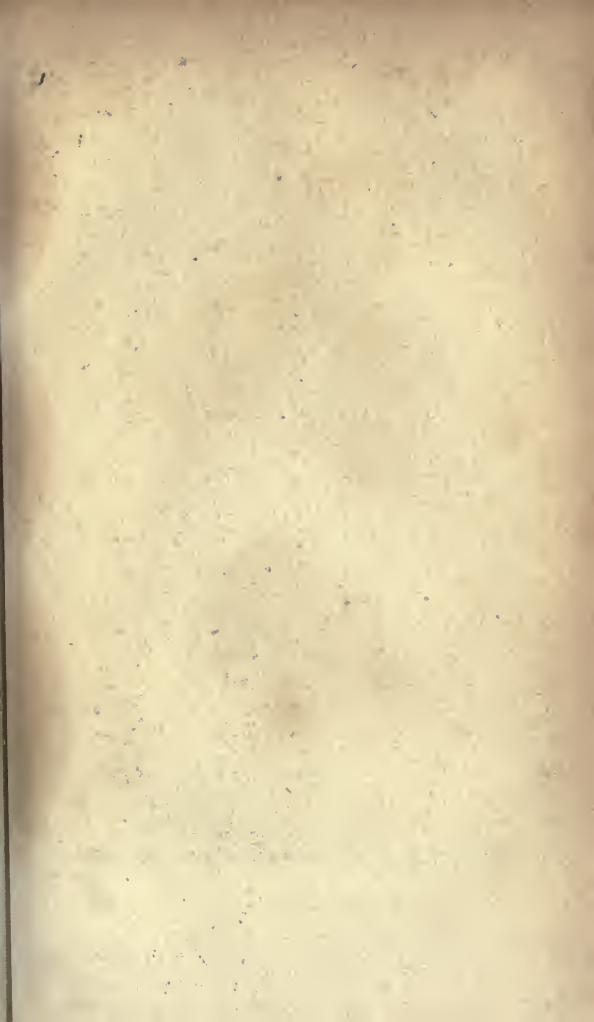
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests 670

To feast you often, and invite new guests.

THE END.









the whole act in a piece!

Exeunt.

MR. BANNISTER JR. as BEN.

*How say you, Mistress? the short of the thing is,
that if you like me, and I like you we may chance
to swing in a hammock together.*

LOVE FOR LOVE.

A
COMEDY.

BY WILLIAM CONGREVE, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR
'THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,'
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

M DCC XCI.

LETTER FOR LORAN

My dear Loran,

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst.

and am glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines will find you the same. I have not much news to write at present, but I thought I would write a few lines to let you know how I am getting on. I am still in the same place, and am doing as well as can be expected. I have not much to do at present, but I am still busy with my work. I have not much time to write at present, but I thought I would write a few lines to let you know how I am getting on.

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LOVE FOR LOVE.

WITH this excellent Play the new Theatre and Company opened at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Its success was so great that Betterton and his brother Managers, it is recorded, offered the Author in consequence, a whole share in their profits upon the sole condition of furnishing them annually with a new play.

OF this piece it may be remarked, that it has stronger diversities of character than any other written by CONGREVE, and those characters have a closer approximation to life—That the manners are well opposed and their effect irresistible.—FORESIGHT who refers “*Man's goatish disposition to the charge of a star,*” then could not excite the laughter he does now, as a great majority of his hearers, it may be presumed, relied upon the same influence, and confided in similar predictions. The FORESIGHT of our inimitable PARSONS may be recorded as perfection.

THEY who are conversant with Nautical language, find the conversation of Ben either ill-suited or obsolete, yet he excites much laughter and keeps it; but the common impression now generally received

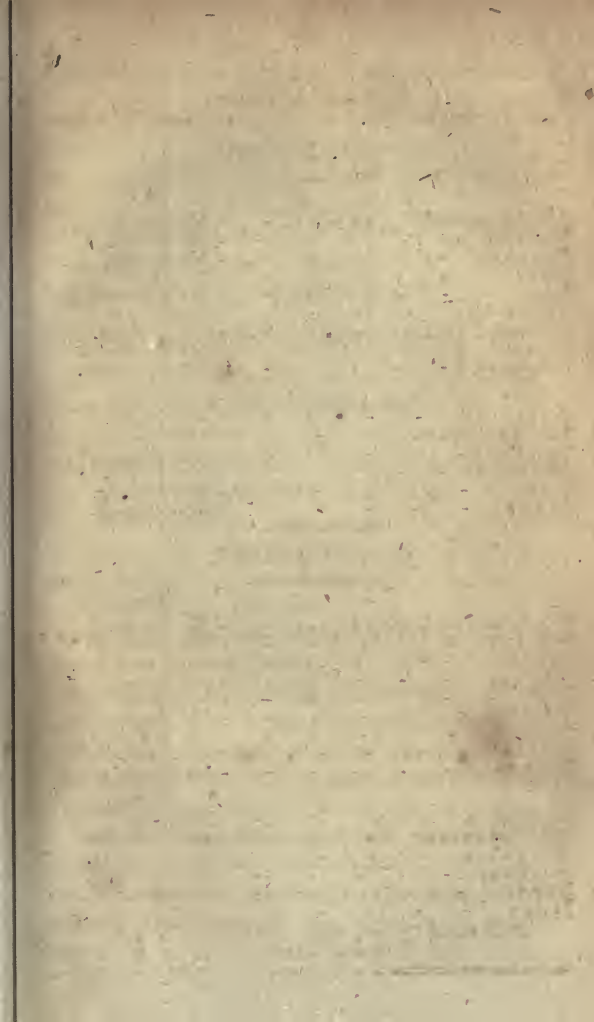
of the *generosity* of a BRITISH TAR contributes, from its force in extenuating foible, to the disgust entertained at a being in whose composition nothing like this quality seems to enter.

THE Characters, however they may be discriminated by sentiment and action, are certainly nothing discriminate from language—They are all uniformly wits, and partake equally of the *parent*.

PROLOGUE.

*THE husbandman in vain renews his toil,
To cultivate each year a hungry soil;
And fondly hopes for rich and generous fruit,
When what should feed the tree devours the root:
Th' unladen boughs, he sees, bode certain dearth,
Unless transplanted to more kindly earth.
So, The poor husbands of the stage, who found
Their labours lost upon ungrateful ground,
This last and only remedy have prov'd;
And hope new fruit from ancient stocks remov'd.
Well may they hope, when you so kindly aid,
Well plant a soil, which you so rich have made.
As Nature gave the world to man's first age,
So from your bounty we receive this stage;
The freedom man was born to, you've restor'd,
And to our world such plenty you afford,
It seems like Eden, fruitful of its own accord.
But since in Paradise frail flesh gave way,
And when but two were made, both went astray;
Forbear your wonder, and the fault forgive,
If, in our larger family, we grieve
One falling Adam, and one tempted Eve.
We who remain would gratefully repay,
What our endeavours can, and bring this day,
The first-fruit offering of a virgin play:*

*We hope there's something that may please each taste,
And tho' of homely fare we make the feast,
Yet you will find variety at least.
There's humour, which for cheerful friends we got,
And for the thinking party there's a plot.
We've something too to gratify ill-nature
(If there be any here)—and that is satire.
Tho' satire scarce dares grin, 'tis grown so mild,
Or only shews its teeth, as if it smil'd.
As asses thistles, poets mumble wit,
And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
They hold their pens, as swords are held by fools,
And are afraid to use their own edge-tools.
Since the Plain Dealer's scenes of manly rage
Not one has dar'd to lash this crying age.
This time, the poet owns the bold essay,
Yet hopes there's no ill-manners in his play:
And he declares by me, he has design'd
Affront to none; but frankly speaks his mind.
And, should th' ensuing scenes not chance to hit,
He offers but this one excuse—'twas writ
Besort your late encouragement of wit.*



Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

SIR SAMPSON LEGEND	-	-	-	Mr. Moody.
VALENTINE	-	-	-	Mr. Kemble.
SCANDAL	-	-	-	Mr. Bensley.
TATTLE	-	-	-	Mr. Dodd.
BEN	-	-	-	Mr. Bannister, jun.
FORESIGHT	-	-	-	Mr. Parsons.
JEREMY	-	-	-	Mr. Baddeley.
TRAPLAND	-	-	-	Mr. Waldron.
BUCKRAM	-	-	-	Mr. Phillimore.

Women.

ANGELICA	-	-	-	Miss Farren.
Mrs. FORESIGHT	-	-	-	Mrs. Ward.
Mrs. FRAIL	-	-	-	Miss Pope.
Miss PRUE	-	-	-	Mrs. Jordan.
NURSE	-	-	-	Mrs. Hopkins.
JENNY	-	-	-	Miss Tidswell.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

SIR SAMPSON LEGEND	-	-	-	Mr. Fearon.
VALENTINE	-	-	-	Mr. Holman.
SCANDAL	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
TATTLE	-	-	-	Mr. Lewis.
BEN	-	-	-	Mr. Ryder.
FORESIGHT	-	-	-	Mr. Quick.
JEREMY	-	-	-	Mr. Davies.
TRAPLAND	-	-	-	Mr. Booth.
BUCKRAM	-	-	-	Mr. Stock.

Women.

ANGELICA	-	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
Mrs. FORESIGHT	-	-	-	Mrs. Bates.
Mrs. FRAIL	-	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.
Miss PRUE	-	-	-	Mrs. Brown.
NURSE	-	-	-	Mrs. Pitt.
JENNY	-	-	-	Miss Brangin.

A Steward, Officers, Sailors, and several Servants.

SCENE, London.



LOVE FOR LOVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

VALENTINE, in his chamber reading; JEREMY waiting.
Several Books upon the Table.

Valentine.

JEREMY!

Jer. Sir.

Val. Here, take away! I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read.—

Jer. You'll grow devilish fat upon this paper diet!

[Aside, and taking away the books.]

Val. And d'ye hear? go you to breakfast—There's a page doubled down in Epictetus, that is a feast for an emperor.

Jer. Was Epictetus a real cook, or did he only write receipts?

Val. Read, read, sirrah, and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind, and mortify your flesh. Read and take your nourish-

ment in at your eyes; shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of underst anding. So Epictetus advises.

Jer. O Lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a gentleman at Cambridge. Pray what was that Epictetus?

Val. A very rich man—not worth a groat.

Jer. Humph! and so he has made a very fine feast, where there is nothing to be eaten.

Val. Yes.

Jer. Sir, you're a gentleman, and probably understand this fine feeding: but, if you please, I had rather be at board wages. Does your Epictetus, or your Seneca here, or any of these poor rich rogues, teach you how to pay your debts without money? Will they shut up the mouths of your creditors? Will Plato be bail for you? or Diogenes, because he understands confinement, and lived in a tub, go to prison for you? 'Slife, sir, what do you mean, to mew yourself up here with three or four musty books, in commendation of starving and poverty?

Val. Why, sirrah, I have no money, you know it; and therefore resolve to rail at all that have: and in that I but follow the examples of the wisest and wittiest men in all ages—these poets and philosophers, whom you naturally hate, for just such another reason; because they abound in sense, and you are a fool.

Jer. Ay, sir, I am a fool, and I know it: and yet, Heaven help me, I'm poor enough to be a wit.—But I was always a fool, when I told you what your ex-

pences would bring you to; your coaches and your liveries; your treats and your balls; your being in love with a lady that did not care a farthing for you in your prosperity; and keeping company with wits, that cared for nothing but your prosperity, and now when you are poor, hate you as much as they do one another.

Val. Well! and now I am poor, I have an opportunity to be reveng'd on them all; I'll pursue Angelica with more love than ever, and appear more notoriously her admirer in this restraint, than when I openly rivalled the rich fops that made court to her. So shall my poverty be a mortification to her pride, and perhaps make her compassionate the love, which has principally reduced me to this lowness of fortune. And for the wits, I'm sure I am in a condition to be even with them.

Jer. Nay, your condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take some of their trade out of their hands.

Jer. Now Heaven of mercy continue the tax upon paper!—You don't mean to write?

Val. Yes, I do; I'll write a play.

Jer. Hem!—Sir, if you please to give me a small certificate of three lines—only to certify those whom it may concern, That the bearer hereof, Jeremy Fetch by name, has for the space of seven years truly and faithfully served Valentine Legend, Esquire; and that he is not now turned away for any misdemeanour,

but does voluntarily dismiss his master from any future authority over him—

Val. No, sirrah ; you shall live with me still.

Fer. Sir, it's impossible—I may die with you, starve with you, or be damned with your works : but to live, even three days, the life of a play, I no more expect it, than to be canoniz'd for a Muse after my decease.

Val. You are witty, you rogue, I shall want your help—I'll have you learn to make couplets, to tag the ends of acts. D'ye hear ? get the maids to crambo in an evening, and learn the knack of rhyming ; you may arrive at the height of a song sent by an unknown hand, or a chocolate-house lampoon.

Fer. But, sir, is this the way to recover your father's favour ? Why Sir Sampson will be irreconcilable. If your younger brother should come from sea, he'd never look upon you again. You're undone, sir ; you're ruined ; you won't have a friend left in the world, if you turn poet,—Ah, pox confound that Will's coffee-house, it has ruined more young men than the Royal Oak lottery !—Nothing thrives that belongs to it. The man of the house would have been an alderman by this time with half the trade, if he had set up in the city.—For my part, I never sit at the door, that I don't get double the stomach that I do at a horse-race. The air upon Banstead Downs is nothing to it for a whetter ; yet I never see it, but the spirit of famine appears to me—sometimes like a decayed porter, worn out with pimp-

ing, and carrying billet-doux and songs; not like other porters for hire, but for the jest's sake.—Now like a thin chairman, melted down to half his proportion, with carrying a poet upon tick, to visit some great fortune; and his fare to be paid him, like the wages of sin, either at the day of marriage, or the day of death.

Val. Very well, sir; can you proceed?

Jer. Sometimes like a bilked bookseller, with a
 “meagre terrified countenance, that looks as if he
 “had written for himself, or were resolved to turn
 “author, and bring the rest of his brethren into the
 “same condition. And lastly, in the form of a
 “worn-out punk, with verses in her hand, which
 “her vanity had preferred to settlements, without a
 “whole tatter to her tail, but as ragged as one of
 “the Muses; or as if she was carrying her linen to
 “the paper-mill, to be converted into folio books of
 “warning to all young maids, not to prefer poetry
 “to good sense; or lying in the arms of a needy wit,
 “before the embraces of a wealthy fool.”

Enter SCANDAL.

Scand. What! Jeremy holding forth?

Val. The rogue has (with all the wit he could muster up) been declaiming against wit.

Scand. Ay? Why then I'm afraid Jeremy has wit; for wherever it is, it's always contriving its own ruin.

Jer. Why so I have been telling my master, sir.

B. iij

Mr. Scandal, for Heaven's sake, sir, try if you can dissuade him from turning poet.

Scand. Poet! He 'shall turn soldier first, and rather depend upon the outside of his head, than the lining! Why, what the devil! has not your poverty made you enemies enough? must you needs shew your wit to get more?

Jer. Ay, more indeed: for who cares for any body that has more wit than himself?

Scand. Jeremy speaks like an oracle. Don't you see how worthless great men and dull rich rogues avoid a witty man of small fortune? Why, he looks like a writ of inquiry into their titles and estates; and seems commissioned by Heaven to seize the better half.

Val. Therefore I would rail in my writings, and be revenged.

Scand. Rail! at whom! the whole world? Impotent and vain! Who would die a martyr to sense, in a country where the religion is folly? You may stand at bay for a while; but, when the full cry is against you, you sha'nt have fair play for your life. If you can't be fairly run down by the hounds, you will be treacherously shot by the huntsmen. No, turn pimp, flatterer, quack, lawyer, "parson, be chaplain to an "atheist, or stallion to an old woman," any thing but poet. A modern poet is worse, more servile, timorous, and fawning, than any I have named: without you could retrieve the ancient honours of the name, recal the stage of Athens, and be allowed the force of open honest satire.

Val. You are as inveterate against our poets, as if your character had been lately exposed upon the stage.—Nay, I am not violently bent upon the trade.—*[One knocks.]* Jeremy, see whose there. *[Jer. goes to the door.]*—But tell me what you would have me do?—What do the world say of me, and my forced confinement?

Scan. The world behaves itself, as it uses to do on such occasions. Some pity you, and condemn your father: others excuse him and blame you. Only the ladies are merciful, and wish you well: since love and pleasureable expence have been your greatest faults.

JEREMY returns.

Val. How now?

Jer. Nothing new, sir. I have dispatched some half a dozen duns with as much dexterity as an hungry judge does causes at dinner-time.

Val. What answer have you given them?

Scand. Patience, I suppose—the old receipt!

Jer. No, faith, sir: I have put them off so long with patience and forbearance, and other fair words, that I was forced to tell them in plain downright English—

Val. What?

Jer. That they should be paid.

Val. When?

Jer. To-morrow.

Val. And how the devil do you mean to keep your word?

Jer. Keep it? Not at all: it has been so very much

stretched, that I reckon it will break of course by to morrow, and nobody be surprised at the matter!—[*knocking.*—] Again! Sir, if you don't like my negociation, will you be pleased to answer these yourself?

Val. See who they are. [*Exit Jeremy.*] By this, Scandal, you may see what it is to be great. Secretaries of state, presidents of the council, and generals of an army, lead just such a life as I do; have just such crowds of visitants in a morning, all soliciting of past promises; which are but a civiler sort of duns, that lay claim to voluntary debts.

Scand. And you, like a truly great man, having engaged their attendance, and promised more than ever you intended to perform, are more perplexed to find evasions, than you would be to invent the honest means of keeping your word, and gratifying your creditors.

Val. Scandal, learn to spare your friends, and do not provoke your enemies. This liberty of your tongue will one day bring confinement on your body, my friend.

Enter JEREMY.

Jer. O, sir, there's Trapland the scrivener, with two suspicious fellows like lawful pads, that would knock a man down with pocket tipstaves!—And there's your father's steward? and the nurse, with one of your children, from Twit'nham.

Val. Pox on her! could she find no other time to

fling my sins in my face? Here! give her this, [*gives money.*] and bid her trouble me no more; “a thought-
 “less, two-handed whore! She knows my condition
 “well enough, and might have overlaid the child a
 “fortnight ago, if she had any forecast in her.”

Scand. What, is it bouncing Margery, with my god-son?

Jer. Yes, sir.

Scand. My blessing to the boy, with this token [*gives money.*] of my love. “And, d’ye hear, bid
 “Margery put more flocks in her bed, shift twice a
 “week, and not work so hard, that she may not
 “smell so vigorously.—I shall take the air shortly.”

Val. “Scandal, don’t spoil my boy’s milk.”—Bid Trapland come in. If I can give that Cerberus a sop, I shall be at rest for one day.

— [*Jeremy goes out, and brings in Trapland.*]

Val. O Mr. Trapland! my old friend! welcome—
 Jeremy, a chair quickly: a bottle of sack and a toast—
 —fly—a chair first.

Trapl. A good morning to you, Mr. Valentine; and to you, Mr. Scandal.

Scand. The morning’s a very good morning, if you don’t spoil it.

Val. Come, sit you down; you know his way.

Trapl. [*sits.*] There is a debt, Mr. Valentine, of fifteen hundred pounds, of pretty long standing—

Val. I cannot talk about bussiness with a thirsty palate.—Sirrah! the sack!

Trapl. And I desire to know what course you have taken for the payment.

Val. Faith and troth, I am heartily glad to see you—my service to you! fill, fill, to honest Mr. Trapland—fuller!

Trapl. Hold! sweetheart—this is not our business.—My service to you, Mr. Scandal!—[*drinks.*]—I have forborn as long—

Val. T'other glass, and then we'll talk—Fill, Jeremy.

Trapl. No more, in truth—I have forborn, I say—

Val. Sirrah! fill! when I bid you.—And how does your handsome daughter?—Come, a good husband to her. [drinks.]

Trapl. Thank you—I have been out of this money—

Val. Drink first. Scandal, why do you not drink? [They drink.]

Trapl. And, in short, I can be put off no longer.

Val. I was much obliged to you for your supply: it did me signal service in my necessity. But you delight in doing good. Scandal, drink to me, my friend Trapland's health. An honest man lives not, nor one more ready to serve his friend in distress; though I say it to his face. Come, fill each man his glass.

Scand. What? I know Trapland has been a whore-master, and loves a wench still. You never knew a whore-master that was not an honest fellow.

Trapl. Fie, Mr. Scandal, you never knew!—

Scand. What don't I know?—I know the buxom black widow in the Poultry—Eight hundred pounds a year jointure, and twenty thousand pounds in money. Ahah! old Trap!

Val. Say you so, i' faith? Come, we'll remember the widow: I know whereabouts you are; come, to the widow.

Trapl. No more, indeed.

Val. What! the widow's health? Give it him—off with it. [*They drink.*—A lovely girl, i' faith, black sparkling eyes, soft pouting ruby lips! Better sealing there, than a bond for a million, ha!

Trapl. No, no, there's no such thing; we'd better mind our business—You're a wag!

Val. No, faith, we'll mind the widow's business: fill again.—Pretty round heaving breasts, a Barbary shape, and a jut with her bum, would stir an anchorite; and the prettiest foot! Oh, if a man could but fasten his eyes on her feet as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoats—ha! Mr. Trapland!

Trapl. Verily, give me a glass—you're a wag—and here's to the widow. [*Drinks.*

Scand. He begins to chuckle—ply him close, or he'll relapse into a dun.

Enter Officer.

Off. By your leave, gentlemen.—Mr. Trapland, if we must do our office, tell us.—We have half a dozen gentlemen to arrest in Pall-mail and Covent-

garden; and if we don't make haste, the chairmen will be abroad, and block up the chocolate-houses; and then our labour's lost.

Trapl. Odsso, that's true. Mr. Valentine, I love mirth; but business must be done; are you ready to——

Jer. Sir, your father's steward says, he comes to make proposals concerning your debts.

Val. Bid him come in: Mr. Trapland, send away your officer; you shall have an answer presently.

Trapl. Mr. Snap, stay within call. [*Exit Officer.*]

Enter Steward, who whispers VALENTINE.

Scand. Here's a dog now, a traitor in this wine! Sirrah, refund the sack: Jeremy, fetch him some warm water; or I'll rip up his stomach, and go the shortest way to his conscience.

Trapl. Mr. Scandal, you are uncivil. I did not value your sack? but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

Scand. And how do you expect to have your money again, when a gentleman has spent it?

Val. You need say no more. I understand the conditions: they are very hard, but my necessity is very pressing: I agree to them. Take Mr. Trapland with you, and let him draw the writing—Mr. Trapland, you know this man; he shall satisfy you.

Trapl. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus pressing; but my necessity—

Val. No apology, good Mr. Scrivener; you shall be paid.

Trapl. I hope you forgive me; my ousiness requires——

[*Exeunt Trapland, Steward, and Jeremy.*]

Scand. He begs pardon like a hangman at an execution.

Val. But I have got a reprieve.

Scand. I am surprised; what, does your father relent?

Val. No; he has sent me the hardest conditions in the world. You have heard of a booby brother of mine, that was sent to sea three years ago? This brother, my father hears, is landed; whereupon he very affectionately sends me word, “If I will make a deed of conveyance of my right to his estate after his death to my younger brother, he will immediately furnish me with four thousand pounds to pay my debts, and make my fortune.” This was once proposed before, and I refused it; but the present impatience of my creditors for their money, and my own impatience of confinement, and absence from Angelica, force me to consent.

Scand. A very desperate demonstration of your love to Angelica! and I think she has never given you any assurance of hers.

Val. You know her temper; she never gave me any great reason either for hope or despair.

Scand. Women of her airy temper, as they seldom think before they act, so they rarely give us any light

to guess at what they mean: but you have little reason to believe that a woman of this age, who has had an indifference for you in your prosperity, will fall in love with your ill-fortune. Besides, Angelica has a great fortune of her own; and great fortunes either expect another great fortune, or a fool.

Enter JEREMY.

Jer. More misfortunes, sir.

Val. What, another dun?

Jer. No, sir; but Mr. Tattle is come to wait upon you.

Val. Well, I cannot help it—you must bring him up; he knows I don't go abroad. *[Exit Jer.]*

Scand. Pox on him, I'll be gone.

Val. No, pr'ythee stay: Tattle and you should never be asunder; you are light and shadow, and shew one another. He is perfectly thy reverse both in humour and understanding; and, as you set up for defamation, he is a mender of reputations.

Scand. A mender of reputations! ay, just as he is a keeper of secrets, another virtue that he sets up for in the same manner. For the rogue will speak aloud in the posture of a whisper; and deny a woman's name, while he gives you the marks of her person. “He will forswear receiving a letter from her, and at the same time shew you her hand in the superscription: and yet perhaps he has counterfeited her hand too, and sworn to a truth; but he hopes not to be believed; and refuses the repu-

“tation of a lady’s favour, as a doctor says no to a
 “bishoprick, only that it may be granted him.”—In
 short, he is a public professor of secrecy, and makes
 proclamation that he holds private intelligence.—He
 is here.

Enter TATTLE.

Tatt. Valentine, good morrow: Scandal, I am yours
 —that is, when you speak well of me.

Scand. That is, when I am yours? for while I am
 my own, or any body’s else, that will never happen.

Tatt. How inhuman!

Val. Why, Tattle, you need not be much concerned
 at any thing that he says: for to converse with Scan-
 dal, is to play at Losing Loadum; you must lose a
 good name to him, before you can win it for your-
 self.

Tatt. But how barbarous that is, and how unfortu-
 nate for him, that the world shall think the better of
 any person for his calumnation!—I thank Heaven,
 it has always been a part of my character to handle
 the reputations of others very tenderly indeed.

Scand. Ay, such rotten reputations as you have to
 deal with are to be handled tenderly indeed.

Tatt. Nay, why rotten? why should you say rotten,
 when you know not the persons of whom you speak?
 How cruel that is!

Scand. Not know them? Why, thou never hadst to
 do with any one that did not stink to all the town.

Tatt. Ha, ha, ha! nay, now you make a jest of it indeed. For there is nothing more known, than that nobody knows any thing of that nature of me. As I hope to be saved, Valentine, I never exposed a woman, since I knew what woman was.

Val. And yet you have conversed with several?

Tatt. To be free with you I have—I don't care if I own that—nay, more (I'm going to say a bold word now), I never could meddle with a woman that had to do with any body else.

Scand. How!

Val. Nay, faith, I'm apt to believe him—except her husband, Tattle.

Tatt. Oh that—

Scand. What think you of that noble commoner, Mrs. Drab?

Tatt. Pooh, I know Madam Drab has made her brags in three or four places, that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what—but, upon my reputation, she did me wrong—well, well, that was malice—but I know the bottom of it. She was bribed to that by one we all know—a man too—only to bring me into disgrace with a certain woman of quality—

Scand. Whom we all know.

Tatt. No matter for that—Yes, yes, every body knows—no doubt on't, every body knows my secrets! —But I soon satisfied the lady of my innocence; for I told her—Madam, says I, there are some persons who make it their business to tell stories, and say this

and that of one and the other, and every thing in the world; and, says I, if your grace—

Scand. Grace!

Tatt. O Lord, what have I said?—My unlucky tongue!

Val. Ha, ha, ha!

Scand. Why, Tattle, thou hast more impudence than one can in reason expect: I shall have an esteem for thee—well, and ha, ha, ha! well, go on, and what did you say to her grace?

Val. I confess this is something extraordinary.

Tatt. Not a word, as I hope to be saved; an errant *lapsus linguae*!—Come, let us talk of something else.

Val. Well, but how did you acquit yourself?

Tatt. Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rallied with you.—A woman of ordinary rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her something or other—faith, I know not what,—Come, let's talk of something else.

[*Hums a song.*]

Scand. Hang him, let him alone; he has a mind we should inquire.

Tatt. Valentine, I supped last night with your mistress, and her uncle old Foresight: I think your father lies at Foresight's.

Val. Yes.

Tatt. Upon my soul, Angelica's a fine woman.—And so is Mrs. Foresight, and her sister Mrs. Frail.

Scand. Yes, Mrs. Frail is a very fine woman; we all know her.

Tatt. Oh, that is not fair.

Scand. What?

Tatt. To tell.

Scand. To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs. Frail?

Tatt. Who I? Upon honour I don't know whether she be a man or woman; but by the smoothness of her chin, and roundness of her hips.

Scand. No!

Tatt. No.

Scand. She says otherwise.

Tatt. Impossible!

Scand. Yes, faith. Ask Valentine else.

Tatt. Why then, as I hope to be saved, I believe a woman only obliges a man to secrecy, that she may have the pleasure of telling herself.

Scand. No doubt on it. Well, but has she done you wrong, or no? You have had her? ha?

Tatt. Though I have more honour than to tell first; I have more manners than to contradict what a lady has declared.

Scand. Well, you own it?

Tatt. I am strangely surprised! Yes, yes, I cannot deny it, if she taxes me with it.

Scand. She'll be here by and by; she sees Valentine every morning.

Tatt. How!

Val. She does me the favour—I mean, of a visit sometimes. I did not think she had granted more to any body.

Scand. Nor I, faith.—But Tattle does not use to

belie a lady; it is contrary to his character.—How one may be deceived in a woman, Valentine!

Tatt. Nay, what do you mean, gentlemen?

Scand. I'm resolv'd I'll ask her.

Tatt. O barbarous! Why did you not tell me—

Scand. No, you told us.

Tatt. And bid me ask Valentine?

Val. What did I say? I hope you won't bring me to confess an answer, when you never asked me the question!

Tatt. But, gentlemen, this is the most inhuman proceeding.—

Val. Nay, if you have known Scandal thus long, and cannot avoid such a palpable decoy as this was; the ladies have a fine time, whose reputations are in your keeping.

Enter JEREMY.

Jer. Sir, Mrs. Frail has sent to know if you are stirring.

Val. Shew her up when she comes, [Exit Jer.]

Tatt. I'll be gone.

Val. You'll meet her.

Tatt. Is there not a back way?

Val. If there were, you have more discretion than to give Scandal such an advantage; why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

Tatt. Scandal, you will not be so ungenerous—O, I shall lose my reputation of secrecy for ever.—I shall never be received but upon public days; and my

visits will never be admitted beyond a drawing-room; I shall never see a bed-chamber again, never be locked in a closet, nor run behind a screen, or under a table; never be distinguished among the waiting women by the name of trusty Mr. Tattle more.— You will not be so cruel?

Val. Scandal, have pity on him; he'll yield to any conditions.

Tatt. Any, any terms.

Scand. Come then, sacrifice half a dozen women of good reputation to me presently.—Come, where are you familiar?—And see that they are women of quality too, the first quality.

Tatt. 'Tis very hard.—Won't a baronet's lady pass?

Scand. No, nothing under a right honourable.

Tatt. O inhuman! You don't expect their names?

Scand. No, their titles shall serve.

Tatt. Alas, that is the same thing. Pray spare me their titles; I'll describe their persons.

Scand. Well, begin then. But take notice, if you are so ill a painter, that I cannot know the person by your picture of her, you must be condemned, like other bad painters, to write the name at the bottom.

Tatt. Well, first then——

Enter Mrs. FRAIL.

O unfortunate! she's come already. Will you have patience till another time?—I'll double the number.

Scand. Well, on that condition—Take heed you don't fail me.

Mrs. F. I shall get a fine reputation, by coming to see fellows in a morning! Scandal, you devil, are you here too? Oh, Mr. Tattle, every thing is safe with you, we know.

Scand. Tattle!

Tatt. Mum——O madam, you do me too much honour.

Val. Well, Lady Galloper, how does Angelica?

Mrs. F. Angelica?—Manners!

Val. What, you will allow an absent lover—

Mrs. F. No, I'll allow a lover present with his mistress to be particular—but otherwise I think his passion ought to give place to his manners.

Val. But what if he has more passion than manners?

Mrs. F. Then let him marry, and reform.

Val. Marriage indeed may qualify the fury of his passion; but it very rarely mends a man's manners.

Mrs. F. You are the most mistaken in the world: there is no creature perfectly civil, but a husband: for in a little time he grows only rude to his wife; and that is the highest good breeding, for it begets his civility to other people. Well, I'll tell you news; but, I suppose, you heard your brother Benjamin is landed. And my brother Foresight's daughter is come out of the country—I assure you, there's a match talk'd of by the old people.—Well, if he be but as great a sea beast, as she is a land monster, we

shall have a most amphibious breed—the progeny will be all otters : he has been bred at sea, and she has never been out of the country.

Val. Pox take them ! their conjunction bodes me no good, I'm sure.

Mrs. F. Now you talk of conjunction, my brother Foresight has cast both their nativities, and prognosticates an admiral and an eminent justice of the peace to be the issue male of their two bodies. 'Tis the most superstitious old fool ! He would have persuaded me, that this was an unlucky day, and would not let me come abroad : but I invented a dream, and sent him to Artemidorus for interpretation, and so stole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now ? Come, I must have something.

Val. Step into the next room—and I'll give you something.

Scand. Ay, we'll all give you something.

Mrs. F. Well, what will you give me ?

Val. Mine's a secret.

Mrs. F. I thought you would give me something that would be a trouble to you to keep.

Val. And Scandal shall give you a good name.

Mrs. F. That's more than he has for himself. And what will you give me, Mr. Tattle ?

Tatt. I ? My soul, madam.

Mrs. F. Pooh, no, I thank you, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well ; but I'll come and see you one of these mornings : I hear, you have a great many pictures.

Tatt. I have a pretty good collection, at your service; some originals.

Scand. Hang him, he has nothing but the Seasons and the Twelve Cæsars, paltry copies; and the Five Senses, as ill represented as they are in himself; and he himself is the only original you will see there.

Mrs. F. Ay, but I hear he has a closet of beauties.

Scand. Yes, all that have done him favours, if you will believe him.

Mrs. F. Ay, let me see those, Mr. Tattle.

Tatt. Oh, madam, those are sacred to love and contemplation. No man but the painter and myself was ever blest with the sight.

Mrs. F. Well, but a woman—

Tatt. Nor woman, till she consented to have her picture there too—for then she is obliged to keep the secret.

Scand. No, no! come to me if you'd see pictures.

Mrs. F. You?

Scand. Yes, faith, I can shew you your own picture, and most of your acquaintance, to the life, and as like as at Kneller's.

Mrs. F. O lying creature!—Valentine, does not he lie?—I can't believe a word he says.

Val. No, indeed he speaks truth now; for, as Tattle has pictures of all that have granted him favours, he has the pictures of all that have refused him—if satires, descriptions, characters, and lampoons, are pictures.

Scand. Yes, mine are most in black and white—and

yet there are some set out in their true colours, both men and women. I can shew you pride, folly, affectation, wantonness, inconstancy, covetousness, dissimulation, malice, and ignorance, all in one piece. Then I can shew you lying, foppery, vanity, cowardice, bragging, "lechery, impotence," and ugliness, in another piece; and yet one of these is a celebrated beauty, and t'other a professed beau. I have paintings too, some pleasant enough.

Mrs. F. Come, let's hear them.

Scand. Why, I have a beau in a bagnio, cupping for a complexion, and sweating for a shape.

Mrs. F. So!

Scand. Then I have a lady burning brandy in a cellar with a hackney-coachman.

Mrs. F. O devil! Well, but that story is not true.

Scand. I have some hieroglyphicks too. I have a lawyer, with a hundred hands, too heads, and but one face; a divine, with two faces, and one head; and I have a soldier, with his brains in his belly, and his heart where his head should be.

Mrs. F. And no head.

Scand. No head.

Mrs. F. Pooh, this is all invention. Have you never a poet?

Scand. Yes, I have a poet, weighing words, and selling praise for praise: and a critic picking his pocket. "I have another large piece too, representing a school; where there are huge proportioned critics, with long wigs, laced coats, Steinkirk

“ crevats, and terrible faces ; with catcalls in their hands, and horn-books about their necks.” I have many more of this kind, very well painted, as you shall see.

Mrs. F. Well, I'll come, if it be but to disprove you.

Enter JEREMY.

Jer. Sir, here's the steward again from your father.

Val. I'll come to him.—Will you give me leave ? I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. F. No, I'll be gone. Come, who squires me to the Exchange ! I must call on my sister Foresight there.

Scand. I will : I have a mind to your sister.

Mrs. F. Civil !

Tatt. I will ; because I have a *tendre* for your ladyship.

Mrs. F. That's somewhat the better reason, to my opinion.

Scand. Well, if Tattle entertains you, I have the better opportunity to engage your sister.

Val. Tell Angelica, I am about making hard conditions, to come abroad, and be at liberty to see her.

Scand. I'll give an account of you and your proceedings. If indiscretion be a sign of love, you are the most of a lover of any body that I know. You fancy that parting with your estate will help you to your mistress—In my mind he is a thoughtless adventurer,

*Who hopes to purchase wealth by selling land ; &
Or win a mistress with a losing hand. [Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Room in FORESIGHT's House. Enter FORESIGHT
and Servant.*

Foresight.

HEY-DAY ! What, are all the women of my family abroad ? Is not my wife come home ? nor my sister ? nor my daughter ?

Serv. No, sir.

For. Mercy on us ! what can be the meaning of it ? Sure the moon is in all her fortitudes ! Is my niece Angelica at home ?

Serv. Yes, sir.

For. I believe you lie, sir.

Serv. Sir !

For. I say, you lie, sir. It is impossible that any thing should be as I would have it ; for I was born, sir, when the Crab was ascending ; and all my affairs go backward.

Serv. I can't tell indeed, sir.

For. No, I know you can't, sir. But I can tel , and foretell, sir.

Enter NURSE.

For. Nurse, where's your young mistress ?

Nurse. Wee'st heart! I know not, they're none of them come home yet. Poor child, I warrant she's fond of seeing the town!—Marry, pray Heaven they have given her any dinner!—Good lack-a-day, ha, ha, ha! O strange; I'll vow and swear now, ha, ha, ha! marry, and did you ever see the like!

For. Why, how now, what's the matter?

Nurse. Pray Heaven send your worship good luck! marry, and amen, with all my heart! for you have put on one stocking with the wrong side outward.

For. Ha, how? Faith and troth I'm glad of it; and so I have; that may be good luck in troth; in troth it may, very good luck: nay, I have had some omens. I got out of bed backwards too this morning, without premeditation; pretty good that too. But then I stumbled coming down stairs, and met a weasel; bad omens those! Some bad, some good; our lives are chequered: mirth and sorrow, want and plenty, night and day, make up our time.—But, in troth, I am pleased at my stocking—very well pleased at my stocking!—Oh, here's my niece!—Sirrah, go tell Sir Sampson Legend I'll wait on him if he's at leisure.—'Tis now three o'clock, a very good hour for business; Mercury governs this hour.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter ANGELICA.

Ang. Is it not a good hour for pleasure too, uncle? Pray lend me your coach; mine's out of order.

For. What, would you be gadding too? Sure all

D ij

females are mad to-day.—It is of evil portent, and bodes mischief to the master of a family.—I remember an old prophecy written by Messahalah the Arabian, and thus translated by a reverend Buckinghamshire bard :

*When housewives all the house forsake,
And leave good men to brew and bake,
Withouten guile, then be it said,
That house doth stand upon its head ;
And when the head is set in ground,
No mar'l if it be fruitful found.*

Fruitful, the head fruitful : that bodes horns ; the fruit of the head is horns. Dear niece, stay at home—for by the head of the house is meant the husband ; the prophecy needs no explanation.

Ang. Well, but I can neither make you a cuckold, uncle, by going abroad ; nor secure you from being one, by staying at home.

For. Yes, yes ; while there's one woman left, the prophecy is not in full force.

Ang. But my inclinations are in force. I have a mind to go abroad ; and if you won't lend me your coach, I'll take a hackney, or a chair ; and leave you to erect a scheme, and find who's in conjunction with your wife. Why don't you keep her at home, if you're jealous of her when she's abroad ? You know my aunt is a little retrograde (as you call it) in her nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not lord of the ascendant ! ha, ha, ha !

For. Well, jill-flirt, you are very pert—and always ridiculing that celestial science.

Ang. Nay, uncle, don't be angry.—If you are, I'll reap up all your false prophecies, ridiculous dreams, and idle divinations. I'll swear, you are a nuisance to the neighbourhood.—What a bustle did you keep against the last invisible eclipse, laying in provision, as it were for a siege! What a world of fire and candle, matches and tinderboxes, did you purchase!—One would have thought we were ever after to live under ground; or at least make a voyage to Greenland, to inhabit there all the dark season.

For. Why, you malapert slut!

Ang. Will you lend me your coach? or I'll go on.—Nay, I'll declare how you prophesied popery was coming, only because the butler had mislaid some of the apostle spoons, and thought they were lost. Away went religion and spoon-meat together!—Indeed, uncle, I'll indite you for a wizard.

For. How, hussy! was there ever such a provoking minx?

Nurse. O merciful father, how she talks!

Ang. Yes, I can make oath of your unlawful midnight practices; you and the old nurse there.

Nurse. Marry, Heaven defend!—I at midnight practices!—O Lord, what's here to do?—I in unlawful doings with my master's worship!—Why, did you ever hear the like now?—Sir, did ever I do any thing of your midnight concerns—but warm your bed, and tuck you up, and set the candle and your

tobacco-box and your urinal by you, and now and then rub the soles of your feet?—O Lord, I!—

Ang. Yes, I saw you together, through the key-hole of the closet, one night, like Saul and the witch of Endor, turning the sieve and sheers, and pricking your thumbs, to write poor innocent servants' names in blood, about a little nutmeg-grater, which she had forgot in the caudle-cup.—Nay, I know something worse, if I would speak of it!

For. I defy you, hussy; but I'll remember this. I'll be revenged on you, cockatrice; I'll hamper you—You have your fortune in your own hands—but I'll find a way to make your lover, your prodigal spend-thrift gallant, Valentine, pay for all, I will.

Ang. Will you? I care not; but all shall out then.—“Look to it, nurse; I can bring witness that you
“have a great unnatural teat under your left arm,
“and he another; and that you suckle a young devil,
“in the shape of a tabby cat, by turns; I can.

“*Nurse.* A teat, a teat, I an unnatural teat! O
“the false, slanderous thing! Feel, feel here; if I
“have any thing but like another Christian!”

[*Crying.*

For. I will have patience, since it is the will of the stars I should be thus tormented—this is the effect of the malicious conjunctions and oppositions in the third house of my nativity; there the curse of kindred was foretold.—But I will have my doors locked up—I'll punish you; not a man shall enter my house.

Ang. Do, uncle, lock them up quickly, before my

aunt comes home—you'll have a letter for alimony to-morrow morning!—But let me be gone first; and then let no mankind come near the house: but converse with spirits and the celestial signs, the bull and the ram, and the goat. Bless me, there are a great many horned beasts among the twelve signs, uncle! But cuckolds go to Heaven!

For. But there's but one virgin among the twelve signs, spit-fire!—but one virgin!

Ang. Nor there had not been that one, if she had had to do with any thing but astrologers, uncle! That makes my aunt go abroad.

For. How! how! is that the reason? Come, you know something; tell me, and I'll forgive you; do, good niece.—Come, you shall have my coach and horses—faith and troth, you shall.—Does my wife complain? Come, I know women tell one another.—She is young and sanguine, has a wanton hazel eye, and was born under Gemini, which may incline her to society; she has a mole upon her lip, with a moist palm, and an open liberality on the mount of Venus.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha!

For. Do you laugh?—Well, gentlewoman, I'll—But come, be a good girl, don't perplex your poor uncle! Tell me—won't you speak? Odd, I'll—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Sampson is coming down, to wait upon you, sir. [Exit.

Ang. Good b'ye, uncle.—Call me a chair.—I'll

find out my aunt, and tell her, she must not come home. [Exit.

For. I am so perplexed and vexed, I am not fit to receive him; I shall scarce recover myself before the hour be past. Go, nurse; tell Sir Sampson, I'm ready to wait on him.

Nurse. Yes, sir. [Exit.

For. Well—why, if I was born to be a cuckold, there's no more to be said!—He is here already.

Enter Sir SAMPSON LEGEND with a paper.

Sir S. Nor no more to be done, old boy; that is plain—here it is, I have it in my hand, old Ptolemy; I'll make the ungracious prodigal know who begat him; I will, old Nostrodannus. What, I warrant, my son thought nothing belonged to a father, but forgiveness and affection; no authority, no correction, no arbitrary power—nothing to be done, but for him to offend, and me to pardon! I warrant you, if he danced till doomsday, he thought I was to pay the piper. Well, but here it is under black and white, *signatum, sigillatum, and delibcratum*—that, as soon as my son Benjamin is arrived, he is to make over to him his right of inheritance.—Where's my daughter—that is to be—ha! old Merlin? Body of me, I'm so glad I'm revenged on this undutiful rogue!

For. Odso, let me see; let me see the paper.—Ay, faith and troth, here it is, if it will but hold—I wish things were done, and the conveyance made.—When was this signed? what hour? Odso, you should have

consulted me for the time. Well, but we'll make haste.

Sir S. Haste ! ay, ay, haste enough ; my son Ben will be in town to-night—I have ordered my lawyer to draw up writings of settlement and jointure—all shall be done to-night.—No matter for the time ; pr'ythee, brother Foresight, leave superstition.—Pox o' th' time ; there's no time but the time present ; there's no more to be said of what's past ; and all that is to come will happen. // If the sun shine by day, and the stars by night—why, we shall know one another's faces without the help of a candle ; and that's all the stars are good for. //

For. How, how, Sir Sampson ? that all ? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir S. I tell you, I am wise : and *sapiens dominabitur astris* ; there's Latin for you to prove it, and an argument to confound your Ephemeris.—Ignorant !—I tell you, I have travelled, old Fercu : and know the globe. I have seen the Antipodes, where the sun rises at mid-night, and sets at noon-day.

For. But I tell you, I have travelled, and travelled in the celestial spheres ; know the signs and the planets, and their houses : can judge of motions direct and retrograde, of sextiles, quadrates, trines and oppositions ; fiery trigons, and aquatical trigons ; know whether life shall be long or short, happy or unhappy ; whether diseases are curable or incurable ; if journies shall be prosperous, undertakings successful, or goods stolen recovered : I know—

Sir S. I know the length of the emperor of China's foot; have kissed the Great Mogul's slipper, and rid a hunting upon an elephant with the cham of Tartary.—Body o'me, I have made a cuckold of a king; and the present majesty of Bantam is the issue of these loins.

For. I know when travellers lie or speak truth, when they don't know it themselves.

Sir S. I have known an astrologer made a cuckold in the twinkling of a star; and seen a conjuror, that could not keep the devil out of his wife's circle.

For. What, does he twit me with my wife too? I must be better informed of this. [*Aside.*].—Do you mean my wife, Sir Sampson? Though you made a cuckold of the king of Bantam, yet by the body of the sun—

Sir S. By the horns of the moon, you would say, brother Capricorn.

For. Capricorn in your teeth, thou modern Mandeville; Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude. Take back your paper of inheritance; send your son to sea again. I'll wed my daughter to an Egyptian mummy, ere she shall incorporate with a contemner of sciences, and a defamer of virtue.

Sir S. Body o'me, I have gone too far—I must not provoke honest Albumazar.—An Egyptian mummy is an illustrious creature, my trusty hieroglyphick; and may have significations of futurity about him. Odsbud, I would my son were an Egyptian mummy for thy sake. What, thou art not angry for a jest,

my good Haly?—I reverence the sun, moon, and stars, with all my heart.—What! I'll make thee a present of a mummy. Now I think on't, body o'me, I have a shoulder of an Egyptian king, that I purloined from one of the pyramids, powdered with hieroglyphicks; thou shalt have it brought home to thy house and make an entertainment for all the Philomaths, and students in physick and astrology, in and about London.

For. But what do you know of my wife, Sir Sampson?

Sir S. Thy wife is a constellation of virtues; she is the moon, and thou art the man in the moon; nay, she is more illustrious than the moon; for she has her chastity, without her incontinency: 'sbud, I was but in jest.

Enter JEREMY.

Sir S. How now? who sent for you, ha? what would you have?

For. Nay, if you were but in jest!—Who's that fellow? I don't like his physiognomy.

Sir S. [*To Jeremy.*] My son, sir? what son, sir? my son Benjamin, ha?

Jer. No, sir; Mr. Valentine, my master;—it is the first time he has been abroad since his confinement, and he comes to pay his duty to you.

Sir S. Well, sir.

Enter VALENTINE.

Jer. He is here, sir.

Val. Your blessing, sir!

Sir S. You've had it already, sir; I think I sent it you to-day in a bill of four thousand pounds.—A great deal of money, brother Foresight!

For. Ay, indeed, Sir Sampson, a great deal of money for a young man; I wonder what he can do with it!

Sir S. Body o'me, so do I.—Hark ye, Valentine, if there be too much, refund the superfluity; dost hear boy?

Val. Superfluity, sir! it will scarce pay my debts.—I hope you will have more indulgence, than to oblige me to those hard conditions which my necessity signed to.

Sir S. Sir! how, I beseech you, what were you pleased to intimate, concerning indulgence?

Val. Why, sir, that you would not go to the extremity of the conditions, but release me at least from some part.

Sir S. O, sir, I understand you—that's all, ha?

Val. Yes, sir, all that I presume to ask—But what you, out of fatherly fondness, will be pleased to add, will be doubly welcome.

Sir S. No doubt of it, sweet sir; but your filial piety and my fatherly fondness would fit like two tallies—Here's a rogue, brother Foresight, makes a bargain under hand and seal in the morning, and would be released from it in the afternoon? here's a rogue, dog; here's conscience and honesty! This is your wit now, this is the morality of your wit! You

are a wit, and have been a beau, and may be a—Why, sirrah, is it not here under hand and seal?—Can you deny it?

Val. Sir, I don't deny it.

Sir S. Sirrah, you'll be hang'd; I shall live to see you go up Holborn-hill—Has he not a rogue's face?—Speak, brother; you understand physiognomy; a hanging look to me—of all my boys the most unlike me. He has a damn'd Tyburn face, without the benefit of the clergy.

For. Hum!—truly, I don't care to discourage a young man—he has a violent death in his face; but I hope no danger of hanging.

Val. Sir, is this usage for your son?—For that old weather-headed fool, I know how to laugh at him; but you, sir——

Sir S. You, sir; and you, sir.—Why, who are you, sir?

Val. Your son, sir.

Sir S. That's more than I know, sir: and I believe not.

Val. Faith, I hope not.

Sir S. What, would you have your mother a whore? Did you ever hear the like; did you ever hear the like? body o'me—

Val. I would have an excuse for your barbarity and unnatural usage.

Sir S. Excuse?—Impudence! Why, sirrah, mayn't I do what I please? are not you my slave? did not I beget you? and might not I have chosen whether

I would have begot you or no? Oons, who are you? whence came you? what brought you into the world? how came you here, sir? here, to stand here, upon those two legs, and look erect with that audacious face, hah? Answer me that. Did you come a volunteer into the world? or did I, with the lawful authority of a parent, press you to the service?

Val. I know no more why I came, than you do why you called me. But here I am; and if you don't mean to provide for me, I desire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir S. With all my heart. Come, uncase, strip, and go naked out of the world as you came into it.

Val. My clothes are soon put off—but you must also divest me of my reason, thought, passions, inclinations, affections, appetites, senses, and the huge train of attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir S. Body o'me, what a many-headed monster have I propagated!

Val. I am of myself, a plain, easy, simple creature; and to be kept at small expence: but the retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible; they are so many devils that you have raised, and will have employment.

Sir S. Oons, what had I to do to get children?—can't a private man be born without all these followers?—Why nothing under an emperor should be born with appetites—why, at this rate, a fellow that has but a groat in his pocket may have a stomach capable of a ten shilling ordinary.

Jer. Nay, that's as clear as the sun; I'll make oath of it before any justice in Middlesex.

Sir S. Here's a cormorant too!—'Sheart, this fellow was not born with you?—I did not beget him, did I?

Jer. By the provision that's made for me, you might have begot me too.—Nay, and to tell your worship another truth, I believe you did; for I find I was born with those same whoreson appetites too that my master speaks of.

Sir S. Why look you there now!—I'll maintain it, that by the rule of right reason, this fellow ought to have been born without a palate,—'Sheart, what should he do with a distinguishing taste?—I warrant now, he'd rather eat a pheasant, than a piece of poor John—and smell, now; why I warrant he can smell, and loves perfumes above a stink—why there's it; and music—don't you love music, scoundrel?

Jer. Yes, I have a reasonable good ear, sir, as to jiggs and country dances, and the like; I don't much matter your solo's or sonata's: they give me the spleen.

Sir S. The spleen? ha, ha, ha! a pox confound you!—Solo's or sonata's? Oons, whose son are you? how were you engendered, muckworm?

Jer. I am, by my father, the son of a chairman; my mother sold oysters in winter, and cucumbers in summer: and I came up stairs into the world; for I was born in a cellar.

For. By your looks you shall go up stairs out of the world, too, friend.

Sir S. And if this rogue were anatomized now, and dissected, he has his vessels of digestion and concoction, and so forth large enough for the inside of a cardinal; this son of a cucumber!—These things are unaccountable and unreasonable.—Body o'me, why was I not a bear, that my cubs might have lived upon sucking their paws? Nature has been provident only to bears and spiders: the one has its nutriment in its own hands; the other spins its habitation out of its own entrails.

Val. Fortune was provident enough to supply all the necessities of my nature, if I had my right inheritance.

Sir S. Again! Oons, han't you four thousand pounds?—If I had it again I would not give thee a groat.—What, wouldst thou have me turn pelican, and feed thee out of my own vitals—Odsheart, live by your wits—you are always fond of the wits.—Now let's see if you have wit enough to keep yourself.—Your brother will be in town to-night, or to-morrow morning; and then look you perform covenants; and so your friend and servant.—Come, brother Foresight.

[*Exeunt Sir Sampson and Foresight.*]

Fer. I told you what your visit would come to.

Val. 'Tis as much as I expected—I did not come to see him: I came to see Angelica; but since she was gone abroad, it was easily turned another way, and at least looked well on my side. What's here?

Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail! They are earnest—I'll avoid them.—Come this way, and go and inquire when Angelica will return. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. FORESIGHT and Mrs. FRAIL.

Mrs. F. What have you to do to watch me? 'Slife, I'll do what I please.

Mrs. For. You will?

Mrs. F. Yes, marry, will I.—A great piece of business to go to Covent-garden, to take a turn in a hackney-coach with one's friend!

Mrs. For. Nay, two or three turns, I'll take my oath.

Mrs. F. Well, what if I took twenty—I warrant, if you had been there, it had only been innocent recreation!—Lord, where's the comfort of this life, if we can't have the happiness of conversing where we like?

Mrs. For. But can't you converse at home?—I own it, I think there's no happiness like conversing with an agreeable man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your conversation was very innocent. But the place is public; and to be seen with a man in a hackney-coach is scandalous. What if any body else should have seen you alight, as I did?—How can any body be happy, while they are in perpetual fear of being seen and censur'd?—Besides, it would not only reflect upon you, sister, but on me!

Mrs. F. Pooh, here's a clutter!—Why should it reflect upon you?—I don't doubt but you have thought

yourself happy in a hackney-coach before now!—If I had gone to Knightsbridge, or to Chelsea, or to Spring-garden, or to Barn-elms, with a man alone—something might have been said.

Mrs. For. Why, was I ever in any of those places? —What do you mean, sister?

Mrs. F. Was I? what do you mean?

Mrs. For. You have been at a worse place.

Mrs. F. I at a worse place, and with a man?

Mrs. For. I suppose you would not go alone to the World's-end.

Mrs. F. The World's-end! What, do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. For. Poor innocent! you don't know that there is a place called the World's-end? I'll swear, you can keep your countenance purely; you'd make an admirable player!

Mrs. F. I'll swear you have a great deal of confidence, and in my mind too much for the stage.

Mrs. For. Very well, that will appear who has most. You never were at the World's-end?

Mrs. F. No.

Mrs. For. You deny it positively to my face?

Mrs. F. Your face! what's your face!

“*Mrs. For.* No matter for that; it's as good a face as yours.

“*Mrs. F.* Not by a dozen years wearing.” But I do deny it positively to your face then.

Mrs. For. I'll allow you now to find fault with my face; for I'll swear your impudence has put me out-

of countenance.—But look you here now,—where did you lose this gold bodkin? Oh, sister, sister!

Mrs. F. My bodkin!

Mrs. For. Nay, 'tis yours; look at it.

Mrs. F. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this bodkin?—Oh, sister, sister!—sister every way!

Mrs. For. O, devil on't! that I could not discover her, without betraying myself! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. F. I have heard gentlemen say, sister, that one should take great care, when one makes a thrust in fencing, not to lay open one's self.

Mrs. For. It is very true, sister. Well, since all's out, and, as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in duels, take care of one another, and grow better friends than before.

Mrs. F. With all my heart. “Ours are but slight flesh wounds; and if we keep them from air, not at all dangerous.” Well, give me your hand, in token of sisterly secrecy and affection.

Mrs. For. Here it is, with all my heart.

Mrs. F. Well, as an earnest of friendship and confidence, I'll acquaint you with a design that I have.—“To tell truth, and speak openly one to another.” I'm afraid the world have observed us more than we have observed one another. You have a rich husband, and are provided for: I am at a loss, and have no great stock either of fortune or reputation, and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir Sampson has a son, that is expected to-night; and by the account I have heard of his education, can be no conjuror.

The estate, you know, is to be made over to him.—Now, if I could wheedle him, sister, ha? you understand me?

Mrs. For. I do; and will help you, to the utmost of my power.—And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough; my awkward daughter-in-law, who, you know, is designed to be his wife, is grown fond of Mr. Tattle; now, if we can improve that, and make her have an aversion for the booby, it may go a great way towards his liking you. Here they come together; and let us contrive some way or other to leave them together.

Enter TATTLE and Miss PRUE.

Miss P. Mother, mother, mother, look you here?

Mrs. For. Fie, fie, miss, how you bawl!—Besides, I have told you, you must not call me mother.

Miss P. What must I call you then? are you not my father's wife?

Mrs. For. Madam; you must say madam.—By my soul, I shall fancy myself old indeed, to have this great girl call me mother.—Well, but, miss, what are you so overjoyed at?

Miss P. Look you here, madam, then, what Mr. Tattle has given me.—Look you here, cousin; here's a snuff box; nay, there's snuff in't—here, will you have any?—Oh good! how sweet it is!—Mr. Tattle is all over sweet; his peruke is sweet, and his gloves are sweet—and his handkerchief is sweet, pure sweet,

sweeter than roses,—smell him, mother—madam, I mean.—He gave me this ring, for a kiss.

Tatt. O fie, miss; you must not kiss, and tell.

Miss P. Yes; I may tell my mother—and he says he'll give me something to make me smell so.—Oh, pray lend me your handkerchief.—Smell, cousin; he says, he'll give me something that will make my smocks smell this way.—Is not it pure?—It's better than lavender, mun.—I'm resolved I won't let nurse put any more lavender among my smocks—ha, cousin? .

Mrs. F. Fie, miss; amongst your linen you must say—you must never say smock.

Miss P. Why, it is not bawdy, is it, cousin?

Tatt. Oh, madam! you are too severe upon miss: you must not find fault with her pretty simplicity; it becomes her strangely.—Pretty miss, don't let them persuade you out of your innocency!

Mrs. For. Oh, demn you, toad!—I wish you don't persuade her out of her innocency.

Tatt. Who I, madam?—O Lord, how can your ladyship have such a thought?—sure you don't know me!

Mrs. F. Ah, devil, sly devil—He's as close, sister, as a confessor.—He thinks we don't observe him.

Mrs. For. A cunning cur! how soon he could find out a fresh harmless creature—and left us, sister, presently,

Tatt. Upon reputation——

Mrs. F. They're all so, sister, these men—they love

to have the spoiling of a young creature; they are as fond of it, as of being in the first fashion, or of seeing a new play the first day.—I warrant it would break Mr. Tattle's heart, to think that any body else should be before-hand with him!

Tatt. Oh, Lord, I swear I would not for the world—

Mrs. F. O, hang you; who'll believe you?—You'll be hang'd before you'd confess—we know you—she's verry pretty—Lord, what pure red and white!—she looks so wholesome;—ne'er stir, I don't know, but I fancy if I were a man—

Miss P. How you love to jeer one, cousin.

Mrs. For. Hark'ee, sister—by my soul, the girl is spoiled already—d'ye think she'll ever endure a great lubberly tarpawlin?—Gad, I warrant you she won't let him come near her, after Mr. Tattle.

Mrs. F. On my soul, I'm afraid not—eh! filthy creature, that smells all of pitch and tar?—Devil take you, you confounded toad—why did you see her before she was married?

Mrs. Epr. Nay, why did we let him?—My husband will hangus—he'll think we brought them acquainted.

Mrs. F. Come, faith, let us be gone—If my brother Foresight should find us with them, he'd think so, sure enough.

Mrs. For. So he would—but then the leaving them together is as bad—and he's such a sly devil, he'll never miss an opportunity.

Mrs. F. I don't care; I won't be seen in it.

Mrs. For. Well, if you should, Mr. Tattle, you'll have a world to answer for: remember, I wash my hands of it; I'm thoroughly innocent.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Frail and Mrs. Foresight.*]

Miss P. What makes them go away, Mr. Tattle?—What do they mean, do you know?

Tatt. Yes, my dear—I think I can guess—but hang me if I know the reason of it.

Miss P. Come, must not we go too?

Tatt. No, no; they don't mean that.

Miss P. No! what then? What shall you and I do together?

Tatt. I must make love to you, pretty miss; will you let me make love to you?

Miss P. Yes, if you please.

Tatt. Frank, egad, at least. What a pox does Mrs. Foresight mean by this civility? Is it to make a fool of me? or does she leave us together out of good morality, and do as she would be done by? Egad, I'll understand it so.

[*Aside.*]

Miss P. Well, and how will you make love to me?—Come, I long to have you begin.—Must I make love too? You must tell me how.

Tatt. You must let me speak, miss; you must not speak first. I must ask you questions, and you must answer.

Miss P. What, is it like the catechism?—Come then, ask me.

Tatt. D'ye think you can love me?

Miss P. Yes.

Tatt. Pooh, pox, you must not say yes already. I shan't care a farthing for you then, in a twinkling.

Miss P. What must I say then?

Tatt. Why you must say no; or, believe not; or, you can't tell.

Miss P. Why, must I tell a lie then?

Tatt. Yes, if you'd be well-bred. All well-bred persons lie—Besides, you are a woman; you must never speak what you think: your words must contradict your thoughts; but your actions may contradict your words. So, when I ask you, if you can love me, you must say no; but you must love me too.—If I tell you you are handsome, you must deny it, and say, I flatter you. But you must think yourself more charming than I speak you—and like me for the beauty which I say you have, as much as if I had it myself. If I ask you to kiss me, you must be angry; but you must not refuse me. If I ask you for more, you must be more angry, but more complying; and as soon as ever I make you say, you'll cry out, you must be sure to hold your tongue.

Miss P. O Lord, I swear this is pure!—I like it better than our old-fashioned country way of speaking one's mind.—And must not you lie too?

Tatt. Hum?—Yes; but you must believe I speak truth.

Miss P. O Gemini! Well, I always had a great mind to tell lies—but they frightened me, and said it was a sin.

Tatt. Well, my pretty creature, will you make me happy by giving me a kiss?

Miss P. No, indeed; I'm angry at you!

[*Runs and kisses him.*]

Tatt. Hold, hold, that's pretty well—but you should not have given it me, but have suffered me to have taken it.

Miss P. Well, we'll do it again.

Tatt. With all my heart.—Now, then, my little angel!

[*Kisses her.*]

Miss P. Pish!

Tatt. That's right. Again, my charmer! [*Kisses again.*]

Miss P. O fie! nay, now I can't abide you.

Tatt. Admirable! That was as well as if you had been born and bred in Covent-garden.—And won't you shew me, pretty miss, where your bed-chamber is?

Miss P. No, indeed won't I; but I'll run there, and hide myself from you behind the curtains.

Tatt. I'll follow you.

Miss P. Ah, but I will hold the door with both hands, and be angry; and you shall push me down before you come in.

Tatt. No, I'll come in first, and push you down afterwards.

Miss P. Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

Tatt. Then I'll make you cry out.

Miss P. O but you shan't, for I'll hold my tongue.

Tatt. Oh, my dear apt scholar!

Miss P. Well, now I'll run, and make more haste than you.

Tatt. You shall not fly so fast as I'll pursue. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.NURSE *alone.*

MISS, miss, miss Prue!—Mercy on me, marry, and amen!—Why, what's become of the child?—Why, miss, miss Foresight!—Sure she has lockt herself up in her chamber, and gone to sleep, or to prayers!—Miss, miss!—I hear her.—Come to your father, child. Open the door.—Open the door, miss.—I hear you cry husht.—O Lord, who's there? [*Peeps.*]—What's here to do?—O the Father! a man with her!—Why, miss, I say; God's my life, here's fine doings towards!—O Lord, we're all undone!—O you young harlotry!—[*Knocks.*]—Ods my life! won't you open the door? I'll come in the back way. [*Exit.*]

Enter TATTLE and Miss PRUE.

MISS P. O Lord, she's coming—and she'll tell my father. What shall I do now?

Tatt. Pox take her! if she had staid two minutes longer, I should have wished for her coming.

MISS P. O dear, what shall I say? tell me, Mr. Tattle, tell me a lie.

Tatt. There's no occasion for a lie; I could never tell a lie to no purpose—But, since we have done nothing, we must say nothing, I think. I hear her—I'll leave you together, and come off as you can.

[*Thrusts her in, and shuts the door.*]

Enter VALENTINE, SCANDAL, and ANGELICA.

Ang. You can't accuse me of inconstancy; I never told you that I loved you.

Val. But I can accuse you of uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did or not.

Ang. You mistake indifference for uncertainty; I never had concern enough to ask myself the question.

Scand. Nor good-nature enough to answer him that did ask you: I'll say that for you, madam.

Ang. What, are you setting up for good-nature?

Scand. Only for the affectation of it, as the women do for ill-nature.

Ang. Persuade your friend that it is all affectation.

Scand. I shall receive no benefit from the opinion: for I know no effectual difference between continued affectation and reality.

Tatt. [Coming up.] Scandal, are you in private discourse? Any thing of secrecy? [*Aside to Scandal.*

Scand. Yes, but I dare trust you. We were talking of Angelica's love to Valentine; you won't speak of it.

Tatt. No, no, not a syllable—I know that's a secret, for it is whispered every where.

Scand. Ha, ha, ha!

Ang. What is, Mr. Tattle? I heard you say something was whispered every where.

Scand. Your love for Valentine.

Ang. How!

Tatt. No madam: his love for your ladyship

“ — Gad take me, I beg your pardon—for I never
“ heard a word of your ladyship’s passion till this
“ instant.

“ *Ang.* My passion!—And who told you of my
“ passion, pray, sir?

“ *Scand.* Why, is the devil in you? did not I tell
“ it you for a secret?

“ *Tatt.* Gadso, but I thought she might have
“ been trusted with her own affairs.

“ *Scand.* Is that your discretion? trust a woman
“ with herself?

“ *Tatt.* You say true; I beg your pardon—I’ll
“ bring all off.—It was impossible, madam, for me to
“ imagine that a person of your ladyship’s wit and
“ gallantry could have so long received the passi-
“ onate addresses of the accomplished Valentine, and
“ yet remain insensible: therefore, you will pardon
“ me, if from a just weight of his merit, with your
“ ladyship’s good judgment, I formed the balance of
“ a reciprocal affection.

“ *Val.* O the devil! what damn’d costive poet has
“ given thee this lesson of fustian to get by rote?

“ *Ang.* I dare swear you wrong him; it is his own
“ —and Mr. Tattle only judges of the success of
“ others, from the effects of his own merit; for,
“ certainly, Mr. Tattle was never denied any thing
“ in his life.

“ *Tatt.* O Lord! yes indeed, madam, several times.

“ *Ang.* I swear I don’t think it is possible.

“ *Tatt.* Yes, I vow and swear, I have. Lord,

“ madam, I’m the most unfortunate man in the
“ world, and the most cruelly used by the ladies.

“ *Ang.* Nay, now you’re ungrateful.

“ *Tatt.* No, I hope not.—It is as much ingratitude
“ to own some favours, as to conceal others.

“ *Val.* There, now it is out.

“ *Ang.* I don’t understand you now. I thought
“ you had never asked any thing but what a lady
“ might modestly grant, and you confess.

“ *Scand.* So, faith, your business is done here;
“ now you may go brag somewhere else.

“ *Tatt.* Brag! O Heavens! Why did I name any
“ body?

“ *Ang.* No; I suppose that is not in your power;
“ but you would, if you could, no doubt on’t.

“ *Tatt.* Not in my power, madam?—What! does
“ your ladyship mean, that I have no woman’s repu-
“ tation in my power?

“ *Scand.* Oons, why you won’t own it, will you?

[*Aside.*

“ *Tatt.* Faith, madam, you are in the right; no
“ more I have, as I hope to be saved; I never had
“ it in my power to say any thing to a lady’s preju-
“ dice in my life.—For, as I was telling you, madam,
“ I have been the most unsuccessful creature living
“ in things of that nature; and never had the good
“ fortune to be trusted once with a lady’s secret;
“ not once.

“ *Ang.* No?

“ *Val.* Not once, I dare answer for him.

“ *Scand.* And I’ll answer for him; for, I’m sure
“ if he had, he would have told me. I find, madam.
“ you don’t know Mr. Tattle.

“ *Tatt.* No, indeed, madam, you don’t know me
“ at all, I find; for sure, my intimate friends would
“ have known—

“ *Ang.* Then it seems you would have told, if you
“ had been trusted.

“ *Tatt.* O pox, Scandal, that was too far put!—
“ Never have told, particulars, madam. Perhaps I
“ might have talked as of a third person—or have
“ introduced an amour of my own, in conversation,
“ by way of novel: but never have explained par-
“ ticulars.

“ *Ang.* But whence comes the reputation of Mr.
“ Tattle’s secrecy, if he was never trusted?

“ *Scand.* Why thence it arises.—The thing is pro-
“ verbially spoken; but may be applied to him.—As
“ if we should say in general terms, He only is se-
“ cret, who never was trusted; a satirical proverb
“ upon our sex.—There is another upon yours—as,
“ She is chaste, who was never asked the question.
“ That all.

“ *Val.* A couple of very civil proverbs, truly. It
“ is hard to tell whether the lady or Mr. Tattle be
“ the more obliged to you. For you found her vir-
“ tue upon the backwardness of the men; and his
“ secrecy upon the mistrust of the woman.

“ *Tatt.* Gad, it’s very true, madam; I think we are

“ obliged to acquit ourselves.—And for my part—
 “ but your ladyship is to speak first.

“ *Ang.* Am I? Well, I freely confess, I have re-
 “ sisted a great deal of temptation.

“ *Tat.* And, egad, I have given some temptation
 “ that has not been resisted.

“ *Val.* Good.

“ *Ang.* I cite Valentine here, to declare to the
 “ court, how fruitless he has found his endeavours,
 “ and to confess all his solicitations and my denials.

“ *Val.* I am ready to plead, Not guilty, for you;
 “ and Guilty, for myself.

“ *Scand.* So, why this is fair! here's demonstration,
 “ with a witness.

“ *Tat.* Well, my witnesses are not present.—Yet,
 “ I confess, I have had favours from persons; but,
 “ as the favours are numberless, so the persons are
 “ nameless.

“ *Scand.* Pooh, this proves nothing.

“ *Tat.* No? I can shew letters, lockets, pictures,
 “ and rings; and if there be occasion for witnesses, I
 “ can summons the maids at the chocolate-houses, all
 “ the porters at Pall-Mall and Covent-Garden, the
 “ door-keepers at the play-house, the drawers at
 “ Locket's, Pontack's, the Rummer, Spring-Garden,
 “ my own landlady and valet de chambre; all who
 “ shall make oath, that I receive more letters, than
 “ the secretary's office; and that I have more vizor
 “ masks to enquire for me, than ever went to see the
 “ hermaphrodite, or the naked prince. And it is

“ notorious, that, in a country church, once, an inquiry being made who I was, it was answered, I was the famous Tattle, who had ruined so many women.

“ *Val.* It was there, I suppose, you got the nickname of the Great Turk.

“ *Tat.* True; I was called Turk Tattle all over the parish.—The next Sunday, all the old women kept their daughters at home, and the parson had not half his congregation. He would have brought me into the spiritual court: but I was revenged upon him, for he had a handsome daughter, whom I initiated into the science. But I repented it afterwards; for it was talked of in town.—And a lady of quality, that shall be nameless, in a raging fit of jealousy came down in her coach and six horses, and exposed herself upon my account: Gad, I was sorry for it with all my heart.—You know whom I mean—you know where we raffled—

“ *Scand.* Mum, Tattle!

“ *Val.* Sdeath, are you not ashamed?

“ *Ang.* O barbarous! I never heard so insolent a piece of vanity!—Fie, Mr. Tattle!—I’ll swear I could not have believed it.—Is this your secrecy!

“ *Tat.* Gad so, the heat of my story carried me beyond my discretion, as the heat of the lady’s passion hurried her beyond her reputation.—But I hope you don’t know whom I mean; for there were a great many ladies raffled.—Pox on’t, now could I bite off my tongue.

- “ *Scand.* No, don’t; for then you’ll tell us no more.
“ Come, I’ll recommend a song to you, upon the
“ hint of my two proverbs; and I see one in the next
“ room that will sing it. [*Goes to the door.*
“ *Tatt.* For Heaven’s sake, if you do guess, say
“ nothing. Gad, I’m very unfortunate!
“ *Scand.* Pray sing the first song in the last new
“ play,

“ SONG.

- “ *A nymph and a swain to Apollo once pray’d,*
“ *The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betray’d;*
“ *Their intent was, to try if his oracle knew*
“ *E’er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.*

“ *Apollo was mute, and had like t’have been pos’d,*
“ *But sagely at length he this secret disclos’d;*
“ *He alone won’t betray, in whom none will confide;*
“ *And the nymph may be chaste, that has never been tried.”*

*Enter Sir SAMPSON, Mrs. FRAIL, Miss PRUE, and
Servant.*

Sir S. Is Ben come? Odso, my son Ben come?
Odd, I’m glad on’t.—Where is he? I long to see
him. Now, Mrs. Frail, you shall see my son Ben,
—Body o’me, he’s the hopes of my family—I ha’nt
seen him these three years—I warrant he’s grown!
—Call him in; bid him make haste [*Exit Servant.*]
—I’m ready to cry for joy.

Mrs. F. Now, miss, you shall see your husband.

Miss P. Pish, he shall be none of my husband.

[*Aside to Frail.*

Mrs. F. Hush! Well, he shan't! leave that to me
—I'll beckon Mr. Tattle to us,

Ang. Won't you stay and see your brother?

Val. We are the twin stars, and cannot shine in one sphere; when he rises, I must set.—Besides, if I should stay, I don't know but my father in good-nature may press me to the immediate signing the deed of conveyance of my estate; and I'll defer it as long as I can.—Well, you'll come to a resolution?

Ang. I cannot. Resolution must come to me, or I shall never have one.

Scand. Come, Valentine, I'll go with you; I have something in my head, to communicate to you.

[*Exeunt Scandal and Valentine.*

Sir S. What! is my son Valentine gone? What! is he sneaked off, and would not see his brother? There's an unnatural whelp! there's an ill-natured dog! What! were you here too, madam, and could not keep him? could neither love, nor duty, nor natural affection, oblige him? Odsbud, madam, have no more to say to him; he is not worth your consideration. The rogue has not a drachm of generous love about him—all interest, all interest! He's an undone scoundrel, and courts your estate. Body o'me, he does not care a doit for your person.

Ang. I am pretty even with him, Sir Sampson; for, if ever I could have liked any thing in him, it should

have been his estate too. But, since that's gone, the bait's off, and the naked hook appears.

Sir S. Odsbud, well spoken; and you are a wiser woman than I thought you were: for most young women now-a-days are to be tempted with a naked hook.

Ang. If I marry, Sir Sampson, I am for a good estate with any man, and for any man with a good estate: therefore, If I were obliged to make a choice I declare I'd rather have you than your son.

Sir S. Faith and troth, you are a wise woman; and I'm glad to hear you say so. I was afraid you were in love with a reprobate. Odd, I was sorry for you with all my heart. Hang him, mongrel; cast him off. You shall see the rogue shew himself, and make love to some desponding Cadua of fourscore for subsistence. Odd, I love to see a young spendthrift forced to cling to an old woman for support, like ivy round a dead oak—faith I do. I love to see them rug and cotton together, like down upon a thistle.

Enter BEN and Servant.

Ben. Where's father?

Serv. There, sir; his back's toward you. [*Exit.*]

Sir S. My son Ben! Bless thee my dear boy! Ody o'me, thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you, father; and I'm glad to see you.

Sir S. Odsbud, and I'm glad to see thee. Kiss me, boy; kiss me again and again, dear Ben.

[*Kisses him.*]

Ben. So, so, enough, father.—Mess, I'd rather kiss these gentlewomen.

Sir S. And so thou shalt.—*Mrs. Angelica,* my son Ben.

Ben. Forsooth, if you please ! [*Salutes her.*]—Nay, mistress, I'm not for dropping anchor here ; about ship, i' faith. [*Kisses Frail.*]—Nay, and you too, my little cock-boat ! so. [*Kisses Miss.*]

Tatt. Sir, you're welcome ashore.

Ben. Thank you, thank you, friend.

Sir S. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey, been ? been far enough, and that be all. Well, father, and how do all at home ? how does brother Dick, and brother Val ?

Sir S. Dick ! body o'me, Dick has been dead these two years. I writ you word, when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mess, that's true : marry, I had forgot. Dick is dead, as you say.—Well, and how, I have a many questions to ask you ; well, you ben't married again, father, be you ?

Sir S. No, I intend you shall marry, Ben ; I would not marry, for thy sake.

Ben. Nay, what does that signify ?—An you marry again—why then I'll go to sea again, so there's one for t'other, and that be all.—Pray don't let me be your hindrance : e'en marry, a God's name, and the wind set that way. As for my part, mayhap I have no mind to marry.

Mrs. F. That would be pity, such a handsome young gentleman.

Ben. Handsome! he, he, he! Nay, forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you; for I love my jest, an the ship were sinking, as we said at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land: I could never abide to be port-bound, as we call it. Now a man that is married has, as it were, d'ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and mayhap may'n't get them out again when he would.

Sir S. Ben is a wag.

Ben. A man that is married, d'ye see, is no more like another man, than a galley-slave is like one of us free sailors: he is chained to an oar all his life; and mayhap forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain.

Sir S. A very wag! Ben is a very wag; only a little rough; he wants a little polishing.

Mrs. F. Not at all; I like his humour mightily: it is plain and honest; I should like such a humour in a husband extremely.

Ben. Say'n you so, forsooth? Marry, and I should like such a handsome gentlewoman for a bed-fellow hugely. How say you, mistress? would you like going to sea? Mess, you're a tight vessel, and well rigged, an you were but as well manned.

Mrs. F. I should not doubt that, if you were master of me.

Ben. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to sea in a high wind, or that lady—you mayn't carry so

much sail o' your head—Top and top gallant, by the mess!

Mrs. F. No? why so?

Ben. Why, an you do, you may run the risk to be overet : and then you'll carry your keels above water—he, he, he!

Ang. I swear, Mr. Benjamin is the veriest wag in nature; an absolute sea wit.

Sir S. Nay, Ben has parts; but, as I told you before, they want a little polishing. You must not take any thing ill, madam.

Ben. No, I hope the gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part: for, if I give a jest, I'll take a jest; and so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, sir; I am not at all offended.—But methinks, Sir Sampson, you should leave him alone with his mistress. Mr. Tattle, we must not hinder lovers.

Tatt. Well, Miss, I have your promise.

[*Aside to Miss.*

Sir S. Body o'me, madam, you say true.—Look you, Ben, this is your mistress.—Come, miss, you must not be shame-faced; we'll leave you together.

Miss P. I can't abide to be left alone. Mayn't my cousin stay with me?

Sir S. No, no. Come, let's away.

Ben. Look you, father, mayhap the young woman mayn't take a liking to me.

Sir S. I warrant thee, boy. Come, come, we'll be gone. I'll venture that.

[*Exeunt Sir Sampson, Tattle, and Mrs. Frail*

Ben. Come, mistress, will you please to sit down ? For, an you stand a stern a that'n, we shall never grapple together.—Come, I'll hawl a chair ; there, an you please to sit, I'll sit by you.

Miss P. You need not sit so near one ; if you have any thing to say, I can hear you farther off ; I an't deaf.

Ben. Why that's true, as you say, nor I an't dumb ; I can be heard as far as another. I'll heave off, to please you. [*Sits farther off.*] An we were a league asunder, I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you, forsooth ; I am, as it were, bound for the land of matrimony ; 'tis a voyage, d'ye see, that was none of my seeking ; I was commanded by father, and if you like of it, mayhap I may steer into your harbour. How say you, mistress ? The short of the thing is, that, if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

Miss P. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

Ben. No ? I'm sorry for that.—But pray why are you so scornful ?

Miss P. As long as one must not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all, I think ; and truly I won't tell a lie for the matter.

Ben. Nay, you say true in that ; it's but a folly to lie : for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way, is, as it were, to look one way, and to row another. Now, for my part, d'ye see, I'm for carry-

ing things above board ; I'm not for keeping any thing under hatches—so that, if you ben't as willing as I, say so, a God's name ; there's no harm done. Mayhap you may be shame-faced ; some maidens, thof they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face. If that's the case, why silence gives consent.

Miss P. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that ; and I'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man ; and I don't care, let my father do what he will, I'm too big to be whipt ; so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all ; nor never will, that's more. So, there's your answer for you ; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

Ben. Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil. As for your love, or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end—and mayhap I like you as little as you do me. What I said was in obedience to father. Gad, I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing—if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat o'nine tails laid cross your shoulders. Flesh ! who are you ? You heard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me, of her own accord. Whatever you think of yourself, Gad, I don't think you are any more ~~to~~ compare to her, than a can of small beer to a bowl of punch.

Miss P. Well, and there's a handsome gentleman,

and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you; he will, you great sea-calf.

Ben. What! do you mean that fair-weather spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my jacket?—Let'n—let'n. But an he comes near me, mayhap I may giv'n a salt cel for's supper, for all that. What does father mean, to leave me alone, as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy?—Sea-calf? I an't calf enough to lick your chalked face, you cheese-curd, you.—Marry thee! Oons I'll marry a Lap-land witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds, and wrecked vessels.

Miss P. I won't be call'd names, nor I won't be abused thus, so I won't. If I were a man—[*Cries.*]—you durst not talk at this rate—no, you durst not, you stinking tar-barrel.

Enter Mrs. FORESIGHT and Mrs. FRAIL.

Mrs. For. They have quarrelled, just as we could wish.

Ben. Tar-barrel? Let your sweetheart there call me so, if he'll take your part, your Tom Essence, and I'll say something to him—Gad, I'll lace his musk-doublet for him. I'll make him stink; he shall smell more like a weasel than a civet cat, afore I ha' done with 'en.

Mrs. For. Bless me! what's the matter, Miss?

What, does she cry?—Mr. Benjamin, what have you done to her?

Ben. Let her cry: the more she cries the less she'll—she has been gathering foul weather in her mouth, and now it rains out at her eyes.

Mrs. For. Come, Miss, come along with me; and tell me, poor child.

Mrs. F. Lord, what shall we do? There's my brother Foresight and Sir Sampson coming. Sister, do you take Miss down into the parlour, and I'll carry Mr. Benjamin into my chamber; for they must not know that they are fallen out. Come, sir, will you venture yourself with me [Looking kindly on him.]

Ben. Venture? Mess, and that I will, though it were to sea in a storm. [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir SAMPSON and FORESIGHT.

Sir S. I left them together here. What, are they gone? Ben is a brisk boy: he has got her into a corner—father's own son, faith! he'll touzle her, and mouzle her. The rogue's sharp set coming from sea. If he should not stay for saying grace, old Foresight, but fall to without the help of a parson, ha? Odd, if he should, I could not be angry with him; 'twould be but like me, *a chip of the old block*. Ha! thou'rt melancholic, old prognostication; as melancholic as if thou hadst spilt the salt, or paired thy nails on a Sunday. Come, cheer up, look about thee: look up, old star-gazer. Now is he poring upon the ground for a crooked pin, or an old horse-nail, with the head towards him.

For. Sir Sampson, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Sir S. With all my heart.

For. At ten o'clock ; punctually at ten.

Sir S. To a minute, to a second ; thou shalt set thy watch ; and the bridegroom shall observe its motions ; they shall be married to a minute, go to bed to a minute ; and when the alarm strikes, they shall keep time like the figures of St. Dunstan's clock, and *consummatum est* shall ring all over the parish.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Scandal desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

For. I go to him, Sir Sampson, your servant. [*Exit.*

Sir S. What's the matter, friend ?

Serv. Sir, 'tis about your son Valentine ; something has appeared to him in a dream, that makes him prophesy.

Enter SCANDAL.

Scand. Sir Sampson, 'sad news.

For. Bless us !

Sir S. Why, what's the matter ?

Scand. Can't you guess at what ought to afflict you and him, and all of us, more than any thing else ?

Sir S. Body o'me. I don't know any universal grievance, but a new tax, or the loss of the Ca-

“ nary fleet—unless Popery should be landed in
“ the west, or the French fleet were at anchor at
“ Blackwall.

“ *Scand.* No? Undoubtedly, Mr. Foresight knew
“ all this, and might have prevented it.

“ *For.* 'Tis no earthquake?

“ *Scand.* No, not yet; no whirlwind. But we don't
“ know what it may come to—but it has had a con-
“ sequence already that touches us all.

“ *Sir S.* Why, body o' me, out with it.

“ *Scand.* Something has appeared to your son Val-
“ lentine—he's gone to bed upon't, and very ill.—
“ He speaks little, yet he says he has a world to say.
“ Asks for his father and the wise Foresight; talks
“ of Raymond Lully, and the ghost of Lilly. He has
“ secrets to impart, I suppose, to you too. I can get
“ nothing out of him but sighs. He desires he may
“ see you in the morning; but would not be dis-
“ turbed to-night, because he has some business to
“ do in a dream.”

Sir S. Hoity toity! what have I to do with his
dreams or his divination?—Body o' me, this is a trick
to defer signing the conveyance. I warrant the devil
will tell him in a dream, that he must not part with
his estate, But I'll bring him a parson to tell him
that the devil's a liar—or, if that won't do, I'll bring
a lawyer, that shall out-lie the devil; and so I'll try
whether my blackguard or his shall get the better of
the day.

[*Exit.*

“ *Scand.* Alas! Mr. Foresight, I'm afraid all is

“ not right.—You are a wise man, and a conscientious man; a searcher into obscurity and futurity; and, if you commit an error, it is with a great deal of consideration, and discretion, and caution.

“ *For.* Ah, good Mr. Scandal.

“ *Scand.* Nay, nay, 'tis manifest; I do not flatter you.—But Sir Sampson is hasty, very hasty—I'm afraid he is not scrupulous enough, Mr. Foresight.—He has been wicked; and Heaven grant he may mean well in his affair with you!—But my mind gives me, these things cannot be wholly insignificant. You are wise, and should not be overreached: methinks you should not.

“ *For.* Alas, Mr. Scandal—*Humanum est errare!*

“ *Scand.* You say 'true, man will err; mere man will err—but you are something more.—There have been wise men; but they were such as you—men who consulted the stars and were observers of omens.—Solomon was wise; but how? by his judgment in astrology.—So says Pineda, in his third book and eighth chapter,

“ *For.* You are learned, Mr. Scandal.

“ *Scand.* A trifler—but a lover of art,—And the wise men of the east owed their instructions to a star; which is rightly observed by Gregory the Great, in favour of astrology! And Albertus Magnus makes it the most valuable science—because, says he, it teaches us to consider the causation of causes, in the causes of things.

“ *For.* I protest, I honour you, Mr. Scandal.—I

“ did not think you had been read in these matters.”

“ —Few young men are inclined——

“ *Scand.* I thank my stars that have inclined me.

“ —But I fear this marriage and making over the

“ estate, this transferring of a rightful inheritance,

“ will bring judgments upon us. I prophesy it; and

“ I would not have the fate of Cassandra, not to be

“ believed. Valentine is disturbed; what can be the

“ cause of that? and Sir Sampson is hurried on by

“ an unusual violence——I fear he does not act

“ wholly from himself; and methinks he does not

“ look as he used to do.

“ *For.* He was always of an impetuous nature.—

“ But as to this marriage, I have consulted the stars;

“ and all appearances are prosperous.

“ *Scand.* Come, come, Mr. Foresight; let not the

“ prospect of worldly lucre carry you beyond your

“ judgment, nor against your conscience.—You are

“ not satisfied that you act justly.

“ *For.* How!—

“ *Scand.* You are not satisfied, I say.—I am loth

“ to discourage you—but it is palpable that you are

“ not satisfied.

“ *For.* How does it appear, Mr. Scandal? I think

“ I am very well satisfied.

“ *Scand.* Either you suffer yourself to deceive

“ yourself, or you do not know yourself.

“ *For.* Pray explain yourself.

“ *Scand.* Do you sleep well o' nights?

“ *For.* Very well.

Scand. Are you certain? you do not look so.

For. I am in health, I think.

Scand. So was Valentine this morning; and
“looked just so.

For. How! Am I altered any way? I don't per-
“ceive it,

Scand. That may be; but your beard is longer
“than it was two hours ago.

For. Indeed? bless me!”

Enter Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Mrs. For. Husband, will you go to bed? it's ten
“o'clock. Mr. Scandal, your servant.

Scand. Pox on her, she has interrupted my de-
“sign—but I must work her into the project. You
“keep early hours, madam.

Mrs. For. Mr. Foresight is punctual; we sit up
“after him.

For. My dear, pray lend me your glass, your
“little looking glass.

Scand. Pray lend it him, madam—I'll tell you
“the reason—[*She gives him the glass: Scandal and*
“*she whisper.*]—My passion for you is grown so vio-
“lent—that I am no longer master of myself—I was
“interrupted in the morning, when you had charity
“enough to give me your attention; and I had hopes
“of finding another opportunity of explaining my-
“self to you—but was disappointed all this day; and
“the uneasiness that has attended me ever since,
“brings me now hither at this unseasonable hour.

“ *Mrs. For.* Was there ever such impudence, to
“ make love to me before my husband’s face? I’ll
“ swear, I’ll tell him.

“ *Scand.* Do. I’ll die a martyr rather than disclaim
“ my passion. But come a little farther this way;
“ and I’ll tell you what project I had to get him out
“ of the way, that I might have an opportunity of
“ waiting upon you.

[*Whisper.* Foresight looking in the glass.

“ *For.* I do not see any revolution here.—Me-
“ thinks I look with a serene and benign aspect,—
“ pale, a little pale—but the roses of these cheeks
“ have been gathered many years—Ha, I do not like
“ that sudden flushing—gone already!—Hem, hem,
“ hem! faintish. My heart is pretty good; yet it
“ beats: and my pulse, ha!—I have none—mercy
“ on me!—hum!—Yes, here they are.—Gallop,
“ gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop! hey, whither
“ will they hurry me?—Now they’re gone again—
“ and now I’m faint again; and pale again, and,
“ hem! and my, hem!—breath, and, hem!—grows
“ short; hem! he, he, hem!

“ *Scand.* It takes: pursue it, in the name of love,
“ and pleasure.

“ *Mrs. For.* How do you do, Mr. Foresight?

“ *For.* Hum, not so well as I thought I was. Lend
“ me your hand.

“ *Scand.* Look you there now.—Your lady says
“ your sleep has been unquiet of late.

“ *For.* Very likely!

“ *Mrs. For.* O, mighty restless! but I was afraid to
“ tell him so.—He has been subject to talking and
“ starting.

“ *Scand.* And did not use to be so?

“ *Mrs. For.* Never, never; till within these three
“ nights, I cannot say that he has once broken my
“ rest since we have been married.

“ *For.* I will go to bed.

“ *Scand.* Do so, Mr. Foresight, and say your prayers.
“ —He looks better than he did.

“ *Mrs. For.* Nurse, nurse!

“ *For.* Do you think so, Scandal?

“ *Scand.* Yes, yes; I hope this will be gone by
“ morning: take it in time.

“ *For.* I hope so.

“ *Enter NURSE.*

“ *Mrs. For.* Nurse, your master is not well; put
“ him to bed.

“ *Scand.* I hope you will be able to see Valentine
“ in the morning. You had best take a little diaco-
“ dium and cowslip water, and lie upon your back;
“ may be you may dream.

“ *For.* I thank you, Mr. Scandal; I will.—Nurse,
“ let me have a watch-light, and lay *The Crumbs of*
“ *Comfort* by me.

“ *Nurse.* Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*

“ *For.* And—hem, hem! I am very faint.

“ *Scan.* No, no, you look much better.

“ *For.* Do I? And, d’ye hear—bring me—let me

“ see—within a quarter of twelve—hem—he, hem!—
“ just upon the turning of the tide, bring me the uri-
“ nal. And I hope, neither the lord of my ascend-
“ ant, nor the moon will be combust; and then I may
“ do well.

“ *Scand.* I hope so—Leave that to me; I will erect
“ a scheme; and I hope I shall find both Sol and Ve-
“ nus in the sixth house.

“ *For.* I thank you, Mr. Scandal; indeed that
“ would be a great comfort to me. Hem, hem! good
“ night. [Exit.

“ *Scand.* Good night, good Mr. Foresight. And
“ I hope Mars and Venus will be in conjunction—
“ while your wife and I are together.”

Mrs. For. Well; and what use do you hope to make
of this project? You don't think that you are ever
like to succeed in your design upon me?

Scand. Yes, faith, I do; I have a better opinion
both of you and myself, than to despair.

Mrs. For. Did you ever hear such a toad?—Hark'ye,
devil: do you think any woman honest?

Scand. Yes, several, very honest—they'll cheat a
little at cards, sometimes; but that's nothing.

Mrs. For. Pshaw! but virtuous, I mean?

Scand. Yes, faith, I believe some women are vir-
tuous too; but 'tis as I believe some men are valiant,
through fear—For why should a man court danger,
or a woman shun pleasure?

“ *Mrs. For.* O monstrous! What are conscience
“ and honour?

“ *Scand.* Why, honour is a public enemy; and conscience a domestic thief: and he that would secure his pleasure, must pay a tribute to one, and go halves with t’other. As for honour, that you have secured; for you have purchased a perpetual opportunity for pleasure.

“ *Mrs. For.* An opportunity for pleasure?

“ *Scand.* Ay, your husband; an husband is an opportunity for pleasure. So you have taken care of honour, and ’tis the least I can do to take care of conscience.

“ *Mrs. For.* And so you think we are free for one another?

“ *Scand.* Yes, faith, I think so; I love to speak my mind.

“ *Mrs. For.* Why then I’ll speak my mind. Now, as to this affair between you and me. Here you make love to me; why, I’ll confess it does not displease me. Your person is well enough, and your understanding is not amiss.

“ *Scand.* I have no great opinion of myself; but I think I am neither deformed, nor a fool.

“ *Mrs. For.* But you have a villanous character; you are a libertine in speech, as well as practice.

“ *Scand.* Come, I know what you would say—you think it more dangerous to be seen in conversation with me, than to allow some other men the last favour. You mistake; the liberty I take in talking is purely affected, for the service of your sex. He that first cries out stop thief, is often he that stole

“ the treasure. I am a juggler, that acts by confede-
“ racy, and if you please, we’ll put a trick upon the
“ world.

“ *Mrs. For.* Ay; but you are such an universal jug-
“ gler—that I’m afraid you have a great many con-
“ federates.

“ *Scand.* Faith, I’m sound.”

Mrs. For. “ O fie!”—I’ll swear you’re impudent.

Scand. I’ll swear you’re handsome.

Mrs. For. Pish, you’d tell me so, though you did not think so.

Scand. And you’d think so, though I did not tell you so: and now I think we know one another pretty well.

Mrs. For. O Lord! who’s here?

Enter Mrs. FRAIL and BEN.

Ben. Mess, I love to speak my mind—Father has nothing to do with me.—Nay, I can’t say that neither; he has something to do with me; but what does that signify? If so be, that I ben’t minded to be steered by him; ’tis as thof he should strive against wind and tide.

Mrs. F. Ay, but, my dear, we must keep it secret, till the estate be settled; for, you know, marrying without an estate, is like sailing in a ship without ballast.

Ben. He, he, he! why, that’s true; just so, for all the world, it is as like as two cable ropes.

Mrs. F. And though I have a good portion; you know one would not venture all in one bottom.

Ben. Why that's true again ; for mayhap one bottom may spring a leak. You have hit it indeed ; mess, you've nick'd the channel.

Mrs. F. Well, but if you should forsake me after all, you'd break my heart.

Ben. Break your heart ? I'd rather the Marygold should break her cable in a storm, as well as I love her. Flesh, you don't think I'm false-hearted, like a landman. A sailor would be honest, thof mayhap he has never a penny of money in his pocket.—Mayhap I may not have so fair a face as a citizen or a courtier ; but, for all that, I've as good blood in my veins, and a heart as sound as a biscuit.

Mrs. F. And will you love me always ?

Ben. Nay, an I love once, I'll stick like pitch ; I'll tell you that. Come, I'll sing you a song of a sailor.

Mrs. F. Hold, there's my sister ; I'll call her to hear it.

Mrs. For. Well ! I won't go to bed to my husband to-night ; because I'll retire to my own chamber, and think of what you have said.

Scand. Well ; you'll give me leave to wait upon you to your chamber door ; and leave you my last instructions ?

Mrs. For. Hold, here's my sister coming towards us.

Mrs. F. If it won't interrupt you, Mr. Ben will entertain you with a song.

Ben. The song was made upon one of our ship's-crew's wife ; our boatswain made the song ; mayhap

you know her, sir. Before she married she was called
Buxom Joan of Deptford.

Scand. I have heard of her.

[*Ben sings.*

BALLAD.

*A soldier and a sailor,
A tinker and a taylor,
Had once a doubtful strife, sir,
To make a maid a wife, sir,
Whose name was Buxom Joan.
For now the time was ended,
When she no more intended
To lick her lips at men, sir,
And gnaw the sheets in vain, sir,
And lie o' nights alone.*

*The soldier swore like thunder,
He lov'd her more than plunder;
And shew'd her many a scar, sir,
That he had brought from far, sir,
With fighting for her sake.
The taylor thought to please her,
With offering her his measure,
The tinker too with mettle
Said he could mend her kettle,
And stop up every leak.*

*But while these three were prating,
The sailor sily waiting,*

Thought if it came about, sir,
 That they should all fall out, sir,
 He then might play his part :
 And just e'en as he meant, sir,
 To loggerheads they went, sir,
 And then he let fly at her,
 A shot 'twixt wind and water,
 That won the fair maid's heart,

" Ben. If some of our crew that came to see me
 " are not gone, you shall see that we sailors can
 " dance sometimes, as well as other folks.—[*Whistles.*]
 " I warrant that brings them an they be within hear-
 " ing.

" Enter SEAMEN.

" Oh, here they be!—and fiddles along with them.
 " Come, my lads, let's have a round, and I'll make
 " one. [*Dance.*] We're merry folks, we sailors ; we
 " han't much to care for." Thus we live at sea ; eat
 biscuit, and drink flip ; put on a clean shirt once a
 quarter—come home, and lie with our landladies
 once a year ; get rid of a little money, and then put
 off with the next fair wind. How d'ye like us ?

Mrs. F. Oh, you are the happiest, merriest men
 alive !

Mrs. For. We're beholden to Mr. Benjamin for this
 entertainment.—I believe it is late.

Ben. Why, forsooth, an you think so, you had best
 go to bed. For my part, I mean to toss a can, and

remember my sweetheart, before I turn in; mayhap I may dream of her!

Mrs. For. Mr. Scandal, you had best go to bed, and dream too.

Scand. Why, faith, I have a good lively imagination; and can dream as much to the purpose as another, if I set about it. But dreaming is the poor retreat of a lazy, hopeless, and imperfect lover; " 'tis the last glimpse of love to worn out sinners, and the faint dawning of a bliss to wishing girls and growing boys.

" *There's nought but willing waking love that can*
" Make bless'd the ripen'd maid and finish'd man."

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

VALENTINE's Lodgings. Enter SCANDAL and JEREMY.

Scandal.

WELL, is your master ready? does he look madly, and talk madly?

Jer. Yes, sir; you need make no great doubt of that: he that was so near turning poet yesterday morning, can't be much to seek in playing the madman to-day.

Scand. Would he have *Ángelica* acquainted with the design?

Jer. No, sir, not yet.—He has a mind to try whether his playing the madman won't make her play the fool, and fall in love with him; or at least own that she has loved him all this while, and concealed it.

Scand. I saw her take coach just now with her maid; and think I heard her bid the coachman drive hither.

Jer. Like enough, sir; for I told her maid this morning, my master was run stark mad, only for love of her mistress. I hear a coach stop: if it should be she, sir, I believe he would not see her, till he hears how she takes it.

Scand. Well, I'll try her—'tis she; here she comes.

Enter ANGELICA.

Ang. Mr. Scandal, I suppose you don't think it a novelty, to see a woman visit a man at his own lodgings in a morning?

Scand. Not upon a kind occasion, madam. But, when a lady comes tyrannically, to insult a ruined lover, and make manifest the cruel triumphs of her beauty, the barbarity of it something surprises me.

Ang. I don't like raillery from a serious face.—Pray tell me what is the matter?

Jer. No strange matter, madam; my master's mad, that's all. I suppose your ladyship has thought him so a great while.

Ang. How d'ye mean, mad?

Jer. Why, faith, madam, he's mad for want of his wits, just as he was poor for want of money. His

head is e'en as light as his pockets; and any body that has a mind to a bad bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his estate.

Ang. If you speak truth, your endeavouring at wit is very unseasonable.—

Scand. She's concern'd, and loves him! [*Aside.*

Ang. Mr. Scandal, you can't think me guilty of so much inhumanity, as not to be concerned for a man I must own myself obliged to.—Pray tell me the truth.

Scand. Faith, madam, I wish telling a lie would mend the matter. But this is no new effect of an unsuccessful passion.

Ang. [*Aside.*] I know not what to think! Yet I should be vext to have a trick put upon me!—May I not see him?

Scand. I'm afraid the physician is not willing you should see him yet.—Jeremy go in and enquire.

[*Exit Jeremy.*

Ang. Ha! I saw him wink and smile! I fancy a trick.—I'll try. [*Aside.*]—I would disguise to all the world, sir, a failing which I must own to you—I fear my happiness depends upon the recovery of Valentine. Therefore I conjure you, as you are his friend, and as you have compassion on one fearful of affliction, to tell me what I am to hope for—I cannot speak—But you may tell me, for you know what I would ask.

Scand. So, this is pretty plain!—Be not too much concerned, madam; I hope his condition is not desperate. An acknowledgment of love from you, per-

haps, may work a cure, as the fear of your aversion occasioned his distemper.

Ang. Say you so? nay, then I'm convinced: and if I don't play trick for trick, may I never taste the pleasure of revenge! [*Aside.*—Acknowledgment of love! I find you have mistaken my compassion, and think me guilty of a weakness I am a stranger to. But I have too much sincerity to deceive you, and too much charity to suffer him to be deluded with vain hopes. Good nature and humanity oblige me to be concerned for him; but to love, is neither in my power nor inclination; “and if he can't be cured” without I suck the poison from his wounds, I'm “afraid he won't recover his senses till I lose mine.”

Scand. Hey, brave woman i' faith!—Won't you see him then, if he desires it?

Ang. What signifies a madman's desires? besides, 'twould make me uneasy—If I don't see him, perhaps my concern for him may lessen—If I forget him, 'tis no more than he has done by himself; and now the surprise is over, methinks I'm not half so sorry as I was.

Scand. So, faith, good-nature works apace; you were confessing just now an obligation to his love.

Ang. But I have considered that passions are unreasonable and involuntary. If he loves, he can't help it; and if I don't love, I cannot help it; no more than he can help his being a man, or I my being a woman; or no more than I can help my want of inclination to stay longer here. [*Exit.*

Scand. Humph!—An admirable composition, faith, this same womankind!

Enter JEREMY.

Jer. What, is she gone, sir?

Scand. Gone? why she was never here, nor any where else: nor I don't know her if I see her, nor you neither.

Jer. Good lack! what's the matter now? are any more of us to be mad? Why, sir, my master longs to see her; and is almost mad in good earnest with the joyful news of her being here.

Scand. We are all under a mistake.—Ask no questions, for I can't resolve you; but I'll inform your master. In the mean time, if our project succeed no better with his father than it does with his mistress, he may descend from his exaltation of madness into the road of common sense, and be content only to be made a fool with other reasonable people. I hear Sir Sampson. You know your cue? I'll to your master. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir SAMPSON and BUCKRAM.

Sir S. D'ye see, Mr. Buckram, here's the paper signed with his own hand.

Buck. Good, sir. And the conveyance is ready drawn in this box, if he be ready to sign and seal.

Sir S. Ready! body o'me, he must be ready: his sham sickness shan't excuse him.—O, here's his scoundrel.—Sirrah, where's your master?

Jer. Ah, sir, he's quite gone!

Sir S. Gone ! what, he's not dead ?

Fer. No, sir, not dead ?

Sir S. What, is he gone out of town ? run away ? ha ! has he trick'd me ? Speak, varlet.

Fer. No, no, sir, he's safe enough, sir, an he were but as sound, poor gentleman ? He is indeed here, sir, and not here, sir.

Sir S. Hey-day, rascal, do you banter me ? sirrah, d'ye banter me ?—Speak, sirrah ; where is he ? for I will find him.

Fer. Would you could, sir ; for he has lost himself.—Indeed, sir, I have almost broke my heart about him—I can't refrain tears when I think on him, sir : I'm as melancholy for him as a passing-bell, sir ; or a horse in a pound.

Sir S. A pox confound your similtudes, sir :——Speak to be understood ; and tell me in plain terms what the matter is with him, or I'll crack your fool's scull.

Fer. Ah, you've hit it, sir ; that's the matter with him, sir ; his scull's crack'd poor gentleman ! he's stark mad, sir.

Sir S. Mad !

Buck. What, is he *non compos* ?

Fer. Quite *non compos*, sir.

Buck. Why then, all's obliterated ; Sir Sampson. If he be *non compos mentis*, his act and deed will be of no effect ; it is not good in law.

Sir S. Oons, I won't believe it ; let me see him, sir.—Mad ! I'll make him find his senses.

Fer. Mr. Scandal is with him, sir ; I'll knock at the door.

[*Goes to the scene, which opens and discovers*

Valentine and Scandal. Valentine upon a couch disorderly dressed.]

Sir S. How now ? what's here to do ?

Val. Ha ! who's that ? [Starting.

Scandal. For Heaven's sake, softly, sir, and gently : don't provoke him.

Val. Answer me, who's that ? and that ?

Sir S. Gads bobs, does he not know ? is he mischievous ? I'll speak gently.—Val, Val, dost thou not know me, boy ? not know thy own father, Val ? I am thy own father ; and this, honest Brief Buckram, the lawyer.

Val. It may be so—I did not know you—the world is full.—There are people that we do know, and people that we do not know ; and yet the sun shines upon all alike.—There are fathers that have many children ; and there are children that have many fathers—'tis strange ! But I am Honesty, and come to give the world the lie.

Sir S. Body o'me, I know not what to say to him.

Val. Why does that lawyer wear black ?—does he carry his conscience without-side ? Lawyer, what art thou ? dost thou know me ?

Buck. O Lord, what must I say ?—Yes, sir.

Val. Thou liest ; for I am Honesty. 'Tis hard I cannot get a livelihood amongst you. I have been sworn out of Westminster-Hall the first day of every

term—Let me see—no matter how long—But I'll tell you one thing ; it is a question that would puzzle an arithmetician, if I should ask him, whether the Bible saves more souls in Westminster Abbey, or damns more in Westminster Hall?—For my part I am Honest, and can't tell ; I have very few acquaintance.

Sir S. Body o' me, he talks sensibly in his madness—Has he no intervals ?

Fer. Very short, sir.

Buck. Sir, I can do no service while he's in this condition. Here's your paper, sir.—He may do me a mischief if I stay.—The conveyance is ready, sir, if he recover his senses. [Exit.

Sir S. Hold, hold, don't you go yet.

Scand. You'd better let him go, sir ; and send for him if there be occasion : for I fancy his presence provokes him more.

Val. Is the lawyer gone ? 'Tis well ; then we may drink about without going together by the ears.—Heigh ho ! what o'clock is it ! My father here ! your blessing, sir.

Sir S. He recovers !—Bless thee, Val !—How dost thou do, boy ?

Val. Thank you, sir, pretty well.—I have been a little out of order. Won't you please to sit, sir ?

Sir S. Ay, boy.—Come, thou shalt sit down by me.

Val. Sir, 'tis my duty to wait.

Sir S. No, no : come, come, sit thee down honest Val. How dost thou do ? let me feel thy pulse—Oh, pretty well now, Val. Body o'me, I was sorry to see

thee indisposed: but I am glad thou art better, honest Val.

Val. I thank you, sir.

Scand. Miracle! the monster grows loving.

[*Aside.*

Sir S. Let me feel thy hand again, Val. It does not shake—I believe thou canst write, Val. Ha, boy? thou canst write thy name, Val?—Jeremy, step and overtake Mr. Buckram? bid him make haste back with the conveyance, quick!

[*Exit Jeremy.*

Scand. That ever I should suspect such a heathen of any remorse.

[*Aside.*

Sir S. Dost thou know this paper, Val? I know thou'rt honest, and will perform articles.

[*Shews him the paper, but holds it out of his reach.*

Val. Pray let me see it, sir; you hold it so far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or no.

Sir S. See it, boy? Ay, ay, why thou dost see it—'tis thy own hand, Vally. Why, let me see, I can read it as plain as can be: look you here—[*Reads.*] *The condition of this obligation*—Look you, as plain as can be, so it begins—And then at bottom—*As witness my hand, VALENTINE LEGEND*, in great letters. Why, 'tis as plain as the nose on one's face. What, are my eyes better than thine? I believe I can read it farther off yet—let me see.

[*Stretches his arm as far as he can.*

Val. Will you please to let me hold it, sir?

Sir S. Let thee hold it, say'st thou?—Ay, with all

my heart—What matter is it who holds it? What need any body hold it?—I'll put it in my pocket, Val, and then nobody need hold it. [*Puts the paper in his pocket.*] There, Val: it's safe enough boy.—But thou shalt have it as soon as thou hast set thy hand to another paper, little Val.

Enter JEREMY and BUCKRAM.

Val. What, is my bad genius here again? Oh no, 'tis the lawyer with an itching palm; and he's come to be scratched.—My nails are not long enough.—Let me have a pair of red-hot tongs quickly, quickly; and you shall see me act St. Dunstan, and lead the devil by the nose.

Buck. O Lord, let me be gone! I'll not venture myself with a madman. [*Runs out.*]

Val. Ha, ha, ha! you need not run so fast. Honesty will not overtake you.—Ha, ha, ha! the rogue found me out to be *in forma pauperis* presently.

Sir S. Oons! what a vexation is here! I know not what to do or say, or which way to go.

Val. Who's that, that's out of his way? I am Honesty, and can set him right,—Harkee, friend, the strait road is the worst way you can go.—He that follows his nose always, will very often be led into a stink. *Probatum est.*—But what are you for? religion or politics? There's a couple of topics for you, no more like one another than oil and vinegar: and yet these two beaten together by a state cook, make sauce for the whole nation.

Sir S. What the devil had I to do, ever to beget sons? why did I ever marry?

Val. Because thou wert a monster, old boy. The two greatest monsters in the world, are a man and a woman. What's thy opinion?

Sir S. Why my opinion is, that these two monsters joined together make yet a greater; that's a man and his wife.

Val. Aha, old Truepenny! say'st thou so? Thou hast nicked it.—But it is wonderful strange, Jeremy.

Jer. What is it, sir?

Val. That grey hairs should cover a green head—and I make a fool of my father. What's here? *Erra Pater*, or a bearded Sibyl? If Prophecy comes, Honesty must give place. [*Exeunt Valentine and Jeremy.*]

Enter FORESIGHT, Mrs. FORESIGHT, and Mrs. FRAIL.

For. What says he? What did he prophesy? Ha, Sir Sampson! Bless us! how are we?

Sir S. Are we? A pox on your prognostications! Why, we are fools as we used to be.—Oons, that you could not foresee that the moon would predominate, and my son be mad!—Where's your oppositions, your trines, and your quadrates?—"What did your Cardan and your Ptolemy tell you? Your Messa-
"halah and your Longomontanus, your harmony of
"chiromancy with astrology!" Ah! pox on't, that I who know the world, and men and manners, who don't believe a syllable in the sky and stars, and sun

and almanacks, and trash, should be directed by a dreamer, an omēn hunter, and defer business in expectation of a lucky hour! when, body o'me! there never was a lucky hour after the first opportunity. [Exit.

For. Ah, Sir Sampson, Heaven help your head! — 'This is none of your lucky hour——*Nemo omnibus horis sapit!*——What is he gone, and in contempt of science? Ill stars and unconvertible ignorance attend him!

Scand. You must excuse his passion, Mr. Foresight; for he has been heartily vexed.—His son is *Non compos mentis*, and thereby incapable of making any conveyance in law; so that all his measures are disappointed.

For. Ha! say you so?

Mrs. F. What, has my sea lover lost his anchor of hope then? [Aside to Mrs. Foresight.

Mrs. For. O sister, what will you do with him?

Mrs. F. Do with him? Send him to sea again in the next foul weather.—He's ussd to an inconstant element, and won't be surprised to see the tide turned.

For. Wherein was I mistaken, not to foresee this?

[Considers.

Scand. Madam, you and I can tell him something else that he did not foresee, and more particularly relating to his own fortune! [Aside to Mrs. Foresight.

“Mrs. For. What do you mean? I don't understand you.

" *Scand.* Hush, softly—the pleasures of last night, my dear; too considerable to be forgot so soon.

" *Mrs. For.* Last night? and what would your impudence infer from last night? Last night was like the night before, I think.

" *Scand.* 'Sdeath, do you make no difference between me and your husband?

" *Mrs. For.* Not much—he's superstitious; and you are mad, in my opinion.

" *Scand.* You make me mad.—You are not serious?—pray recollect yourself.

" *Mrs. For.* O yes, now I remember, you were very impertinent and impudent—and would have come to bed to me.

" *Scand.* And did not?

" *Mrs. For.* Did not! With what face can you ask the question?

" *Scand.* This I have heard of before, but never believed. I have been told, she had that admirable quality of forgetting to a man's face in the morning, that she had lain with him all night; and denying that she had done favours, with more impudence than she could grant them. [*Aside.*] Madam, I'm your humble servant, and honour you."—You look pretty well, Mr. Foresight. How did you rest last night?

For. Truly, Mr. Scandal, I was so taken up with broken dreams, and distracted visions, that I remember little.

Scand. " 'Twas a very forgetting night."—But would you not talk with Valentine? Perhaps you may understand him; I am apt to believe, there is something mysterious in his discourse, and sometimes rather think him inspired than mad.

For. You speak with singular good judgment. Mr. Scandal, truly.—I am inclining to your Turkish opinion in this matter, and do reverence a man whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go to him.

Mrs. F. Sister, do you go with them; I'll find out my lover, and give him his discharge, and come to you.—[*Exeunt Scandal, Mr. and Mrs. Foresight.*] On my conscience, here he comes!

Enter BEN.

Ben. All mad, I think.—Flesh, I believe all the *Calentures* of the sea are come ashore, for my part.

Mrs. F. Mr. Benjamin in choler!

Ben. No, I'm pleased well enough, now I have found you.—Mess, I have had such a hurricane on your account yonder!

Mrs. F. My account?—Pray, what's the matter?

Ben. Why, father came, and found me squabbling with yon chitty-faced thing, as he would have me marry—so he asked what was the matter.—He asked in a surly sort of a way.—It seems brother Val is gone mad, and so that put'n into a passion; but what did I know that? what's that to me?—So he asked in a surly sort of manner—and, God, I answered

'en as surlily. What thof he be my father, I an't bound prentice to 'en: so, faith I told'n in plain terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to please myself, not him; and for the young woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her sampler, and make dirt-pies than to look after a husband; for my part, I was none of her man—I had another voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Mrs. F. So then, you intend to go to sea again?

Ben. Nay, nay, my mind ran upon you—but I would not tell him so much.—So he said, he'd make my heart ache; and if so be that he could get a woman to his mind, he'd marry himself. Gad, says I, an you play the fool and marry at these years, there's more danger of your head's aching than my heart!—He was woundy angry when I giv'n that wipe—he had'nt a word to say; and so I left'n, and the green girl together; mayhap the bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself—with all my heart!

Mrs. F. And were you this undutiful and graceless wretch to your father?

Ben. Then why was he graceless first?—If I am undutiful and graceless, why did he beget me so? I did not beget myself.

Mrs. F. O impiety! how have I been mistaken! What an inhuman merciless creature have I set my heart upon? O, I am happy to have discovered the shelves and quicksands that lurk beneath that faithles smiling face?

Ben. Hey-toss ! what's the matter now ? why you ben't angry, be you ?

Mrs. F. O see me no more—for thou wert born among rocks, suckled by whales, cradled in a tempest, and whistled to by winds ; and thou art come forth with fins and scales, and three rows of teeth, a most outrageous fish of prey.

Ben. O Lord, O Lord, she's mad, poor young woman ! Love has turned her senses ; her brain is quite overset.—Well-a-day ! how shall I do to set her to rights ?

Mrs. F. No, no, I am not mad, monster ; I am wise enough to find you out.—Hadst thou the impudence to aspire at being a husband, with that stubborn and disobedient temper ?—You, that know not how to submit to a father, presume to have a sufficient stock of duty to undergo a wife ? I should have been finely fobbed indeed, very finely fobbed !

Ben. Harkee, forsooth ! if so be that you are in your right senses, d'ye see, for aught as I perceive I'm like to be finely fobbed—if I have got anger here upon your account, and you are tacked about already !—What d'ye mean, after all your fair speeches, and stroaking my cheeks, and kissing and hugging, what would you shear off so ? would you, and leave me aground.

Mrs. F. No, I'll leave you adrift, and go which way you will.

Ben. What, are you false-hearted then ?

Mrs. F. Only the wind's changed.

Ben. More shame for you!—The wind's changed? It is an ill wind blows nobody good.—Mayhap I have a good riddance on you, if these be your tricks.—What did you mean all this while to make a fool of me?

Mrs. F. Any fool, but a husband.

Ben. Husband! Gad, I would not be your husband, if you would have me, now I know your mind; thof you had your weight in gold and jewels, and thof I loved you never so well.

Mrs. F. Why canst thou love, Porpus?

Ben. No matter what I can do; don't call names.—I don't love you so well as to bear that, whatever I did.—I'm glad you shew yourself, mistress:—let them marry you as don't know you.—Gad, I know you too well, by sad experience; I believe he that marries you will go to sea in a hen-pecked frigate.—I believe that, young woman! and mayhap may come to an anchor at *Cuckold's Point*; so there's a dash for you, take it as you will; mayhap you may hollow after me when I won't come to. [Exit.]

Mrs. F. Ha, ha, ha! no doubt on't [Sings.]
“My true love is gone to sea!” [Enter *Mrs. Foresight*.]
O sister, had you come a minute sooner, you would have seen the resolution of a lover.—Honest Tar and I are parted;—and with the same indifference that we met.—“On my life, I am half vexed at the
“insensibility of a brute I despised,”

Mrs. For. What then, he bore it most heroically?

Mrs. F. Most tyrannically—“for you see he has

“ got the start of me ; and I the poor forsaken maid
“ am left complaining on the shore.” But I’ll tell
you a hint that he has given me. Sir Sampson is
enraged, and talks desperately of committing matri-
mony himself. If he has a mind to throw himself
away, he can’t do it more effectually than upon me,
if we could bring it about.

Mrs. For. O hang him, old fox ! he’s too cunning ;
besides, he hates both you and me. But I have a
project in my head for you, and I have gone a good
way towards it. I have almost made a bargain with
Jeremy, Valentine’s man, to sell his master to us.

Mrs. F. Sell him ? how ?

Mrs. For. Valentine raves upon Angelica, and took
me for her ; and Jeremy says will take any body for
her that he imposes on him. Now I have promised
him mountains, if in one of his mad fits he will bring
you to him in her stead, and get you married toge-
ther, and put to bed together—and after consumma-
tion, girl, there’s no revoking. And if he should
recover his senses, he’ll be glad at least to make you
a good settlement.—Here they come ; stand aside a
little, and tell me how you like the design.

*Enter VALENTINE, SCANDAL, FORESIGHT, and
JEREMY.*

Scand. And have you given your master a hint of
their plot upon him ? [To Jeremy.]

Jer. Yes, sir ; he says he’ll favour it, and mistake
her for Angelica.

Scand. It may make us sport.

For. Mercy on us!

Val. Husht—interrupt me not—I'll whisper prediction to thee, and thou shalt prophesy.—I am Honesty, and can teach thy tongue a new trick.—I have told thee what's past—Now I'll tell what's to come!—Dost thou know what will happen to-morrow?—Answer me not—for I will tell thee. To-morrow knaves will thrive through craft and fools through fortune; and Honesty will go as it did, frost-nipt in a summer suit. Ask me questions concerning to-morrow. —

Scand. Ask him, Mr. Foresight.

For. Pray what will be done at court?

Val. Scandal will tell you—I am Honesty; I never come there.

For. In the city?

Val. Oh, prayers will be said in empty churches, at the usual hours. Yet you will see such zealous faces behind counters, as if religion were to be sold in every shop. Oh! things will go methodically in the city. The clocks will strike twelve at noon, and the horned herd buz in the Exchange at two. Husbands and wives will drive distinct trades; and care and pleasure separately occupy the family. Coffee-houses will be full of smoke and stratagem. And the cropt 'prentice, that sweeps his master's shop in the morning, may ten to one dirty his sheets before night. But there are two things that you will see very strange; which are, wanton wives with their legs at

liberty, and tame cuckolds with chains about their necks.—But hold, I must examine you before I go further; you look suspiciously. Are you a husband?

For. I am married.

Val. Poor creature! Is your wife of Covent-garden parish?

For. No; St. Martin in the Fields.

Val. Alas, poor man! his eyes are sunk, and his hands shrivelled; his legs dwindled, and his back bowed. Pray, pray for a metamorphosis.—Change thy shape, and shake off age; get thee *Medea's* kettle, and be boiled anew; come forth, with labouring, callous hands, a chine of steel, and *Atlas's* shoulders. Let *Taliacotius* trim the calves of twenty chairmen, and make thee pedestals to stand erect upon; and look matrimony in the face. Ha, ha, ha! that a man should have a stomach to a wedding supper, when the pigeons ought rather to be laid to his feet! ha, ha, ha!

For. His frenzy is very high now, Mr. Scandal.

Scand. I believe it is a spring tide.

For. Very likely truly; you understand these matters.—Mr. Scandal, I shall be very glad to confer with you about these things which he has uttered.—His sayings are very mysterious and hieroglyphical.

Val. Oh, why would Angelica be absent from my eyes so long?

Fer. She's here, sir.

Mrs. For. Now, sister.

Mrs. F. O Lord, what must I say?

Scand. Humour him, madam, by all means.

Val. Where is she? Oh, I see her!—She comes like riches, health, and liberty, at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandoned wretch.—O welcome, welcome!

Mrs. F. How d'ye, sir? can I serve you?

Val. Harkee—I have a secret to tell you—Endymion and the moon shall meet us upon Mount Latmos, and we'll be married in the dead of night.—But say not a word.—Hymen shall put his torch into a dark lantern, that it may be secret; and Juno shall give her peacock poppy water, that he may fold his oggling tail, and Argus's hundred eyes be shut, ha? Nobody shall know but Jeremy.

Mrs. F. No, no, we'll keep it secret; it shall be done presently.

Val. The sooner the better—Jeremy, come hither—closer—that none may overhear us. Jeremy, I can tell you news. Angelica is turned nun; and I am turned friar: and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the pope. Get me a cowl and beads, that I may play my part—for she'll meet me two hours hence in black and white, and a long veil to cover the project; and we won't see one another's faces, till we have done something to be ashamed of—and then we'll blush once for all.

Enter TATTLE and ANGELINA.

Jer. I'll take care, and——

Val. Whisper.

Ang. Nay, Mr. Tattle, if you make love to me, you spoil my design ; for I intend to make you my confidant.

Scand. How's this ! Tattle making love to Angelica !

Tatt. But, madam, to throw away your person, such a person ! and such a fortune, on a madman !

Ang. I never loved him till he was mad ; but don't tell any body so.

Tatt. Tell, madam ? alas, you don't know me.— I have much ado to tell your ladyship how long I have been in love with you—but, encouraged by the impossibility of Valentine's making any more addresses to you, I have ventured to declare the very inmost passion of my heart. Oh, madam, look upon us both. There you see the ruins of a poor decayed creature !—Here, a complete lively figure, with youth and health, and all his five senses in perfection, madam ; and to all this, the most passionate lover—

Ang. O, fie for shame, hold your tongue. A passionate lover, and five senses in perfection ! When you are as mad as Valentine, I'll believe you love me ; and the maddest shall take me.

Val. It is enough. Ha ! who's there ?

Mrs. F. O Lord, her coming will spoil all.

[To Jeremy.

Jer. No, no, madam ; he won't know her ; if he should, I can persuade him.

Val. Scandal, who are these ? Foreigners ? If they are, I'll tell you what I think.—Get away all the com-

pany but Angelica, that I may discover my design to her. *[Whispers.]*

Scand. I will.—I have discovered something of Tattle, that is of a piece with Mrs. Frail. He courts Angelica; if we could contrive to couple them together——Hark'ee—— *[Whispers.]*

Mrs. For. He won't know you, cousin; he knows nobody.

For. But he knows more than any body.—Oh, niece, he knows things past and to come, and all the profound secrets of time.

Tatt. Look you, Mr. Foresight; it is not my way to make many words of matters, and so I shan't say much. But in short, d'ye see, I will hold you a hundred pounds now, that I know more secrets than he.

For. How? I cannot read that knowledge in your face, Mr. Tattle. Pray, what do you know?

Tatt. Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, sir?—Read it in my face! No, sir, it is written in my heart; and safer there, sir, than letters written in juice of lemon, for no fire can fetch it out. I'm no blab, sir.

Val. Acquaint Jeremy with it; he may easily bring it about.—They are welcome, and I'll tell them so myself. *[To Scandal.]* What, do you look strange upon me?—Then I must be plain. *[Coming up to them.]* I am Honesty, and hate an old acquaintance with a new face. *[Scandal goes aside with Jeremy.]*

Tatt. Do you know me, Valentine?

Val. You? Who are you? I hope not.

Tatt. I am Jack Tattle, your friend.

Val. My friend! what to do? I'm no married man, and thou canst not lie with my wife. I am very poor, and thou canst not borrow money of me. Then what employment have I for a friend?

Tatt. Ha! a good open speaker, and not to be trusted with a secret.

Ang. Do you know me, Valentine?

Val. Oh, very well.

Ang. Who am I?

Val. You're a woman—one to whom Heaven gave beauty, when it grafted roses on a brier. You are the reflection of heaven in a pond; and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are all white, a sheet of lovely spotless paper, when you were first born; but you are to be scrawled and blotted by every goose's quill. I know you; for I loved a woman, and loved her so long, that I found out a strange thing; I found out what a woman was good for.

Tatt. Ay, pr'ythee, what's that?

Val. Why, to keep a secret.

Tatt. O Lord!

Val. O, exceeding good to keep a secret: for though she should tell, yet she is not believed.

Tatt. Hah! good again, faith.

Val. I would have music.—Sing me the song that
“ I like.—

“ SONG.

“ *I tell thee, Charmion, could I time retrieve,*

“ *And could again begin to love and live,*

“ *To you I should my earliest offering give;*

“ I know my eyes would lend my heart to you,
 “ And I should all my vows and oaths renew;
 “ But, to be plain, I never would be true.

“ For, by our weak and weary truth, I find,
 “ Love bates to centre in a point assign’d;
 “ But runs with joy the circle of the mind:
 “ Then never let us chain what should be free,
 “ But for relief of either sex, agree:
 “ Since women love to change, and so do we.

“ No more; for I’m melancholy.” [*Walks musing.*

Jer. [*Jeremy and Scandal whisper.*] I’ll do’t, sir.

Scand. Mr. Foresight, we had best leave him. He may grow outrageous, and do mischief.

For. I will be directed by you.

Jer. [*To Mrs. Frail.*] You’ll meet, madam.—I’ll take care every thing shall be ready.

Mrs. F. Thou shalt do what thou wilt; in short, I will deny thee nothing.

Tatt. Madam, shall I wait upon you? [*To Angelica.*

Ang. No, I’ll stay with him.—Mr. Scandal will protect me. Aunt, Mr. Tattle desires you would give him leave to wait upon you.

Tatt. Pox on’t, there’s no coming off, now she has said that—Madam, will you do me the honour?

Mrs. For. Mr. Tattle might have used less ceremony!

[*Exeunt Mrs. Frail, Mr. and Mrs. Foresight and Tattle.*]

Scand. Jeremy, follow Tattle.

Exit Jeremy.

Ang. Mr. Scandal, I only stay till my maid comes, and because I have a mind to be rid of Mr. Tattle.

Scand. Madam, I am very glad that I overheard a better reason which you gave to Mr. Tattle; for his impertinence forced you to acknowledge a kindness for Valentine, which you denied to all his sufferings and my solicitations. So I'll leave him to make use of the discovery; and your ladyship to the free confession of your inclinations.

Ang. Oh Heavens! you won't leave me alone with a madman?

Scand. No, madam; I only leave a madman to his remedy. *[Exit.]*

Val. Madam, you need not be very much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come to myself.

Ang. Ay, but if I don't fit you, I'll be hang'd. *[Aside.]*

Val. You see what disguises love makes us put on. Gods have been in counterfeited shapes for the same reason; and the divine part of me, my mind, has worn this masque of madness, and this motley livery, only as the slave of love, and menial creature of your beauty.

Ang. Mercy on me, how he talks!—Poor Valentine!

Val. Nay, faith, now let us understand one another, hypocrisy apart. The comedy draws towards an end; and let us think of leaving acting, and be ourselves; and, since you have loved me, you must own, I have at length deserved you should confess it.

Ang. *[Sighs.]* I would I had loved you!—for Heaven knows, I pity you; and, could I have foreseen

the bad effects, I would have striven? but that's too late!

Val. What bad effects? what's too late?—My seeming madness has deceived my father, and procured me time to think of means to reconcile me to him, and preserve the right of my inheritance to his estate; which otherwise, by articles, I must this morning have resigned. And this I had informed you of to-day, but you were gone before I knew you had been here.

Ang. How! I thought your love of me had caused this transport in your soul; which, it seems you only counterfeited for mercenary ends and sordid interest.

Val. Nay, now you do me wrong; for, if any interest was considered, it was yours; since I thought I wanted more than love to make me worthy of you.

Ang. Then you thought me mercenary—But how am I deluded, by this interval of sense, to reason with a madman?

Val. Oh, 'tis barbarous to misunderstand me longer.

Enter JEREMY.

Ang. Oh, here's a reasonable creature—sure he will not have the impudence to persevere!—Come, Jeremy, acknowledge your trick, and confess your master's madness counterfeit.

Jer. Counterfeit, madam! I'll maintain him to be as absolutely and substantially mad, as any freeholder in Bedlam. Nay, he's as mad as any projector, fanatic, chemist, lover, or poet, in Europe.

Val. Sirrah, you lie; I'm not mad.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha! you see he denies it.

Jer. O Lord, madam, did you ever know any mad-man mad enough to own it?

Val. Sot, can't you apprehend?

Ang. Why he talked very sensibly just now.

Jer. Yes, madam; he has intervals: but you see he begins to look wild again now.

Val. Why you thick-sculled rascal, I tell you the farce is done, and I'll be mad no longer. [*Beats him.*]

Ang. Ha, ha, ha! is he mad or no, Jeremy?

Jer. Partly, I think—for he does not know his own mind two hours. I'm sure I left him just now in the humour to be mad: and I think I have not found him very quiet at the present. [*One knocks.*] Who's there?

Val. Go see, you sot. I'm very glad that I can move your mirth, though not your compassion.

Ang. I did not think you had apprehension enough to be exceptionous: but madmen shew themselves most by over-pretending to a sound understanding, as drunken men do by over-acting sobriety. I was half inclining to believe you, till I accidentally touched upon your tender part. But now you have restored me to my former opinion and compassion.

Jer. Sir, your father has sent, to know if you are any better yet.—Will you please to be mad, sir, or how?

Val. Stupidity! you know the penalty of all I'm worth must pay for the confession of my senses. I'm mad, and will be mad, to every body but this lady.

Jer. So ;—just the very back-side of truth. But lying is a figure in speech, that interlards the greatest part of my conversation.—Madam, your ladyship's woman.

Enter JENNY.

Ang. Well, have you been there ?—Come hither.

Jenny. Yes, madam ; Sir Sampson will wait upon you presently. — [*Aside to Angelica.*

Val. You are not leaving me in this uncertainty ?

Ang. Would any thing but a madman complain of uncertainty ? Uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life. Security is an insipid thing ; and the overtaking and possessing of a wish, discovers the folly of the chace. Never let us know one another better ; for the pleasure of a masquerade is done, when we come to shew our faces. But I'll tell you two things before I leave you ; I am not the fool you take me for ; and you are mad, and don't know it.

[*Exeunt Angelica and Jenny.*

Val. From a riddle you can expect nothing but a riddle. There's my instruction, and the moral of my lesson.

Jer. What is the lady gone again, sir ? I hope you understood one another before she went ?

Val. Understood ! she is harder to be understood than a piece of Egyptian antiquity, or an Irish manuscript ; you may pore till you spoil your eyes, and not improve your knowledge.

Jer. I have heard them say, sir, they read hard He-

brew books backwards. May be you begin to read at the wrong end!

Val. 'They say so of a witch's prayer; and dreams and Dutch almanacks are to be understood by contraries. "But there is regularity and method in that; "she is a medal without a reverse or inscription, for "indifference has both sides alike." Yet while she does not seem to hate me, I will pursue her, and know her if it be possible, in spite of the opinion of my satirical friend, who says,

*That women are like tricks by slight of hand;
Which, to admire, we should not understand.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in FORESIGHT'S House. Enter ANGELICA and JENNY.

Angelica.

WHERE is Sir Sampson? did you not tell me he would be here before me?

Jenny. He's at the great glass in the dining-room, madam, setting his cravat and wig.

Ang. How! I'm glad on't.—If he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me; and that's more than half my design.

Jenny. I hear him, madam.

Ang. Leave me ; and, d'ye hear, if Valentine should come, or send, I'm not to be spoken with. [*Exit Jenny.*]

Enter Sir SAMPSON.

Sir S. I have not been honoured with the commands of a fair lady a great while.—Odd, madam, you have revived me—not since I was five and thirty.

Ang. Why, you have no great reason to complain, Sir Sampson ; that's not long ago.

Sir S. Zooks, but it is, madam, a very great while ; to a man that admires a fine woman as much as I do.

Ang. You're an absolute courtier, Sir Sampson.

Sir S. Not at all, madam. Odsbud, you wrong me : I am not so old neither, to be a bare courtier, only a man of words. Odd, I have warm blood about me yet, and can serve a lady any way.—Come, come, let me tell you, you women think a man old too soon, faith and troth you do. Come, don't despise fifty ; odd, fifty, in a hale constitution, is no such contemptible age !

Ang. Fifty a contemptible age ! not at all : a very fashionable age, I think—I assure you, I know very considerable beaux, that set a good face upon fifty.—Fifty ! I have seen fifty in a side-box, by candle-light, out blossom five and twenty.

Sir S. Outsides, outsides ; a pize take them, mere outsides. Hang your side-box beaux ; no, I'm none of those, none of your forced trees, that pretend to blossom in the fall ; and bud when they should bring forth fruit. I am of a long-liv'd race, and inherit

vigour. None of my ancestors married till fifty ; yet they begot sons and daughters till fourscore. I am of your patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your Antediluvian families, fellows that the flood could not wash away. Well, madam, what are your commands ? Has any young rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his throat, or——

Ang. No, Sir Sampson, I have no quarrel upon my hands—I have more occasion for your conduct than your courage at this time. To tell you the truth, I'm weary of living single, and want a husband.

Sir S. Odsbud, and it is pity you should!——Odd, would she would like me ! than I should hamper my young rogues : odd, would she would ; faith and troth, she's devilish handsome ! [*Aside.*]——Madam, you deserve a good husband ! and 'twere pity you should be thrown away upon any of these young idle rogues about the town. Odd, there's ne'er a young fellow worth hanging—that is, a *very* young fellow——Pize on them, they never think beforehand of any thing—and if they commit matrimony, 'tis as they commit murder ; out of a frolic ; and are ready to hang themselves, or to be hanged by the law the next morning. Odsso, have a care, madam.

Ang. Therefore I ask your advice, Sir Sampson, I have fortune enough to make any man easy that I can like ; if there was such a thing as a young agreeable man, with a reasonable stock of good-nature and sense——for I would neither have an absolute wit, nor a fool.

Sir S. Odd, you are hard to please, madam : to find a young fellow that is neither a wit in his own eye, nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a very hard task. But, faith and troth, you speak very discreetly ;
“ for I hate both a wit and a fool. ”

“ *Ang.* She that marries a fool, Sir Sampson, forfeits the reputation of her honesty or understanding ; and she that marries a very witty man, is a slave to the severity and insolent conduct of her husband. I should like a man of wit for a lover, because I would have such a one in my power : but I would no more be his wife than his enemy ; for his malice is not a more terrible consequence of his aversion, than his jealousy is of his love. ”

“ *Sir S.* None of old Foresight’s Sibyls ever uttered such a truth. Odsbud, you have won my heart. ”
I hate a wit ; I had a son that was spoilt among them ; a good hopeful lad, till he learnt to be a wit—and might have risen in the state.—But, a pox on’t, his wit ran him out of his money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wits.

Ang. Sir Sampson, as your friend, I must tell you, you are very much abused in that matter—he’s no more mad than you are.

Sir S. How, madam ! would I could prove it !

Ang. I can tell you how that may be done—but it is a thing that would make me appear to be too much concerned in your affairs.

Sir S. Odsbud, I believe she likes me ! [*Aside.*]
—Ah, madam, all my affairs are scarce worthy to

be laid at your feet; and I wish, madam, they were in a better posture, that I might make a more becoming offer to a lady of your incomparable beauty and merit.—If I had Peru in one hand, and Mexico in t'other, and the Eastern empire under my feet; it would make me only a more glorious victim, to be offered at the shrine of your beauty.

Ang. Bless me, Sir Sampson, what's the matter?

Sir S. Odd, madam, I love you—and if you would take my advice in a husband——

Ang. Hold, hold, Sir Sampson, I asked your advice for a husband, and you are giving me your consent. I was indeed thinking to propose something like it in jest, to satisfy you about Valentine: for if a match were seemingly carried on between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his disguise of madness, in apprehension of losing me; for, you know, he has long pretended a passion for me.

Sir S. Gadzooks, a most ingenious contrivance—if we were to go through with it! But why must the match only be *seemingly* carried on? Odd, let it be a real contract.

Ang. O fie, Sir Sampson, what would the world say?

Sir S. Say? They would say you were a wise woman, and I a happy man. Odd, madam, I'll love you as long as I live; and leave you a good jointure when I die.

Ang. Ay; but that is not in your power, Sir Sampson, for when Valentine confesses himself in his

senses, he must make over his inheritance to his younger brother.

Sir S. Odd, you're cunning, a wary baggage. Faith and troth, I like you the better. But, I warrant you, I have a proviso in the obligation in favour of myself. Body o'me, I have a trick to turn the settlement upon the issue male of our two bodies begotten. Odsbud, let us find children, and I'll find an estate!

Ang. Will you? Well, do you find the estate, and leave the other to me!

Sir S. O rogue! but I'll trust you. And will you consent? Is it a match then?

Ang. Let me consult my lawyer concerning this obligation; and if I find what you propose practicable, I'll give you my answer.

Sir S. With all my heart. Come in with me, and I'll lend you the bond. You shall consult your lawyer, and I'll consult a parson. Odzooks, I'm a young man; Odzooks, I'm a young man, and I'll make it appear—Odd, you're devilish handsome. Faith and troth, you're very handsome; and I'm very young, and very lusty. Odsbud, hussey, you know how to choose! and so do I. Odd, I think we are very well met. Give me your hand; odd, let me kiss it; 'tis as warm and as soft—as what?—odd, as t'other hand!—Give me t'other hand; and I'll mumble them, and kiss them, till they melt in my mouth.

Ang. Hold, Sir Sampson—You're profuse of your vigour before your time. You'll spend your estate before you come to it.

Sir S. No, no, only give you a rent-roll of my possessions—Ah! baggage!—I warrant you for a little Sampson. Odd, Sampson is a very good name for an able fellow. Your Sampsons were strong dogs from the beginning.

Ang. Have a care, and don't over-act your part. If you remember, Sampson, the strongest of the name, pulled an old house over his head at last.

Sir S. Say you so, hussy?—Gome, let's go then: odd, I long to be pulling too. Come away—Odso, here's somebody coming.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter TATTLE and JEREMY.

Tatt. Is not that she, gone out just now?

Jer. Ay, sir, she's just going to the place of appointment. Ah, sir, if you are not very faithful and close in this business, you'll certainly be the death of a person that has a most extraordinary passion for your honour's service.

Tatt. Ay, who's that?

Jer. Even my unworthy self, sir. Sir, I have had an appetite to be fed with your commands a great while—And now, sir, my former master having much troubled the fountain of his understanding, it is a very plausible occasion for me to quench my thirst at the spring of your bounty. I thought I could not recommend myself better to you, sir, than by the delivery of a great beauty and fortune into your arms, whom I have heard you sigh for.

Tatt. I'll make thy fortune; say no more. Thou

art a pretty fellow, and canst carry a message to a lady, in a pretty soft kind of phrase, and with a good persuading accent.

Jer. Sir, I have the seeds of rhetoric and oratory in my head—I have been at Cambridge.

Tatt. Ay; 'tis well enough for a servant to be bred at an university; but the education is a little too pedantic for a gentleman. I hope you are secret in your nature, private, close, ha?

Jer. O sir, for that, sir, 'tis my chief talent; I'm as secret as the head of Nilus.

Tatt. Ay? who's he, though? A privy-counsellor?

Jer. O ignorance! [*Aside.*]—A cunning Egyptian, sir, that with his arms could over-run the country, yet nobody could ever find out his head quarters.

Tatt. Close, dog! a good whoremaster, I warrant him!—The time draws nigh, Jeremy, Angelica will be veiled like a nun; and I must be hooded like a friar; ha, Jeremy?

Jer. Ay, sir, hooded like a hawk, to seize at first sight upon the quarry. It is the whim of my master's madness to be so dressed; and she is so in love with him, she'll comply with any thing to please him. Poor lady! I'm sure she'll have reason to pray for me, when she finds what a happy change she has made, between a madman and so accomplished a gentleman.

Tatt. Ay, faith, so she will, Jeremy: You're a good friend to her, poor creature!—I swear I do it hardly so much in consideration of myself, as compassion to her.

Jer. 'Tis an act of charity, sir, to save a fine woman with thirty thousand pounds from throwing herself away.

Tatt. So 'tis faith! I might have saved several others in my time; but egad I could never find in my heart to marry any body before.

Jer. Well, sir, I'll go and tell her my master's coming; and meet you in half a quarter of an hour, with your disguise, at your own lodgings. You must talk a little madly;—she won't distinguish the tone of your voice.

Tatt. No, no, let me alone for a counterfeit. I'll be ready for you. [Exit Jeremy.]

Enter Miss PRUE.

Miss P. O, Mr. Tattle, are you here? I'm glad I have found you. I have been looking up and down for you like any thing, till I'm as tired as any thing in the world.

Tatt. O pox! how shall I get rid of this foolish girl? [Aside.]

Miss P. O, I have pure news, I can tell you pure news—I must not marry the seaman now—My father says so. Why won't you be my husband? You say you love me! and you won't be my husband? And I know you may be my husband now, if you please.

Tatt. O fie, miss! who told you so, child?

Miss P. Why, my father—I told him that you loved me.

Tatt. O fie, miss! why did you do so! and who told you so, child?

Miss P. Who? Why you did; did not you?

Tatt. O pox, that was yesterday, miss; that was a great while ago, child. I have been asleep since; slept a whole night, and did not so much as dream of the matter.

Miss P. Pshaw! O but I dreamt that it was so though.

Tatt. Ay, but your father will tell you that dreams come by contraries, child. O fie! what, we must not love one another now. Pshaw, that would be a foolish thing indeed! Fie, fie! you're a woman now, and must think of a new man every morning, and forget him every night. No, no, to marry is to be a child again, and play with the same rattle always: O fie, marrying is a paw thing!

Miss P. Well, but don't you love me as well as you did last night then?

Tatt. No, no, child, you would not have me.

Miss P. No? Yes but I would though.

Tatt. Pshaw, but I tell you, you would not. You forget you are a woman, and don't know your own mind.

Miss P. But here's my father, and he knows my mind.

Enter FORESIGHT.

For. O, Mr. Tattle, your servant, you are a close man; but methinks your love to my daughter was a

secret I might have been trusted with!—or had you a mind to try if I could discover it by my art?—Hum, ha! I think there is something in your physiognomy that has a resemblance of her; and the girl is like me.

Tatt. And so you would infer that you and I are alike——What does the old prig mean? I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him. [*Aside.*]—I fancy you have a wrong notion of faces.

For. How? what? a wrong notion! how so?

Tatt. In the way of art, I have some taking features, not obvious to vulgar eyes, that are indication of a sudden turn of good fortune, in the lottery of wives; and promise a great beauty and great fortune reserved alone for me, by a private intrigue of destiny, kept secret from the piercing eye of perspicuity, from all astrologers, and the stars themselves.

For. How? I will make it appear, that what you say is impossible.

Tatt. Sir, I beg your pardon, I am in haste——

For. For what?

Tatt. To be married, sir——married.

For. Ay, but pray take me along with you, sir.

Tatt. No, sir; it is to be done privately——I never make confidants.

For. Well; but my consent, I mean—You won't marry my daughter without my consent?

Tatt. Who, I sir? I am an absolute stranger to you and your daughter, sir.

For. Hey-day! What time of the moon is this?

Tatt. Very true, sir! and desire to continue so.

have no more love for your daughter, then I have likeness of you: and I have a secret in my heart, which you would be glad to know, and shan't know: and yet you shall know it too, and be sorry for it afterwards. I'd have you know, sir, that I am as knowing as the stars, and as secret as the night. And I'm going to be married just now, yet did not know of it half an hour ago; and the lady stays for me, and does not know of it yet. There's a mystery for you. I know you love to untie difficulties. Or if you can't solve this; stay here a quarter of an hour, and I'll come and explain it to you. [Exit.]

Miss P. O father, why will you let him go? Won't you make him to be my husband?

For. Mercy on us, what do these lunacies portend? Alas! he's mad, child, stark wild.

Miss P. What, and must not I have e'er a husband then? What, must I go to bed to nurse again, and be a child as long as she's an old woman? Indeed, but I won't. For, now my mind is set upon a man, I will have a man some way or other. "Oh, me—" thinks I'm sick when I think of a man; and if I "can't have one, I would go to sleep all my life; for "when I'm awake, it makes me wish and long, and "I don't know, for what—and I'd rather be always "asleep, than sick with thinking."

For. O fearful! I think the girl's influenced too. —Hussy, you shall have a rod.

Miss P. A fiddle of a rod! I'll have a husband; and if you won't get me one, I'll get one for myself.

I'll marry our Robin the butler; he says he loves me: and he's a handsome man, and shall be my husband: I warrant he'll be my husband, and thank me too; for he told me to.

Enter SCANDAL, Mrs. FORESIGHT, and NURSE.

For. Did he so? I'll dispatch him for it presently! Rogue! Oh, Nurse, come hither.

Nurse. What is your worship's pleasure?

For. Here take your young mistress, and lock her up presently, till farther orders from me. Not a word, hussy—Do what I bid you. No reply: away. And bid Robin make ready to give an account of his plate and linen, dy'e hear? Be gone, when I bid you. [*Exeunt Nurse and Miss Prue.*]

Mrs. For. What's the matter, husband?

For. 'Tis not convenient to tell you now——Mr. Scandal, Heaven keep us all in our senses! I fear there is a contagious frenzy abroad. How does Valentine?

Scand. O, I hope he will do well again, I have a message from him to your niece Angelica.

For. I think she has not returned since she went broad with Sir Sampson. Nurse, why are you not gone? [*Enter Ben.*] Here's Mr. Benjamin; he can tell us if his father be come home.

Ben. Who? Father? Ay, he's come home with a vengeance.

Mrs. For. Why, what's the matter?

Ben. Matter! Why, he's mad.

For. Mercy on us! I was afraid of this.

Ben. And there's a handsome young woman, she, as they say brother Val went mad for, she's mad too, I think.

For. O my poor niece! my poor niece! is she gone too? Well, I shall run mad next.

Mrs. For. Well, but how mad? how d'ye mean?

Ben. Nay, I'll give you leave to guess—I'll undertake to make a voyage to Antigua.—No, I mayn't say so, neither—but I'll sail as far as Leghorn, and back again, before you shall guess at the matter, and do nothing else. Mess, you may take in all the points of the compass, and not hit the right.

Mrs. For. Your experiment will take up a little too much time.

Ben. Why then I'll tell you: there's a new wedding upon the stocks, and they two are going to be married to rights.

Scand. Who?

Ben. Why father, and—the young woman. I can't hit her name.

Scand. Angelica?

Ben. Ay, the same.

Mrs. For. Sir Sampson and Angelica? Impossible

Ben. That may be—but I'm sure it is as I tell you

Scand. 'Sdeath, it is a jest. I can't believe it.

Ben. Look you, friend; it is nothing to me whether you believe it or no. What I say is true d'ye see; they are married, or just going to be married, I know not which.

For. Well, but they are not mad, that is, not lunatic?

Ben. I don't know what you may call madness—but she's mad for a husband, and he's horn-mad, I think, or they'd never make a match together.—Here they come.

Enter Sir SAMPSON, ANGELICA, and BUCKRAM.

Sir S. Where is this old soothsayer? this uncle of mine elect?—Aha! old Foresight! uncle Foresight! wish me joy, uncle Foresight; double joy, both as uncle and astrologer: here's a conjunction that was not foretold in all your Ephemeris! The brightest star in the blue firmament—is *shot from above, in a jelly of love*, and so forth; and I'm lord of the ascendant. Odd, you're an old fellow, Foresight, uncle I mean; a very old fellow, uncle Foresight; and yet you shall live to dance at my wedding; faith and troth you shall. Odd, we'll have the music of the spheres for thee, old Lilly, that we will; and thou shalt lead up a dance in *via lactea*.

For. I'm thunder-struck! You are not married to my niece?

Sir S. Not absolutely married, uncle; but very near it; within a kiss of the matter, as you see.

[*Kisses Angelica.*]

Ang. 'Tis very true indeed, uncle; I hope you'll be my father, and give me.

Sir S. That he shall, or I'll burn his globes.—Body o'me, he shall be thy father: I'll make him

thy father, and thou shalt make me a father, and I'll make thee a mother; and we'll beget sons and daughters enough to put the weekly bills out of countenance.

Scand. Death and hell! Where's Valentine? [*Exit.*

Mrs. For. This is so surprising—

Sir S. How! What does my aunt say? surprising, aunt? not at all, for a young couple to make a match in winter! Not at all—It's a plot to undermine cold weather, and destroy that usurper of a bed called a warming-pan.

Mrs. For. I'm glad to hear you have so much fire in you, Sir Sampson.

Ben. Mess, I fear his fire's little better than tinder; mayhap it will only serve to light a match for somebody else. The young woman's a handsome young woman, I can't deny it: but father, if I might be your pilot in this case, you should not marry her. It is just the same thing as if so be you should sail as far as *the Streights* without provision.

Sir S. Who gave your authority to speak, sirrah? To your element, fish; be mute, fish, and to sea. Rule your helm, sirrah; don't direct me.

Ben. Well, well, take you care of your own helm; or you mayn't keep your new vessel steady.

Sir S. Why, you impudent tarpawling! sirrah, do you bring your forecastle jests upon your father? But I shall be even with you; I won't give you a groat. Mr. Buckram is the conveyance so worded, that nothing can possibly descend to this scoundrel?

I would not so much as have him have the prospect of an estate, though there were no way to come to it, but by the *north-east* passage.

Buck. Sir, it is drawn according to your directions; there is not the least cranny of the law unstopt.

Ben. Lawyer, I believe there's many a cranny and leak unstopt in your conscience! If so be that one had a pump to your bosom, I believe we should discover a foul hold. They say a witch will sail in a sieve—but I believe the devil would not venture aboard your conscience. And that's for you.

Sir S. Hold your tongue, sirrah.—How now? who's here?

Enter TATTLE, and Mrs. FRAIL.

Mrs. F. O, sister, the most unlucky accident!

Mrs. For. What's the matter?

Tatt. O the two most unfortunate poor creatures in the world we are!

For. Bless us! how so?

Mrs. F. Ah, Mr. Tattle and I, poor Mr. Tattle and I are—I can't speak it out.

Tatt. Nor I——But poor Mrs. Frail and I are——

Mrs. F. Married.

For. Married! How?

Tatt. Suddenly——before we knew where we were—that villain Jeremy, by the help of disguises, trick'd us into one another.

For. Why, you told me just now, you went hence in haste to be married!

Ang. But, I believe Mr. Tattle meant the favour to me, I thank him.

Tatt. I did, as I hope to be saved, madam; my intentions were good.—But this is the most cruel thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore. The devil take me, if ever I was so much concerned at any thing in my life.

Ang. 'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

Tatt. The least in the world—that is, for my part, I speak for myself. Gad, I never had the least thought of serious kindness—I never liked any body less in my life, Poor woman! Gad, I'm sorry for her too; for I have no reason to hate her neither; but I believe I shall lead her a damned sort of a life.

Mrs. For. He's better than no husband at all—though he's a coxcomb. [To Frail.

Mrs. F. [To her.] Ay, ay, it's well it's no worse. Nay, for my part, I always despised Mr. Tattle of all things; nothing but his being my husband could have made me like him less.

Tatt. Look you there, I thought as much! Pox on't, I wish we could keep it secret; why I don't believe any of this company would speak of it.

Ecn. If you suspect me, friend, I'll go out of the room.

Mrs. F. But, my dear, that's impossible; the parson and that rogue Jeremy will publish it.

Tatt. Ay, my dear, so they will, as you say.

Ang. O you'll agree very well in a little time, custom will make it easy for you.

Tatt. Easy! Pox on't, I don't believe I shall sleep to-night.

Sir S. Sleep, quotha! No, why, you would not sleep on your wedding-night? I'm an older fellow than you, and don't mean to sleep.

Ben. Why, there's another match now, as thof a couple of privateers were looking for a prize, and should fall foul of one another. I'm sorry for the young man with all my heart. Look you, friend, if I may advise you, when she's going—for that you must expect, I have experience of her—when she's going, let her go. For no matrimony it tough enough to hold her; and if she can't drag her anchor along with her, she'll break her cable, I can tell you that. Who's here? the madman?

Enter VALENTINE, SCANDAL, and JEREMY.

Val. No; here's the fool; and, if occasion be, I'll give it under my hand.

Sir S. How now?

Val. Sir, I'm come to acknowledge my errors, and ask your pardon.

Sir S. What, have you found your senses at last then? In good time, sir.

Val. You were abused, sir; I never was distracted.

For. How? not mad! Mr. Scandal?

Scand. No, really, sir; I'm his witness, it was all counterfeit.

Val. I thought I had reasons—but it was a poor contrivance : the effect has shewn it such.

Sir S. Contrivance ! what, to cheat me ? to cheat your father ! Sirrah, could you hope to prosper ?

Val. Indeed I thought, sir, when the father endeavoured to undo the son, it was a reasonable return of nature.

Sir S. Very good, sir. Mr. Buckram, are you ready ? Come, sir, will you sign and seal ?

Val. If you please, sir ; but first I would ask this lady one question.

Sir S. Sir, you must ask me leave first—That lady ! No, sir ; you shall ask that lady no questions, till you have asked her blessing, sir ; that lady is to be my wife.

Val. I have heard as much, sir ; but I would have it from her own mouth.

Sir S. That's as much as to say, I lie, sir ; and you don't believe what I say.

Val. Pardon me, sir. But I reflect that I very lately counterfeited madness : I don't know but the frolic may go round.

Sir S. Come, chuck, satisfy him, answer him.—Come, Mr. Buckram, the pen and ink.

Buck. Here it is, sir, with the deed ; all is ready.

[*Val. goes to Ang.*

Ang. 'Tis true, you have a great while pretended love to me ; nay, what if you were sincere ? Still you must pardon me, if I think my own inclinations have a better right to dispose of my person, than yours.

Sir S. Are you answered now, sir?

Val. Yes, sir.

Sir S. Where's your plot, sir? and your contrivance now, sir? Will you sign, sir? Come, will you sign and seal?

Val. With all my heart, sir.

Scand. 'Sdeath, you are not mad indeed? to ruin yourself?

Val. I have been disappointed of my only hope; and he that loses hope may part with any thing. I never valued fortune, but as it was subservient to my pleasure; and my only pleasure was to please this lady: I have made many vain attempts: and find at last that nothing but my ruin can effect it; which, for that reason, I will sign to.—Give me the paper.

Ang. Generous Valentine!

[*Aside.*

Buck. Here is the deed, sir.

Val. But where is the bond, by which I am obliged to sign this?

Buck. Sir Sampson, you have it,

Ang. No, I have it; and I'll use it, as I would every thing that is an enemy to Valentine.

[*Tears the paper.*

Sir S. How now?

Val. Ha!

Ang. Had I the world to give you, it could not make me worthy of so generous and faithful a passion. Here's my hand; my heart was always yours, and struggled very hard to make this utmost trial of your virtue.

[*To Val.*

Val. Between pleasure and amazement I am lost—but on my knees I take the blessing.

Sir S. Oons, what is the meaning of this?

Ben. Mess, here's the wind changed again. Father, you and I may make a voyage together now!

Ang. Well, Sir Sampson, since I have played you a trick, I'll advise you how you may avoid such another. Learn to be a good father, or you'll never get a second wife. I always loved your son, and hated your unforgiving nature. I was resolved to try him to the utmost; I have tried you too, and know you both. You have not more faults than he has virtues; and it is hardly more pleasure to me, that I can make him and myself happy, than that I can punish you.

“*Val.* If my happiness could receive addition, this kind surprise would make it double.”

Sir S. Oons, you're a crocodile.

For. Really, Sir Sampson, this is a sudden eclipse.

Sir S. You're an illiterate old fool; and I'm another.

Tatt. If the gentleman is in disorder for want of a wife, I can spare him mine. Oh, are you there, sir? I am indebted to you for my happiness. [*To Jeremy.*

Jer. Sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons: it was an arrant mistake. You see, sir, my master was never mad, nor any thing like it.—Then how can it be otherwise?

Val. Tattle, I thank you; you would have interposed between me and heaven; but Providence laid Purgatory in your way. You have but justice.

Scand. I hear the fiddles that Sir Sampson provided for his own wedding; methinks it is pity they should not be employed when the match is so much mended. Valentine, though it be morning, we may have a dance.

Val. Any thing, my friend; every thing that looks like joy and transport.

Scand. Call them, Jeremy.

Ang. I have done dissembling now, Valentine; and if that coldness which I have always worn before you should turn to an extreme fondness, you must not suspect it.

Val. I'll prevent that suspicion—for I intend to doat to that immoderate degree, that your fondness shall never distinguish itself enough to be taken notice of. If ever you seem to love too much, it must be only when I can't love enough.

Ang. Have a care of promises: you know you are apt to run more in debt than you are able to pay.

Val. Therefore I yield my body as your prisoner, and make your best on't.

Scand. "The music stays for you." [A dance.

[To *Ang.*] Well, madam, you have done exemplary justice, in punishing an inhuman father, and rewarding a faithful lover: but there is a third good work, which I, in particular, must thank you for: I was an infidel to your sex, and you have converted me—for now I am convinced that all women are not, like fortune, blind in bestowing favours, either on those who do not merit, or who do not want them.

Ang. It is an unreasonable accusation, that you lay upon our sex. You tax us with injustice, only to cover your own want of merit. You would all have the reward of love; but few have the constancy to stay till it becomes your due. Men are generally hypocrites and infidels; they pretend to worship, but have neither zeal nor faith. How few, like Valentine, would persevere even to martyrdom, and sacrifice their interest to their constancy! In admiring me, you misplace the novelty.

*The miracle to day is, that we find
A lover true; not that a woman's kind.*

Exeunt omnes.

Book - 1.

Hits 11.

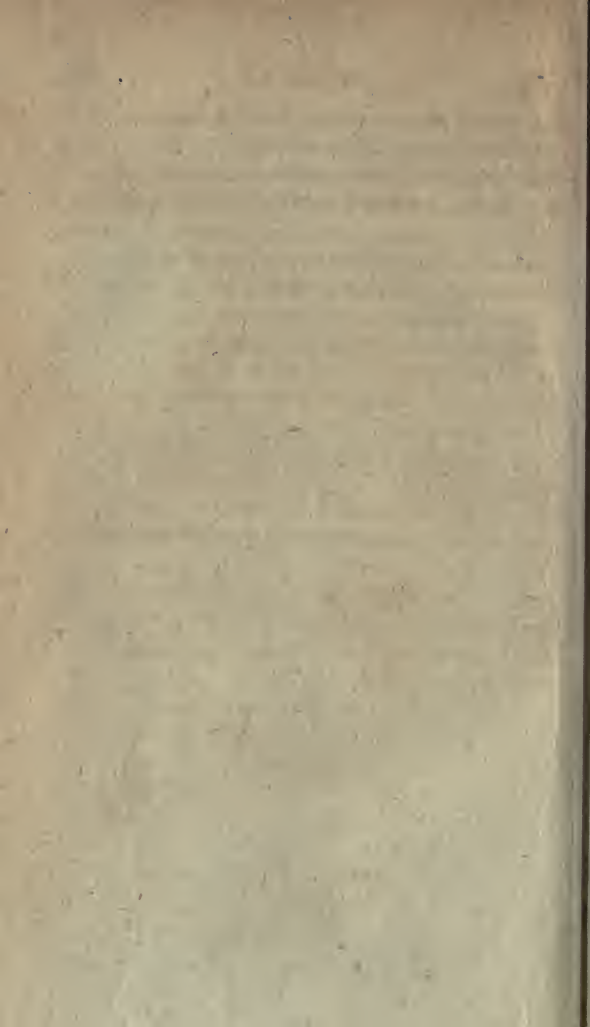
Loss of Beauty 31.

Stars 41.

Appetites 46

reasonable Ear 47.

Flattery 56.



*And thus our audience, which did once resort
 To shining theatres, to see our sport,
 Now find us toss'd into a tennis court.
 These walls but t'other day were fill'd with noise
 Of roaring gamesters, and your damme boys ;
 Then bounding balls and rackets they encompass ;
 And now they're fill'd with jests, and flights, and bombast !
 I vow, I don't much like this transmigration,
 Strolling from place to place, by circulation ;
 Grant Heaven, we don't return to our first station !
 I know not what these think ; but, for my part,
 I can't reflect without an aching heart,
 How we should end in, our original, a cart.
 But we can't fear, since you're so good to save us,
 That you have only set us up to leave us.
 Thus, from the past, we hope for future grace,
 I beg it——
 And some here know I have a begging face.
 Then pray continue this your kind behaviour ;
 For a clear stage won't do, without your favour.*

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

*SURE Providence at first design'd this place
To be the player's refuge in distress;
For still, in every storm, they all run hitber,
As to a shed, that shields them from the weather.
But thinking of this change which last besel us,
It's like what I have heard our poets tell us:
For when behind our scenes their suits are pleading,
To help their love, sometimes they shew their reading;
And, wanting ready cash to pay for hearts,
They top their learning on us and their parts.
Once of philosophers they told us stories,
Whom, as I think they called—Py—Pythagories,
I'm sure 'tis some such Latin name they give them,
And we, who know no better, must believe them.
Now to these men (say they) such souls were given,
That, after death, ne'er went to hell nor heaven,
But liv'd, I know not how, in beasts; and then,
When many years were pass'd, in men again.
Methinks, we players resemble such a soul,
That, does from bodies; we, from houses stroll.
Thus Aristotle's soul, of old that was,
May now be damn'd to animate an ass;
Or in this very house, for ought we know,
Is doing painful penance in some beau:*





Wilde pinet

Chapman

MR. HOLMAN as ALEXANDER.

'Tis false. Great Ammon gave me birth

London. Printed for J. Bell. British Library Strand. April 19. 1793.

THE RIVAL QUEENS;

OR, THE DEATH

OF

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

A

TRAGEDY,

By NATHANIEL LEE.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

THE Number and Nature of the Alterations, &c. in this Play, have induced the Editor to deviate from his general Plan, and present it to the Public as literally represented.

LONDON :

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

MDCCXCIII.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON

FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT

BY
JOHN STOW

OF THE CITY OF LONDON
CITY CLERK

AND OF THE
COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE FIRST VOLUME

CONTAINING THE
HISTORY OF THE CITY OF LONDON

FROM THE FOUNDATION

TO THE PRESENT

BY
JOHN STOW

OF THE CITY OF LONDON

CITY CLERK

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE FIRST VOLUME

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN EARL OF MULGRAVE.

Gentleman of His Majesty's Bedchamber, and Knight of the
most noble Order of the Garter.

MY LORD,

WHEN I hear by many persons, not indifferents judges, how poets are censured most even where they most intend to please, and sometimes by those too whom they address condemned for flatterers, sycophants, and little fawning wretches; I confess, of all undertakings, there is none more dreadful to me than a Dedication. So nicely cruel are our judges, that after a play has been generally applauded on the stage, the industrious malice of some after-observer shall damn it for an epistle or a preface. For this reason, my lord, Alexander was more to seek for a patron in my troubled thoughts than for the temple of Jupiter Ammon in the spreading wilds and rolling sands. 'Tis certain too he must have been lost, had not fortune, whom I must once at least acknowledge kind in my life, presented me to your lordship. You were pleased, my lord, to read it over act by act; and by particular praises, proceeding from the sweetness rather than the justice of your temper, lifted me up from my natural melancholy and diffidence to a bold

beliefs, that what so great an understanding warranted could not fail of success.

And here I were most ungrateful if I should not satisfy the judging world of the surprise I was in.— Pardon me, my lord, for calling it a surprise, when I was first honoured by waiting upon your lordship : so much unexpected, and, indeed, unusual affability, from persons of your birth and quality, so true an easiness, such frankness without affectation, I never saw. Your constant but few friends show the firmness of your mind, which never varies ; so godlike a virtue, that a prince puts off his majesty when he parts with resolution. In all the happy times that I attended you, unless business or accident interposed, I have observed your company to be the same. You have travelled through all tempers, sailed through all humours of the court's unconstant sea ; you have gained the gallant prizes which you sought, your selected invaluable friends ; and I am perfectly persuaded, if you traffic but seldom abroad, it is for fear of splitting upon knaves or fools. Nor is it pride, but rather a delicacy of your soul, that makes you shun the sordid part of the world, the lees and dregs of it ; while in the noblest retirement you enjoy the finer spirits, and have that just greatness to be above the baser. How commendable, therefore, is such a reservation ! how admirable such a solitude ! If you are singular in this, we ought to blame the wild, unthinking, dissolute age ; an age whose busi-

ness is senseless riot, Neronian gambols, and ridiculous debauchery; an age that can produce few persons besides your lordship who dare be alone: all our hot hours burnt in night revels, drowned by day in dead sleep, or if we wake, it is a point of reeling honour jogs us to the field, where, if we live or die, we are not concerned; for the soul was laid out before we went abroad, and our bodies were after acted by mere animal spirits without reason.

When I more narrowly contemplate your person, methinks I see in your lordship two of the most famous characters that ever ancient or modern story could produce, the mighty Scipio and the retired Cowley. You have certainly the gravity, temperance, and judgment, as well as the courage, of the first; all which in your early attempts of war gave the noblest dawn of virtue, and will, when occasion presents, answer our expectation, and shine forth at full: then for the latter, you possess all his sweetness of humour in peace, all that halcyon tranquillity of mind, where your deep thoughts glide like silent waters without a wrinkle; your hours move with softest wings, and rarely any 'larum strikes to discompose you. You have the philosophy of the first, and which I confess of all your qualities I love most) the poetry of the latter. I was never more moved at Virgil's Dido than at a short poem of your lordship's, where nothing but the shortness can be disliked. As our churchmen wish there were more noblemen of their

function; so wish I, in the behalf of depressed poetry, that there were more poets of your lordship's excellency and eminence. If poetry be a virtue, she is a ragged one, and never in any age went barer than now. It may be objected she never deserved less. To that I must not answer: but I am sure when she merited most she was always dissatisfied, or she would not have forsaken the most splendid courts in the world. Virgil and Horace, favourites of the mightiest emperor, retired from him, preferring a mistress or a white boy, and two or three cheerful drinking friends in a country village, to all the magnificence of Rome; or, if sometimes they were snatched from their cooler pleasures to an imperial banquet, we may see by their verses in praise of a country life, it was against their inclination; witness Horace, in his episode—*Beatus ille qui procul*, &c. part of his sixth satire, his epistle to Fusc. Arist. Virgil's *Georgiæ*, *O Fortunatos nimium bona si*, &c. all rendered by Mr. Cowley so copiously and naturally, as no age gone before or coming after shall equal, though all heads join together to outdo him: I speak not of his exactness to a line, but of the whole. This then may be said as to the condition of poets in all times, few ever arrived to a middle fortune, most have lived at the lowest, none ever mounted to the highest; neither by birth—for none was ever born a prince, as no prince, to my remembrance, was ever born a poet; nor by industry, because they were always too much transported by their

own thoughts from minding the grave business of a world, nor of their humour: whereas, even slaves, the rubbish of the earth, have by most prodigious fortune gained a sceptre, and with their vile heads sullied the glories of a crown. Praise is the greatest encouragement we chamelions can pretend to, or rather the manna that keeps soul and body together; we devour it as if it was angels' food, and vainly think we grow immortal. For my own part, I acknowledge I never received a better satisfaction from the applause of an audience than I have from your single judgment. You gaze at beauties and wink at blemishes, and do both so gracefully, that the first discovers the acuteness of your judgment, the other the excellency of your nature. And I can affirm to your lordship, there is nothing transports a poet, next to love, like commending in the right place; therefore, my lord, this play must be your's; and Alexander, whom I have raised from the dead, comes to you with the assurance answerable to his character and your virtue. You cannot expect him in his majesty of two thousand years ago; I have only put his ashes in an urn, which are now offered, with all observance, to your lordship, by

My lord,

Your lordship's most humble,

obliged, and devoted servant,

NAT. LEE.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT;
OR,
THE RIVAL QUEENS.

A GREAT and glorious flight of a bold, but frenzied imagination; having as much absurdity as sublimity, and as much extravagance as passion——The Poet, the genius, and the scholar, are every where visible. This Play acts well, and is still frequently performed.

TO

Mr. LEE on his ALEXANDER.

THE blast of common censure could I fear,
Before your play my name should not appear;
For 't will be thought, and with some colour too,
I pay the bribe I first receiv'd from you;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand,
To play the game into each other's hand,
And as cheap penn'worths to ourselves afford,
As Bessus and the brothers of the sword.
Such libels private men may well endure,
When states and kings themselves are not secure;
For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
Think the best actions on by-ends are built:
And yet my silence had not 'scap'd their spight,
Then envy had not suffer'd me to write;
For since I could not ignorance pretend
Such merit I must envy or commend.
So many candidates there stand for wit,
A place in court is scarce so hard to get;
In vain they crowd each other at the door,
For ev'n reversions are all begg'd before;
Desert, how known soe'er, is long delay'd,
And then too, fools and knaves are better paid:
Yet as some actions bear so great a name
That courts themselves are just for fear of shame,
So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praise and forc'd itself a way.

'Tis here as 'tis at sea, who farthest goes,
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his foes.
Yet when some virtue much outgrows the rest
It shoots too fast and high to be exprest,
As his heroic worth struck envy dumb
Who took the Dutchman and who cut the boom.
Such praise is your's, while you the passions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd; 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart:
Always you warm; and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, brings the sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow;
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire who are themselves all phlegm:
Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Despise those drones who praise while they accuse
The too much vigour of your youthful muse:
That humble stile which they their virtue make,
Is in your power; you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all but some vile poets of the crowd:
But how should any sign-post dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features ev'ry bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.

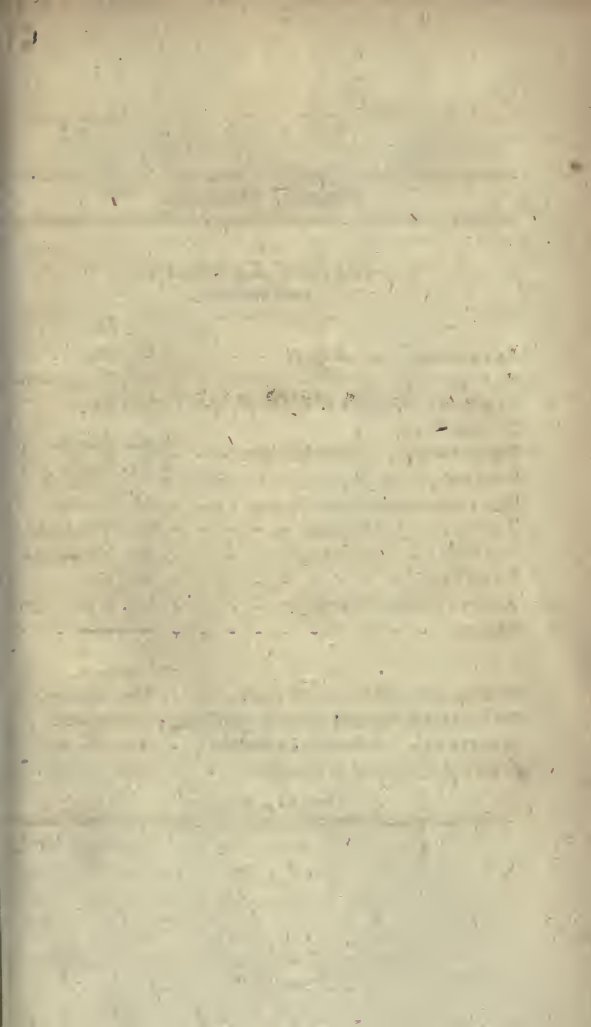
JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY SIR CAR SCROOP, BART.

HOW hard the fate is of the scribbling drudge
Who writes to all when yet so few can judge!
Wit, like religion, once divine was thought,
And the dull crowd believ'd as they were taught;
Now each fanatic fool presumes t' explain
The text, and does the sacred writ profane;
For while your wits each other's fall pursue,
The fops usurp the power belongs to you.
Ye think y' are challeng'd in each new play-bill,
And here you come for trial of your skill,
Where, fencer-like, you one another hurt,
While with your wounds you make the rabble sport.
Others there are that have the brutal will
To murder a poor play, but want the skill;
They love to fight, but seldom have the wit
To spy the place where they may thrust and hit;
And therefore, like some bully of the town,
Ne'er stand to draw, but knock the poet down.
With these, like hogs in gardens, it succeeds,
They root up all, and know not flowers from weeds.
As for you, sparks, that hither come each day
To act your own and not to mind our play,
Rehearse your usual follies to the pit,
And with loud nonsense crown the stage's wit;

*Talk of your clothes, your last debauches tell,
And witty bargains to each other sell;
Glout on the silly she who for your sake
Can vanity and noise for love mistake,
Till the coquet, sung in the next lampoon,
Is by her jealous friends sent out of town;
For in this duelling intriguing age,
The love you make is like the war you wage,
Y' are still prevented e'er you come t' engage:
But it is not such trifling foes as you
The mighty Alexander deigns to sue;
Ye Persians of the pit he does despise,
But, to the men of sense for aid he flies;
On their experienc'd arms he now depends,
Nor fears he odds if they but prove his friends;
For as he once a little handful chose
The numerous armies of the world t' oppose:
So back'd by you who understands the rules,
He hopes to rout the mighty host of fools.*



Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, - - - -	Mr. Clinch.		
HEPHESTION, Alexander's favourite, -	Mr. Wroughton.		
LYSIMACHUS, prince of the blood, - -	Mr. Hull.		
CASSANDER,	} Conspirators. - -	{ Mr. Fearon.	
POLYPERCHON,			Mr. Booth.
PHILIP,			
CLYTUS, master of the horse, - - -	Mr. Clarke.		
THESSALUS, the Median, - - - - -	Mr. Thompson.		
PERDICCAS, a Commander, - - - - -	Mr. Whitfield.		
EUMENES, - - - - -	Mr. Fox.		
ARISTANDER, a Soothsayer, - - - - -	Mr. L'Estrange.		
SLAVE, - - - - -	_____		

Women.

ROXANA, first Wife of Alexander, - -	Mrs. Hunter.
SYSIGAMEIS, Mother of the Royal Family,	Mrs. Booth.
PARISATIS, in love with Lysimachus, -	Miss Dayes.
STATIRA, married to Alexander, - -	Mrs. Hartley.

SCENE, Babylon.



THE RIVAL QUEENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Gardens of Semiramis. Enter HEPHESTION and
LYSIMACHUS fighting, CLYTUS parting them.*

Clytus.

WHAT! are ye madmen? This a time for quarrel?
Put up I say—or by the gods that form'd me
He who refuses makes a foe of Clytus.

Lys. I have his sword.

Clyt. But must not have his life.

Lys. Must not, old Clytus!

Clyt. Hair-brain'd boy you must not.

Heph. Lend me thy sword, thou father of the war,
Thou far-fam'd guard of Alexander's life,
Curse on this weak unexecuting arm!

Lend it, old Clytus. to redeem my fame;
Lysimachus is brave, and else will scorn me.

Lys. There, take thy sword; and since thou'rt
bent on death,
Know 't is thy glory that thou dy'st by me.

Clyt. Stay thee, Lysimachus ; Hephestion hold ;
 I bar you both. My body interpos'd,
 Now let me see which of you dares to strike.
 By Jove you 'ave stirr'd the old man !—that rash arm
 That first advances moves against the gods
 And our great king, whose deputy I stand.

Lys. Some prop'rer time must terminate our quarrel.

Heph. And cure the bleeding wounds my honour
 bears.

Clyt. Some prop'rer time ! 't is false—no hour is
 proper ;

No time should see a brave man do amiss.—
 Say what 's the noble cause of all this madness,
 What vast ambition blows the dang'rous fire ?
 Why, a vain, smiling, whining, coz'ning, woman !
 By all my triumphs in the heat of youth,
 When towns were 'sack'd and beauties prostrate lay,
 When my blood boil'd, and nature work'd me high,
 Clytus ne'er bow'd his body to such shame ;
 I knew 'em, and despis'd their cobweb arts—
 The whole sex is not worth a soldier's thought.

Lys. Our cause of quarrel may to thee seem light,
 But know a less hath set the word in arms.

Clyt. Yes, I roay they tell us by a woman fell ;
 Curse on the sex, they are the bane of virtue !
 Death ! I 'd rather this right arm were lost
 Than that the king should hear of your imprudence—
 What, on a day thus set apart for triumph !

Lys. We were indeed to blame.

Clyt. This memorable day,

When our hot master, whose impatient soul
 Outrides the sun, and sighs for other worlds
 To spread his conquests and diffuse his glory,
 Now bids the trumpet for a while be silent,
 And plays with monarchs whom he us'd to drive;
 Shall we by broils awake him into rage,
 And rouse the lion that hath ceased to roar?

Lys. Clytus, thou 'rt right—put up thy sword, Heph-
 phestion:

Had passion not eclips'd the light of reason
 Untold we might this consequence have seen.

Heph. Why has not reason power to conquer love?
 Why are we thus enslav'd?

Clyt. Because unmann'd,
 Because ye follow Alexander's steps.
 Heav'ns! that a face should thus bewitch his soul
 And ruin all that's great and godlike in it!
 Talk be my bane—yet the old man must talk.
 Not so he lov'd when he at Issus fought
 And join'd in mighty combat with Darius,
 Whom from his chariot, flaming all with gems,
 He hurl'd to earth and catch'd th' imperial crown.
 'Twas not the shaft of love perform'd that feat;
 He knew no Cupids then. Now mark the change;
 A brace of rival queens embroil the court,
 And while each hand is thus employ'd in beauty
 Where has he room for glory?

Heph. In his heart.

Clyt. Well said young Minion!—I indeed forgot
 To whom I spoke—But Sysigambis comes:

Now is your time, for with her comes an idol
That claims homage.—I'll attend the king. [Exit.]

Enter SYSIGAMBIS with a Letter, and PARISATIS.

Sys. Why will ye wound me with your fond complaints,

And urge a suit that I can never grant?
You know my child, 't is Alexander's will;
Here he demands you for his lov'd Hephestion;
To disobey him might inflame his wrath,
And plunge our house in ruins yet unknown.

Par. To sooth this god and charm him into temper
Is there no victim, none but Parisatis?
Must I be doom'd to wretchedness and woe
That others may enjoy the conq'ror's smiles?
Oh! if you ever lov'd my royal father—
And sure you did, your gushing tears proclaim it—
If still his name be dear, have pity on me!
He would not thus have forc'd me to despair;
Indeed he would not—Had I begg'd him thus
He would have heard me ere my heart was broke.

Sys. When will my suff'rings end? oh when, ye
gods!

For sixty rolling years my soul has stood
The dread vicissitudes of fate unmov'd;
I thought 'em your decrees, and therefore yielded:
But this last trial, as it springs from folly,
Exceeds my suff'rance, and I must complain.

Lys. When Sysigambis mourns, no common woe
Can be the cause—'t is misery indeed.
Yet pardon, mighty queen! a wretched prince

Who thus presumes to plead the cause of love,
Beyond my life, beyond the world, [*Kneeling.*] I prize
Fair Parisatis.—Hear me, I conjure you!
As you have authoriz'd Hephestion's vows
Reject not mine—grant me but equal leave
To serve the princess, and let love decide.

Heph. A blessing like the beauteous Parisatis
Whole years of service, and the world's wide empire,
With all the blood that circles in our veins,
Can never merit, therefore in my favour
I begg'd the king to interpose his int'rest,
Therefore I begg'd your majesty's assistance;
Your word is past, and all my hopes rest on 't.

Lys. [*Rising.*] Perish such hopes! for love's a
gen'rous passion,

Which seeks the happiness of her we love
Beyond th' enjoyment of our own desires;
Nor kings nor parents here have ought to do:
Love owns no influence, and disdains controul;
Let 'em stand neuter—'t is all I ask.

Heph. Such arrogance did Alexander woo,
Would lose him all the conquests he has won.

Lys. To talk of conquests well becomes the man.
Whose life and sword are but his rival's gift!

Sys. It grieves me, brave Lysimachus, to find
My power fall short of my desires to serve you:
You know Hephestion first declar'd his love,
And 't is as true I promis'd him my aid;
Your glorious king, his mighty advocate,
Became himself an humble suppliant for him.

Forget her prince, and triumph o'er your passion,
A conquest worthy of a soul like thine.

Lys. Forget her, madam! sooner shall the sun
Forget to shine and tumble from his sphere.

Alas! the stream that circles thro' my heart

Is less than love essential to my being!

Farewell, great queen—my honour now demands

That Alexander should himself explain

That wondrous merit which exalts his fav'rite,

And casts Lysimachus at such a distance. *[Exit.]*

Sys. In this wild transport of ungovern'd passion

Too far I fear he will incense the king.

Is Alexander yet, my lord, arriv'd?

Heph. Madam, I know not; but Cassander comes;
He may perhaps inform us.

Sys. I would shun him:

Something there is, I know not why, that shocks me,

Something my nature shrinks at when I see him.

[Exeunt.]

Enter CASSANDER.

Cas. The face of day now blushes scarlet deep,

Now blackens into night; the low'ring sun,

As if the dreadful bus'ness he foreknew,

Drives heavily his sable chariot on. *[Thunder.]*

How fierce it lightens! how it thunders round me!

All nature seems alarm'd for Alexander.

Why, be it so: her pangs proclaim my triumph.

My soul's first wishes are to startle fate

And strike amazement thro' the host of heaven.

A mad Chaldean with a flaming torch,

Came to my bed last night, and bellowing o'er me,
 ' Well had it been,' he cry'd, ' for Babylon
 ' If curst Cassander never had been born.'

Enter THESSALUS with a Packet.

How now? dear Thessalus! what packet 's that?

Thes. From Macedon; a trusty slave just brought it.
 Your father chides us for our cold delay;
 He says Craterus, by the king's appointment,
 Comes in his room to govern Macedon,
 Which nothing but the tyrant's death can hinder;
 Therefore he bids us boldly strike,
 Or quit our purpose and confess our fears:

Cas. Is not his fate resolv'd? this night he dies,
 And thus my father but forestals my purpose.
 How am I slow then? If I rode on thunder,
 Wing'd as the lightning, it would ask some moments
 Ere I could blast the growth of this Colossus.

Thes. Mark where the haughty Polyperchon comes!
 Some new affront by Alexander giv'n
 Swells in his heart, and stings him into madness.

Cas. Now, now 's our time; he must, he shall, be
 ours:

His haughty soul will kindle at his wrongs,
 Blaze into rage, and glory in revenge.

Enter POLYPERCHON.

Poly. Still as I pass fresh murmurs fill my ears;
 All talk of wrongs, and mutter their complaints.
 Poor soulless reptiles!—their revenge expires
 In idle threats—the fortitude of cowards!

Their province is to talk, 't is mine to act,
And show this tyrant when he dar'd to wrong me
He wrong'd a man whose attribute is vengeance.

Cas. All nations bow their heads with servile homage,
And kiss the feet of this exalted man.

The name, the shout, the blast, from ev'ry mouth
Is Alexander ! Alexander stuns

The list'ning ear and drowns the voice of Heaven !
The earth's commanders fawn like crouching spaniels ;
And if this hunter of the barb'rous world
But wind himself a god, all echo him
With universal cry.

Poly. I fawn or echo him !

Cassander no ; my soul disdains the thought !
Let eastern slaves or prostituted Greeks
Crouch at his feet, or tremble if he frown ;
When Polyperchon can descend so low,
False to that honour which thro' fields of death
I still have courted where the fight was fiercest,
Be scorn my portion, infamy my lot.

Thes. The king may doom me to a thousand tortures,
Ply me with fire, and rack me like Philotas,
Ere I shall stoop to idolize his pride.

Cas. Not Aristadner, had he rais'd all hell,
Could more have shock'd my soul than thou hast done
By the bare mention of Philotas' murder.
Oh Polyperchon ! how shall I describe it !
Did not your eyes rain blood to see the hero ?
Did not your spirits burst with smother'd vengeance
To see thy noble fellow-warrior tortur'd,
Yet without groaning or a tear endure

The torments of the damn'd ? Oh ! death to think it !
We saw him bruise'd, we saw his bones laid bare,
His veins wide lac'd, and the poor quiv'ring flesh
With fiery pincers from his bosom torn,
Till all beheld where the great heart lay panting.

Poly. Yet all like statues stood !—cold lifeless statues !

As if the sight had froze us into marble,
When with collected rage we should have flown
To instant vengeance on the ruthless cause,
And plung'd a thousand daggers in his heart.

Cas. At our last banquet, when the bowl had gone
The giddy round, and wine inflam'd my spirits,
I saw Craterus and Hephestion enter

In Persian robes ; to Alexander's health
They largely drank, and falling at his feet
With impious adoration thus address'd

Their idol god : hail, son of thund'ring Jove !
Hail, first of kings ! young Ammon, live for ever !
Then kiss'd the ground, on which I laugh'd aloud,
And scoffing ask'd 'em why they kiss'd no harder ?

Whereon the tyrant, starting from his throne,
Turn'd me to earth, and stamping on my neck,
Learn thou to kiss it, was his fierce reply,

While with his foot he press'd me to the earth
Till I lay weltring in a foam of blood.

Poly. Thus when I mock'd the Persians that ador'd
him

He struck me on the face,
And bid his guards chastise me like a slave :
But if he 'scape my vengeance may he live

Great as that god whose name he thus profanes,
And like a slave may I again be beaten,
Scoff'd as I pass, and branded for a coward.

Cas. There spoke the spirit of Calisthenes.
Remember he 's a man, his flesh as penetrable
As any girl's, and wounded too as soon;
To give him death no thunders are required:
Struck by a stone young Jupiter has fall'n,
A sword has pierc'd him and the blood has follow'd,
Water will drown him, or the fire will burn;
Nay, we have seen an hundred common ailments
Bring this immortal to the gates of death.

Poly. Oh let us not delay the glorious bus'ness!
Our wrongs are great, and honour calls for vengeance.
Are your hearts firm?

Thes. As heaven or hell can make them.

Poly. Take then my hand, and if you doubt my truth
Rip up my breast and lay my heart upon it.

Cas. While thus we join our hands and hearts together,
Remember Hermolaus, and be hush'd.

Poly. Hush'd as the eve before an hurricane,
Or baneful planets when they shed their poisons.

Cas. This day exulting Babylon receives
The mighty robber—with him comes Rōxana,
Fierce haughty fair! on his return from India
Artful she met him in the height of triumph;
And by a thousand wiles at Susa kept him
In all the luxury of eastern revels.

Poly. How bore Statira his revolted love?

For, if I err not ere the king espous'd her
She made him promise to renounce Roxana.

Thes. No words can paint the anguish it occasion'd ;
Ev'n Sysigambis wept, while the wrong'd queen,
Struck to the heart, fell lifeless on the ground,
And thus remain'd, spite of her care and cordials,
For an hour.

Cas. When the first tumult of her grief was laid
I sought to fire her into wild revenge,
And to that end with all the art I could
Describ'd his passion for the bright Roxana ;
But tho' I could not to my wish inflame her,
Thus far at least her jealousy will help ;
She'll give him troubles that perhaps may end him,
And set the court in universal uproar.
But see, she comes. Our plots begin to ripen ;
Now change the vizer, ev'ry one disperse,
And with a face of friendship meet the king. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SYSIGAMBIS, STATIRA, and PARISATIS.

Stat. Oh for a dagger, a draught of poison, flames !
well heart ! break, break, thou wretched stubborn
thing !

low by the sacred fire I'll not be held !
Why do you wish my life, yet stifle me for
Vant of air ?—Pray give me leave to walk.

Sys. Is there no rev'rence to my person due ?
Trust me, Statira, had thy father liv'd
Paris would have heard me.

Stat. Oh, he's false !

This glorious man, this wonder of the world,
Is to his love and ev'ry god foresworn !

Oh ! I have heard him breathe such ardent vows,
Outweep the morning with his dewy eyes,

And sigh and swear the list'ning stars away !

Sys. Believe not rumour ; 't is impossible :
Thy Alexander is renown'd for truth,
Above deceit——

Stat. Away, and let me die :
'Twas but my fondness, 't was my easy nature,
Would have excus'd him.——
Are not his falsehoods and Statira's wrongs
A subject canvass'd in the mouths of millions ?
The babbling world can talk of nothing else.
Why, Alexander, why would'st thou deceive me !
Have I not lov'd thee, cruel as thou art !
Have I not kiss'd thy wounds with dying fondness,
Bath'd 'em in tears, and bound 'em with my hair !
Whole nights I 'ave sat and watch'd thee as a child,
Lull'd thy fierce pains, and sung thee to repose !

Par. If man can thus renounce the solemn ties
Of sacred love who would regard his vows ?

Stat. Regard his vows ! the monster, traitor ! Oh !
I will forsake the haunts of men, converse
No more with aught that 's human, dwell with dark-
ness ;

For since the sight of him is now unwelcome,
What has the world to give Statira joy ?
Yet I must tell thee, perjur'd as he is,
Not the soft breezes of the genial spring,

The fragrant violet or opening rose,
Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath.
Then he will talk—good Gods! how he will talk!
He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,
Vows with such passion, and swears with such a grace,
That it is heaven to be deluded by him!

Sys. Her sorrows must have way.

Stat. Roxana then enjoys my perjur'd love,
Roxana clasps my monarch in her arms,
Dotes on my conq'ror, my dear lord, my king!
Oh, 't is too much! by Heaven I cannot bear it!
She clasps him all—she, the curst happy she—
I'll die, or rid me of the burning torture!
Hear me bright god of day! hear ev'ry god!

Sys. Take heed, Statira, weigh it well my child,
Ere desp'rate love enforces you to swear.

Stat. Oh! fear not that, already have I weigh'd it,
And in the presence here of Heaven and you,
Renounce all converse with perfidious man.
Farewell ye, coz'ners of our easy sex!
And thou, the falsest of the faithless kind,
Farewell for ever! Oh, farewell! farewell!
If I but mention him the tears will flow!

How could'st thou, cruel! wrong a heart like mine,
Thus fond, thus doting, ev'n to madness, on thee!

Sys. Clear up thy griefs, thy Alexander comes,
Triumphant in the spoils of conquer'd India;
This day the hero enters Babylon.

Stat. Why, let him come; all eyes will gaze with
rapture,

All hearts will joy to see the victor pass,
All but the wretched, the forlorn Statira.

Sys. Wilt thou not see him then?

Stat. I swear, and heaven be witness to my vow!

[*Kneels.*

Never from this sad hour, never to see
Nor speak, no, nor, if possible, to think
Of Alexander more. This is my vow,
And when I break it——

Sys. Do not ruin all.

Stat. May I again be perjured and deluded!
May furies rend my heart! may lightnings blast me!

Sys. Recall, my child, the dreadful imprecation.

Stat. No, I will publish it through all the court,
Then to the bowers of great Semiramis
Retire for ever from the treach'rous world;
There from man's sight will I conceal my woes,
And seek in solitude a calm repose;
Nor prayers nor tears shall my resolves controul,
Nor love itself, that tyrant of the soul. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Triumphant Arch.—Enter CASSANDER and POLY-
PERCHON.*

Cassander.

He comes, the headlong Alexander comes;
The gods forbid him Babylon in vain;
In vain do prodigies foretel his fall:

Attended by a throng of scepter'd slaves
This rapid conq'ror of the ravag'd globe
Makes his appearance, and defies the danger.

Poly. Why all this noise—ye partial powers declare—
These starts of nature, at a tyrant's doom?
Is Alexander of such wondrous moment
That heaven should feel the wild alarms of fear,
And fate itself become a babbler for him?

Cas. Cas'd in the very arms we saw him wear
The spirit of his father haunts the court
In all the majesty of solemn sorrow:
The awful spectre fix'd his eyes upon me,
Wav'd his pale hand—and threatful shook his head,
Groan'd out forbear—and vanish'd from my view.
A fear till then unknown possess'd my soul,
And sick'ning nature trembled at the sight!

Poly. Why should you tremble?—Had the yawning
earth

aid all the tortures of the damn'd before me
My soul, unskaken in her firm resolve;
Would brave those tortures and pursue the tyrant.

Cas. Yes, Polyperchon, he this night shall die;
Our plots in spite of prodigies advance;
Success attends us.—Oh, it joys my soul
To deal destruction like the hand of Heaven,
Unfelt while unseen!

Poly. The Persians all dissatisfied appear,
Loudly they murmur at Statira's wrongs,
And fiercely censure Alexander's falsehood.

Cas. I know he loves Statira more than life ;
 And when he hears the solemn vow she made,
 The oath that bars her from his sight for ever,
 Remorse and horror will at once invade him,
 Rend his wreck'd soul, and rush him into madness.

Poly. Of that anon—the court begins to thicken ;
 From ev'ry province of the wide-spread earth
 Ambassadors in Babylon are met ;
 As if mankind had previously agreed
 To compliment the tyrant's boundless pride,
 And hold a solemn synod of the world,
 Where Alexander like a god should dictate.

Cas. We must away or mingle with the crowd.
 Adore this god till apt occasion calls
 To make him what he would be thought—immortal.

[*Exeunt.*]

*A Symphony of Warlike Music. Enter CLYTUS and
 ARISTANDER, in his Robes.*

Arist. Haste, rev'rend Clytus, haste and stop the
 king.

Clyt. Already is he enter'd, and the throng
 Of princes that surround him is so great
 They keep at distance all that would approach.

Arist. Were he encircled by the gods themselves
 I must be heard, for death awaits his stay.

Clyt. Then place yourself within his trumpet's
 sound ;

Shortly he'll appear.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ALEXANDER in a Triumphal Car drawn by Black Slaves, Trophies and Warlike Ensigns in Procession before him; CLYTUS, HEPHESTION, LYSIMACHUS, ARISTANDER, Captives, Guards, and Attendants.

*See the conq'ring hero comes,
Sound the trumpet beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Sports of triumph to him sing.*

*See the godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flute and lead the dance;
Myrtle, wreath, and roses twine
To deck the hero's brow divine.*

Heph. Hail, son of Jove! great Alexander! hail.

Alex. Rise all; and thou my second self, my friend,
Oh, my Hephestion! raise thee from the earth!
Come to my arms, and hide thee in my heart;
Nearer, yet nearer, else thou lov'st me not.

Heph. Not love my king! bear witness all ye powers,
And let your thunder nail me to the centre,
If sacred friendship ever burn'd more brightly!
Immortal bosoms can alone admit

A flame more pure, more permanent, than mine.

Alex. Thou dearer to me than my groves of laurel,
Know thou lov'st thy Alexander more
Than Clytus does the king.

Lys. Now for my fate!
I see that death awaits me—yet I'll on.
Oread sir! I cast me at your royal feet.

Alex. Rise, my Lysimachus; thy veins and mine
From the same fountain have deriv'd their streams:
Rise to my arms, and let thy king embrace thee.
Is not that Clytus?

Clyt. Your old faithful soldier.

Alex. Clytus, thy hand—thy hand Lysimachus;
Thus double arm'd methinks
I stand tremendous as the Libyan god,
Who while his priests and I quaff'd sacred blood
Acknowledg'd me his son: my lightning thou,
And thou my mighty thunder. I have seen
Thy glitt'ring sword outfly celestial fire;
And when I've cry'd begone and execute,
I've seen him run swifter than starting hinds,
Nor bent the tender grass beneath his feet.

Lys. When fame invites, and Alexander leads,
Dangers and toils but animate the brave.

Clyt. Perish the soldier inglorious and despis'd,
Who starts from either when the king cries—On.

Alex. Oh, Clytus! oh, my noble veteran!
'Twas, I remember, when I pass'd the Granicus
His arm preserv'd me from the unequal force:
When fierce Itanor and the bold Rhesaces
Fell both upon me with two mighty blows,
And clove my temper'd helmet quite asunder,
Then like a god flew Clytus to my aid,
Thy thunder struck Rhesaces to the ground,
And turn'd with ready vengeance on Itanor,

Clyt. To your own deeds that victory you owe;
And sure your arms did never boast a nobler.

Alex. By heaven they never did ; they never can ;
 And I more glory to have pass'd that stream
 Than to have drove a million o'er the plain.
 Can none remember, yes—I know all must,
 When glory like the dazzling eagle stood
 Perch'd on my beaver in the Granick flood ;
 When fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
 And the pale fates stood frighted on the shore ;
 When each immortal on the billows rode,
 And I myself appear'd the leading god ?

Arist. Haste, first of hero's, from this fatal place ;
 Far, far from Babylon enjoy your triumph,
 Or all the glories which your youth has won
 Are blasted in their spring.

Alex. What mean thy fears ?
 And why that wild distraction on thy brow ?

Arist. This morn, great king ! I view'd the angry sky.
 And frighted at the direful prodigies
 To Orosmales for instructions flew ;
 But as I pray'd deep echoing groans I heard,
 And shrieks as of the damn'd that howl for sin :
 Shock'd at the omen, while amaz'd I lay
 In prostrate rev'rence on the trembling floor,
 Thus spoke the god :
 The brightest glory of imperial man,
 The pride of nations, and the boast of fame ;
 Remorseless fate in Babylon has doom'd
 To sudden and irrevocable ruin.

Alex. If Heaven ordains that Babylon must fall
 Can I prevent th' immutable degree ?

Enter PERDICCAS.

Per. O horror! horror! dreadful and portentous!

Alex. How now Perdiccas! whence this exclamation?

Per. As Meleager and myself this morn

Led forth the Persian horse to exercise,

We heard a noise as of a rushing wind;

When suddenly a flight of baleful birds,

Like a thick cloud, obscur'd the face of Heaven;

On sounding wings from diff'rent parts they flew,

Encount'ring met, and battled in the air—

Their talons clash'd, their beaks gave mighty blows,

And showers of blood fell copious from their wounds.

Alex. Tho' all the curtains of the sky were drawn,

And the stars wink, young Ammon shall go on.

While my Statira shines I cannot stray,

Love lifts his torch to light me on my way,

And her bright eyes create another day.

Lys. Vouchsafe, dread sir! to hear my humble suit;

A prince entreats it.

Alex. A soldier asks it—that the noblest claim.

Lys. For all the services my word has done

Humbly I beg the Princess Parasitas.

Alex. Lysimachus, no more—it is not well—

My word, you know, was to Hephestion given:

How dare you then———

Lys. At your command to scale th'embattled wall,

Or fetch the gore-dy'd standard from the foe,

When has Hephestion flown with warmer zeal?

When did he leave Lysimachus behind?

These I have done, for these were in my power;

But when you charge me to renounce my love,
And from my thoughts to banish Parisatis,
Obedience there becomes impossible,
Nature revolts, and my whole soul rebels.

Alex. It does, brave sir!—Now hear me and be dumb:

When by my order curst Calisthenes
Was as a traitor doom'd to live in torments,
Your pity sped him in despite of me;
Think not I have forgot your insolence,
No, tho' I pardon'd it—Yet if again
Thou dar'st to cross me with another crime;
The bolts of fury shall be doubled on thee.
In the mean time—think not of Parisatis,
For if thou dost—by the immortal Ammon
I'll not regard the blood of mine thou shar'st,
But use thee as the vilest Macedonian.

Lys. I knew you partial ere I mov'd my suit;
Yet know it shakes not my determin'd purpose:
While I have life and strength to wield a sword
I never will forego the glorious claim.

Alex. Against my life! ha! traitor, was it so?
Tis said that I am rash, of hasty humour;
But I appeal to the immortal gods
If every petty, poor, provincial lord
Had temper like to mine? My slave, whom I
Could tread to clay, dares utter bloody threats!

Clyt. Forgive, dread sir! the frantic warmth of love;
The noble prince, I read it in his eyes,

Would die a thousand deaths to serve his king,
And justify his loyalty and truth.

Lys. I meant his minion there should feel my arm :
Love claims his blood, nor shall he live to triumph
In that destruction that awaits his rival.

Alex. I pardon thee for my old Clytus' sake ;
But if once more thou mention thy rash love,
Or dar'st attempt Hephestion's precious life ;
I'll pour such storms of indignation on thee
Philotas' rack, Calisthenes' disgrace,
Shall be delight to what thou shalt endure.

Clyt. My lord, the aged queen, with Parisatis,
Come to congratulate your safe arrival.

Enter SYSIGAMBIS and PARISATIS.

Alex. Oh thou, the best of women, Sysigambis !
Source of my joy, blest parent of my love !

Sys. In humble duty to the gods and you
Permit us, sir, with gratitude to kneel.
Thro' you the royal house of Persia shines,
Rais'd from the depth of wretchedness and ruin,
In all the splendor of imperial greatness.

Alex. To meet me thus was generously done ;
But still there wants to crown my happiness
That treasure of my soul, the dear Statira !
Had she but come to meet her Alexander
I had been blest indeed.

Clyt. Now who shall dare
To tell him of the queen's vow ?

Alex. How fares,

My love?—Ha! neither answer me! all silent!
A sudden horror, like a bolt of ice,
Shoots to my heart, and 'numbs the seat of life.

Heph. I would relate it, but my courage fails me.

Alex. Why stand you all as you were rooted here?
What! will none answer? my Hephestion silent!
If thou hast any love for Alexander,
If ever I oblig'd thee by my care.
When thro' the field of death my eye has watch'd
thee,

Resolve my doubts, and rescue me from madness.

Heph. Your mourning queen has no disease but grief,
Occasion'd by the jealous pangs of love:
She heard, dread sir! (for what can 'scape a lover)
That you, regardless of your vows, at Susa,
Had to Roxana's charms resign'd your heart,
And revell'd in the joys you once forswore.

Alex. I own the subtle sorceress in my riot,
My reason gone, seduc'd me to her bed,
But when I wak'd I shook the Circe off,
Tho' the enchantress held me by the arm,
And wept and gaz'd with all the force of love;
For griev'd I less for that which I had done
Than when at Thais' suit, enrag'd with wine,
set the fam'd Persepolis on fire.

Heph. Your queen, Statira, in the rage of grief,
And agony of deperate love, has sworn
never to see your majesty again.

Alex. Oh, madam! has she? has Statira sworn

Never to see her Alexander more ?
Impossible ! she could not, would not, swear it.
Is she not gentle as the guileless infant ;
Mild as the genial breezes of the spring,
And softer than the melting sighs of love ?

Par. With sorrow, sir, I heard the solemn vow,
My mother heard it, and in vain adjur'd her
By every tender motive to recall it.

Sys. But with that fierceness she resents her wrongs,
Dwells on your fault, and heightens the offence,
That I could wish your majesty forget her.

Alex. Ha ! could you wish me to forget Statira !
The star which brightens Alexander's life,
His guide by day and goddess of his nights !
I feel her now, she beats in every pulse,
Throbs at my heart, and circles with my blood !

Sys. Have patience, son, and trust to Heaven and me ;
If my authority has any influence
I will exert it, and she shall be your's.

Alex. Haste, madam, haste, if you would have me
live ;
Fly, ere for ever she abjure the world,
And stop the sad procession : [*Exit Sys.*] and Parisatis,
Hang thou about her, wash her feet with tears—
Nay haste ; the breath of gods, and eloquence
Of angels go along with you. [*Exit Par.*
Oh my heart !

Lys. Now let your majesty who feels the pangs
Of disappointed love, reflect on mine.

Alex. Ha !

Clyt. What! are you mad? is this a time to plead!

Lys. The properest time; he dares not now be partial,
Lest Heaven in justice should avenge my wrongs,
And double every pang which he feels now.

Alex. Why dost thou tempt me thus to thy undoing?
Death thou should'st have were it not courted so:
But know, to thy confusion, that my word,
Like destiny, admits of no repeal;
Therefore in chains shall thou behold the nuptials
Of my Hephestion. Guards, take him prisoner.

[The Guards seize Lys.]

Lys. Away, ye slaves! I'll not resign my sword,
'Till first I've drench'd it in my rival's blood.

Alex. I charge you kill him not; take him alive;
The dignity of kings is now concern'd,
And I will find a way to tame this rebel.

Clyt. Kneel—for I see rage lightning in his eyes.

Lys. I neither hope nor will I sue for pardon.
Had I my sword and liberty again;
Again I would attempt his favourite's heart.

Alex. Hence from my sight, and bear him to a
dungeon.

Perdiccas, give this lion to a lion:

None speak for him: fly; stop his mouth; away.

[Exeunt Lys. Per. and Guards.]

Clyt. This comes of women—the result of love:
'Tis folly all, 'tis frenzy and distraction;
Yet were I heated now with wine I doubt
I should be preaching in this fool's behalf.

Alex. Come hither, Clytus, and my friend Hephes-
tion;

Lend me your arms:

I fear betwixt Statira's cruel vows

And fond Roxana's arts your king will fall.

Clyt. Better the race of women were destroy'd,
And Persia sunk in everlasting ruin!

Heph. Look up, my lord, and bend not thus your head,
As if you purpos'd to forsake the world,
Which you have greatly won.

Alex. Would I had not;
There's no true joy in such unwieldy fortune.
Eternal gazers lasting troubles make;
All find my spots, but few observe my brightness.
Stand from about me all, and give me air.
Yes, I will shake this Cupid from my soul,
I'll fright the feeble god with war's alarms,
Or drown his power in floods of hostile blood.
Grant me, great Mars! once more in arms to shine,
And break like lightning thro' th' embattled line;
Thro' fields of death to whirl the rapid car,
And blaze amidst the thunder of the war,
Resistless as the bolt that rends the grove;
Or greatly perish like the son of Jove. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

An open Court; Trumpets sounding a Dead March; LYSIMACHUS led Prisoner; EUMENUS, PERDICCAS, PARISATIS, and Guards.

Parisatis.

STAY, my Lysimachus! a moment stay!

Oh, whither art thou going!—hold a moment!

Unkind ! thou know'st my life was wrapt in thine,
Why would'st thou then to worse than death expose me?

Lys. Oh, may'st thou live in joys without allay !
Grant it, ye gods ! a better fortune waits thee ;
Live and enjoy it—'t is my dying wish,
While to the grave the lost Lysimachus
Alone retires, and bids the world adieu.

Par. Even in the grave will Parisatis join thee ;
Yes, cruel man ! nor death itself shall part us :
A mother's power, a sister's softening tears,
With all the fury of a tyrant's frown,
Shall not compel me to outlive thy loss.

Lys. Were I to live 'till nature's self decay'd
This wondrous waste of unexampled love
I never could repay—O Parisatis !
Thy charms might fire a coward into courage,
How must they act then on a soul like mine ?
Defenceless and unarm'd I'll fight for thee,
And may perhaps compel th' astonish'd world,
And force the king to own that I deserve thee.
Eumenes, take the princess to thy charge.
Away Perdiccas, all my soul's on fire.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Palace. Enter ROXANA and CASSANDER.

Rox. Deserted I said'st thou ? for a girl abandon'd !
A puny girl, made up of watery elements !
Shall she embrace the god of my desires,
And triumph in the heart Roxana claims ?

Cas. Oh, princess I had you seen his wild despair,
Had you beheld him when he heard her vow,
Words would but wrong the agonies he felt;
He fainted thrice, and life seem'd fled for ever;
And when by our assiduous care recall'd,
He snatch'd his sword, and aim'd it at his breast;
Then rail'd at you with most unheard of curses.

Rox. If I forget it may'st thou, Jove, deprive me
Of vengeance, make me the most wretched thing
On earth while living, and when dead the lowest
Of the fiends.

Cas. Oh, nobly said!
Just is the vengeance which inflames your soul;
Your wrongs demand it—but let reason govern;
This wild rage else may disappoint your aims.

Rox. Away, away, and give a whirlwind room!
Pride, indignation, fury, and contempt,
War in my breast, and torture me to madness.

Cas. Oh! think not I would check your boldest
flights:

No—I approve 'em, and will aid your vengeance:
But, princess, let us choose the safest course;
Or we may give our foes new cause of triumph,
Should they discover and prevent our purpose.

Rox. Fear not, Cassander, nothing shall prevent it,
Roxana dooms him, and her voice is fate.
My soul from childhood has aspir'd to empire;
In early nonage I was us'd to reign
Among my she companions; I despis'd
The trifling arts and little wiles of women,

And taught them with an Amazonian spirit
 To win the steed, to chase the foaming boar ;
 And conquer man, the lawless, charter'd savage.

Cas. Her words, her looks, her every motion, fires
 me.

Rox. But when I heard of Alexander's fame,
 How with a handful he had conquer'd millions,
 Spoil'd all the east, and captive led our queens,
 Unconquer'd by their charms,
 With heavenly pity he assuag'd their woes,
 Dry'd up their tears, and sooth'd them into peace,
 Hung attentive on my father's lips,
 And wish'd him tell the wondrous tale again.
 No longer pleasing were my former sports,
 Love had it's turn, and all the woman reign'd :
 Involuntary sighs heav'd in my breast,
 And glowing blushes crimson'd on my cheek ;
 Even in my slumbers I have often mourn'd
 In plaintive sounds, and murmur'd, Alexander.

Cas. Curse on his name—she doats upon him still.

Rox. At length this conqueror to Zogdia came,
 And cover'd o'er with laurels storm'd the city :
 But oh, Cassander ! where shall I find words
 To paint th' ecstatic transports of my soul ;
 When midst the circle of unrivall'd beauties
 I saw myself distinguish'd by the hero !
 With artless rapture I receiv'd his vows,
 The warmest sure that lover ever breath'd
 Of fervent love and everlasting truth.

Cas. And need you then be told those times are past !

Statira now engrosses all his thoughts;
 The Persian queen without a rival reigns
 Sole mistress of his heart—nor can thy charms,
 The brightest sure that ever woman boasted,
 Nor all his vows of everlasting love,
 Secure Roxana from disdain and insult.

Rox. Oh, thou hast rous'd the lion in my soul!
 Ha! shall the daughter of Darius hold him?
 No, 't is resolv'd; I will resume my sphere,
 Or falling, spread a general ruin round me.
 Roxana and Statira! they are names
 That must for ever jar;
 When they encounter, thunder must ensue.

Cas. Behold she comes in all the pomp of sorrow,
 Determin'd to fulfil her solemn vow. [*They retire.*]

Enter SYSIGAMBIS and STATIRA.

Rox. Away, and let us mark th' important scene.

Sys. Oh, my Statira! how has passion chang'd thee!
 Think in the rage of disappointed love,
 If treated thus and hurry'd to extremes,
 What Alexander may denounce against us,
 Against the poor remains of lost Darius.

Stat. Oh, fear not that! I know he will be kind,
 For my sake kind, to you and Parisatis.
 Tell him I rail'd not at his falsehood to me,
 But with my parting breath spoke kindly of him;
 Tell him I wept at our divided loves,
 And sighing sent a last forgiveness to him.

Sys. No, I can ne'er again presume to meet him,

Never approach the much-wrong'd Alexander,
If thou refuse to see him——Oh, Statira !
Thy aged mother and thy weeping country
Claim thy regard and challenge thy compassion:
Hear us, my child, and lift us from despair.

Stat. Thus low I cast me at your royal feet
To bathe them with my tears; or if you please
I'll let out life and wash 'em with my blood;
But I conjure thee not to rack my soul,
Nor hurry my wild thoughts to perfect madness:
Should now Darius' awful ghost appear,
And you, my mother, stand beseeching by,
I would persist to death and keep my vow.

Rox. This fortitude of soul compels my wonder.

Sys. Hence from my sight! ungrateful wretch be-
gone!

Hence to some desert,
And hide thee where bright virtue never shone;
For in the sight of Heaven I here renounce
And cast thee off, an alien to my blood. [*Exit Sys.*]

Rox. [*Comes forward.*] Forgive, great queen, th'
intrusion of a stranger;

With grief Roxana sees Statira weep:
'ave heard and much applaud your fixt resolve
To quit the world for Alexander's sake;
And yet I fear so greatly he adores you
That he will rather choose to die of sorrow
Than live for the despis'd Roxana's charms.

Stat. Spare, madam, spare your counterfeited fears;
You know your beauty and have proved it's power:

Tho' humbly born, have you not captive held
 In love's soft chains the conqueror of the world!
 Away to libertines and boast thy conquest,
 A shameful conquest! In his hour of riot
 Then, only then, Roxana could surprise
 My Alexander's heart.

Rox. To some romantic grove's sequester'd gloom
 Thy sickly virtue would it seems retire
 To shun the triumphs of a favour'd rival:
 In vain thou fly'st—for there, even there, I'll haunt
 thee,

Plague thee all day, and torture thee all night:
 There thou shalt hear in what ecstatic joys
 Roxana revels with the first of men;
 And as thou hear'st the rapt'rous scene recited,
 With frantic jealousy thou 'lt madly curse
 Thy own weak charms that could not fix the rover.

Stat. How weak is woman! at the storm she shrinks,
 Dreads the drawn sword and trembles at the thunder;
 Yet when strong jealousy inflames her soul
 The sword may glitter and the tempest roar;
 She scorns the danger and provokes her fate.
 Rival, I thank thee—thou hast fir'd my soul,
 And rais'd a storm beyond thy power to lay;
 Soon shalt thou tremble at the dire effects,
 And curse too late the folly that undid thee.

Rox. Sure the disdain'd Statira dares not mean it.

Stat. By all my hopes of happiness I dare:
 And know, proud woman, what a mother's threats,
 A sister's sighs, and Alexander's tears,

Could not effect, thy rival rage has done.
 My soul, that starts at breach of oaths begun,
 Shall to thy ruin violated run :
 I'll see the king in spite of all I swore ;
 Tho' curs'd, that thou may'st never see him more.

Enter ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, CLYTUS, &c.

Alex. Oh, my Statira!—thou relentless fair!
 Turn thine eyes on me—I would talk to them.
 What shall I say to work upon thy soul!
 What words, what looks, can melt thee to forgiveness?

Stat. Talk of Roxana and the conquer'd Indies,
 Thy great adventures and successful love,
 And I will listen to the rapt'rous tale ;
 But rather shun me, shun a desp'rate wretch
 Resign'd to sorrow and eternal woe.

Alex. Oh, I could die, with transport die before
 thee !

Would'st thou but as I lay convuls'd in death,
 Cast a kind look or drop a tender tear :
 Say but 't was pity one so fam'd in arms,
 One who has 'scap'd a thousand deaths in battle ;
 For the first fault should fall a wretched victim
 To jealous anger and offended love.

Rox. Am I then fallen so low in thy esteem,
 That for another thou would'st rather die
 Than live for me ?—How am I alter'd, tell me,
 Since last at Susa with repeated oaths
 You swore the conquest of the world afforded
 Less joy, less glory, than Roxana's love ?

Alex. Take, take that conquer'd world, dispose of crowns,

And canton out the empires of the globe!

But leave me, madam, with repentant tears

And undissembled sorrows to atone

The wrongs I've offer'd to this injur'd excellence.

Rox. Yes, I will go; ungrateful as thou art!

Bane to my life, and murd'rer of my peace.

I will be gone; this last disdain has cur'd me.

But have a care—I warn you not to trust me;

Or by the gods, that witness to thy perjuries,

I'll raise a fire that shall consume you both,

Tho' I partake the ruin.

[Exit.

Enter SYSIGAMBIS.

Stat. Alexander!—Oh, is it possible!

Immortal gods! can guilt appear so lovely?

Yet, yet I pardon, I forgive thee all.

Alex. Forgive me all! oh catch the heavenly sounds!

Catch them, ye winds! and as ye fly disperse

The rapt'rous tidings thro' th' extended world,

That all may share in Alexander's joy!

Stat. Yes, dear deceiver! I forgive thee all,

But longer dare not hear thy charming tongue,

For while I hear thee my resolves give way;

Be therefore quick, and take thy last farewell:

Farewell, my love—eternally farewell!

Alex. Oh, my Hephestion; bear me or I sink.

Why, why Statira, will you use me thus?

I know the cause, my working brain divides it;

You say you've pardon'd, but with this reserve,
Never again to bless me with your love.

Stat. Allseeing Heaven support me!

Alex. Speak to me, love; tho' banishment and
death

Hang on thy lips, yet while thy tongue pronounces
The music will a while suspend my pains,
And mitigate the horrors of despair.
Oh, could I see you thus?

Stat. His sorrows wound my heart,
Soft pity pleads, and I again must love him;
But I have sworn, and therefore cannot yield.

Alex. Go then, inhuman! triumph in my pains,
Feed on the pangs that rend this wretched heart,
For now 'tis plain you never lov'd. Statira!
Oh, I could sound that charming cruel name
Till the tir'd echo faint with repetition;
Till all the breathless groves and quiet myrtles
Shook with my sighs, as if a tempest bow'd 'em.
My tongue could dwell for ever on that name.
Statira! oh, Statira!

Stat. Such was his looks, so melting was his voice,
Such his soft sighs, and his deluding tears,
When with that pleasing perjur'd breath avowing
His whispers trembled thro' my credulous ears,
And told the story of my utter ruin.

Gods! if I stay I shall again believe:
Farewell, thou greatest pleasure, greatest pain!

Alex. I charge ye, stay her;

Oh, turn thee, thou bewitching brightness, turn,

Hear my last words, and see my dying pangs !
Lo ! at your feet behold a monarch falls,
A prince who gave the conquer'd world to thee,
And thought thy love bought cheaply with the gift ;
Whose glories, laurels, bloom but in thy smiles,
Now shrunk and blasted by thy cruel hate,
Untimely falls. Yet oh ! when thou shalt die
May death be mild, as thou art cruel now,
And may thy beauties gently sink to earth,
While circling angels waft thee to repose !

Sys. Art thou turn'd savage ? is thy heart of marble ?
But if this posture move thee not to pity
I never will speak more.

Alex. Oh, my Statira !
I swear, my queen, I'll not outlive our parting.
My soul grows still as death. Say, wilt thou pardon ?
'T is all I ask. Wilt thou forgive the transports
Of a deep wounded heart, and all is well ?

Stat. Rise, and may heaven forgive you like Statira !

Alex. You are too gracious—Clytus, bear me
hence.

When I am laid i' th' earth yield her the world.
There's something here that heaves as cold as ice,
That stops my breath. Farewell, farewell for ever !

Stat. Hold off, and let me run into his arms.
My life, my love, my lord, my Alexander !
If thy Statira's love can give thee joy
Revive, and be immortal as the gods.

Alex. My flutt'ring heart, tumultuous with its bliss,
Would leap into thy bosom: 't is too much.

Oh, let me press thee in my eager arms,
And strain thee hard to my transported breast.

Stat. But shall Roxana——

Alex. Let her not be nam'd.

Oh, madam! how shall I repay your goodness;
And you, my fellow warriors, who could grieve
For your lost king? But talk of griefs no more;
The banquet waits, and I invite you all.
My equals in the throne as in the grave,
Without distinction come, and share my joy.

Clyt. Excuse me, sir, if-I for once am absent.

Alex. Excuse thee, Clytus! none shall be excus'd:
All revel out the day, 't is my command.
Gay as the Persian god ourself will stand
With a crown'd goblet in our lifted hand;
Young Ammon and Statira shall go round,
While antic measures beat the burthen'd ground,
And to the vaulted skies our trumpets clangors sound.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter CLYTUS, HEPHESTION, and EUMENES.

Clytus.

URGE me no more, I hate the Persian dress,
Nor should the king be angry at the rev'rence
I owe my country—sacred are her customs,
And honest Clytus will to death observe them.
Oh! let me rot in Macedonian rags,

Or, like Calisthenes, be cag'd for life,
Rather than shine in fashions of the east.

Eum. Let me, brave Clytus, as a friend intreat you.

Heph. What virtue is there that adorns a throne,
Exalts the heart, and dignifies the man,
Which shines not brightly in our royal master?
And yet perversely you'll oppose his will,
And thwart an innocent unhurtful humour.

Clyt. Unhurtful! oh, 'tis monstrous affectation!
Pregnant with venom, in its nature black,
And not to be excus'd!—Shall man, weak man!
Exact the rev'rence which we pay to Heaven,
And bid his fellow-creatures kneel before him,
And yet be innocent? Hephestion, no;
The pride that lays a claim to adoration
Insults our reason and provokes the gods.

Eum. Yet what was Jove, the god whom we adore?
Was he not once a man, and rais'd to heaven
For gen'rous acts and virtues more than human?

Heph. By all his thunder and his sov'reign power
I'll not believe the world yet ever felt
An arm like Alexander's.—Not that god
You nam'd, tho' riding in a car of fire,
Could in a shorter space do greater deeds;
Or more effectually have taught mankind
To bend submissive, and confess his sway.

Clyt. I tell you, boy, that Clytus loves the king
As well as you or any soldier here;
Yet I disdain to sooth his growing pride:
The hero charms me—but the god offends.

Heph. Then go not to the banquet.

Clyt. Why, I was bid,

Young minion—was I not, as well as you?

I'll go, my friend, in this old habit, thus,

And laugh, and drink the king's health heartily;

And while you blushing bow your heads to earth,

And hide them in the dust—I'll stand erect,

Straight as a spear, the pillar of my country,

And be by so much nearer to the gods.

Heph. But see, the king appears.

Enter ALEXANDER, STATIRA, SYSIGAMBIS, PARISATIS, and Attendants.

Par. Oh, gracious monarch!

Spare him, oh, spare Lysimachus's life!

I know you will—the brave delight in mercy.

Alex. Shield me, Statira, shield me from her sorrows.

Par. Save him, oh save him ere it be too late!

Speak the kind word; let not your soldier perish

For one rash action by despair occasion'd.

I'll follow thus, for ever on my knees;

You shall not pass. Statira, oh intreat him!

Alex. Oh, madam! take her, take her from about me;

Her streaming eyes assail my very soul,

And shake my best resolves.

Stat. Did I not break

Thro' all for you? Nay, now my lord, you must:

By all th' obedience I have paid you long,

By all your passion, sighs, and tender looks,
Oh, save a prince whose only crime is love!

Sys. I had not join'd in this bold suit, my son;
But that it adds new lustre to your honours.

Alex. Honour! what's that? Has not Statira
said it?

Were I the king of the blue firmament,
And the bold Titans should again make war,
Tho' my resistless thunders were prepar'd,
By all the gods she should arrest my arm
Uplifted to destroy them! Fly, Hephæstion,
Fly, Clytus; snatch him from the jaws of death,
And to the royal banquet bring him straight,
Bring him in triumph, fit for loads of honour.

[*Exeunt Heph. &c.*]

Stat. Why are you thus beyond expression kind?
Oh, my lord! my raptur'd heart,
By gratitude and love at once inflam'd,
With wild emotion flutters in my breast;
Oh, teach it then, instruct it how to thank you!

Alex. Excellent woman!

'Tis not in nature to support such joy.

Stat. Go, my best love; unbend you at the banquet;
Indulge in joy, and laugh your cares away;
While in the bowers of great Semiramis
I dress your bed with all the sweets of nature,
And crown it as the altar of our loves,
Where I will lay me down and softly mourn,
But never close my eyes till you return. [*Exeunt Stat.*]

Alex. Is she not more than mortal can desire,

As Venus lovely, and Diana chaste ?
 And yet I know not why our parting shocks me ;
 A ghastly paleness sat upon her brow,
 Her voice, like dying echoes, fainter grew,
 And as I wrung her by the rosy fingers
 Methought the strings of my great heart were crack'd.
 What could it mean ? Forward, Leomadus.

Enter ROXANA, CASSANDER, and POLYPERCHON.

Why, madam, gaze you thus ?

Rox. For a last look,
 And to imprint the memory of my wrongs,
 Roxana's wrongs on Alexander's mind.

Alex. On to the banquet. [*Ex. Alex. &c.*]

Rox. Ha ! with such disdain !
 Unconcern'd ! Oh, I could tear myself,
 Me, you, and all the hateful world to atoms.
Cas. Still keep this spirit up, preserve it still,
 And know us for your friends : we like your rage :
 Ere in the sight of Heaven Cassander swears,
 I'll be sworn by death, to second your revenge :
 Speak but the word, and swift as thought can fly
 The tyrant falls a victim to your fury.

Rox. Shall he then die ? shall I consent to kill him ?
 That have lov'd him with that eager fondness,
 Shall I consent to have him basely murdered,
 And see him clasp'd in the cold arms of death ?
 No - Cassander !

Worlds should not tempt me to the deed of horror :

Poly. The weak fond scruples of your love might
pass

Was not the empire of the world concern'd ;
But, madam, think when time shall teach his tongue,
How will the glorious infant which you bear
Arraign his partial mother for refusing
To fix him on the throne which here we offer ?

Cas. If Alexander lives you cannot reign,
Nor will your child : old Sysigambis plans
Your sure destruction ; boldly then prevent her :
Give but the word and Alexander dies.

Poly. Not he alone, the Persian race shall bleed :
At your command one universal ruin
Shall like a deluge whelm the eastern world,
'Till gloriously we raise you to the throne.

Rox. But 'till this mighty ruin be accomplish'd
Where can Roxana fly the avenging arms
Of those who must succeed this godlike man ?

Cas. Would you vouchsafe in these expanded arms
To seek a refuge, what could hurt you here ?
There you might reign with undiminish'd lustre
Queen of the east, and empress of my soul.

Rox. Disgrac'd Roxana ! whither art thou fall'n ?
'Till this curs'd hour I never was unhappy :
There's not one mark of former majesty
To awe the slave that offers at my honour.

Cas. Impute not, madam, my unbounded passion
To want of rev'rence——I have lov'd you long.

Rox. Peace, villain ! peace, and let me hear no more.
Think'st thou I'd leave the bosom of a god

And stoop to thee, thou moving piece of earth!
Hence from my sight, and never more presume
To meet my eyes; for mark me, if thou dar'st,
To Alexander I'll unfold thy treason,
Whose life, in spite of all his wrongs to me,
Shall still be sacred, and above thy malice.

Cas. By your own life, the greatest oath, I swear
Cassander's passion from this hour is dumb;
And as the best atonement I can make
Statira dies, the victim of your vengeance.

Rox. Cassander rise; 't is ample expiation.
Yes, rival, yes——this night shall be thy last;
This night I know is destin'd for thy triumph,
And gives my Alexander to thy arms.
Oh, murderous thought!

Poly. The bow'rs of great Semiramis are made
The scene of love; Perdiccas holds the guard.

Cas. Now is your time, while Alexander revels,
And the whole court re-echoes with his riot,
To end her, and with her to end your fears.
Give me but half the Zogdian slaves that wait you
And deem her dead; nor shall a soul escape
That serves your rival to disperse the news.

Rox. By me they die, Perdiccas and Statira;
Hence with thy aid, I neither ask nor want it,
But will myself conduct the slaves to battle.
Were she to fall by any arm but mine,
Well might she murmur and arraign her stars;
'T is life well lost to die by my command.

Rival, rejoice, and pleas'd resign thy breath;
Roxana's vengeance grants thee noble death. [Exit.

Cas. All but her Jove this Semele disdains.
We must be quick—she may perhaps betray
The great design, and frustrate our revenge.

Poly. Has Philip got instructions how to act?

Cas. He has, my friend, and, faithful to our cause,
Resolves to execute the fatal order.

Bear him this vial—it contains a poison
Of that exalted force, that deadly nature,
Should Æsculapius drink it, in five hours
(For then it works) the god himself were mortal:
I drew it from Nonacris' horrid spring;
Mix'd with his wine a single drop gives death,
And sends him howling to the shades below.

Poly. I know its power, for I have seen it try'd;
Pains of all sorts thro' ev'ry nerve and art'ry
At once it scatters—burns at once, and freezes,
Till by extremity of torture forc'd
The soul consents to leave her joyless home,
And seeks for ease in worlds unknown to this.

Cas. Now let us part: with Thessalus and Philip
Haste to the banquet——At his second call
Let this be given him, and it crowns our hopes.
Now, Alexander, now, we'll soon be quits;
Death for a blow is interest indeed. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Palace. ALEXANDER, PERDICCAS, CASSANDER, POLYPERCHON, EUMENES, *discovered at a Banquet, &c.* [A flourish of Trumpets.

Alex. To our immortal health and our fair queen's:
All drink it deep; and while the bowl goes round
Mars and Bellona join to make us music;
A thousand bulls be offer'd to the sun,
White as his beams; speak the big voice of war;
Beat all our drums, and sound our silver trumpets;
Provoke the gods to follow our example
In bowls of nectar and replying thunder.

[Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter CLYTUS, HEPHESTION, and LYSIMACHUS
bloody.

Clyt. Long live the king! long live great Alexander!
And conquest crown his arms with deathless laurels,
Propitious to his friends, and all he favours.

Alex. Did I not give command you should preserve
Lysimachus?

Heph. Dread sir! you did.

Alex. What then

Portend these bloody marks?

Heph. Ere we arriv'd

Perdiccas had already plac'd the prince
In a lone court, all but his hands unarm'd.

Clyt. On them were gauntlets; such was his desire,

In death to show the difference betwixt
 The blood of Æacus and common men.
 Forth issuing from his den amaz'd we saw
 The horrid savage, with whose hideous roar
 The palace shook: his angry eye-balls glaring
 With triple fury menac'd death and ruin.

Heph. With unconcern the gallant prince advanc'd
 Now, Parisatis, be the glory thine,
 But mine the danger, were his only words;
 For as he spoke the furious beast descri'd him,
 And rus'd outrageous to devour his prey.

Clyt. Agile and vigorous, he avoids the shock
 With a slight wound, and as the lion turn'd
 Thrust gauntlet, arm and all into his throat,
 And with Herculean strength tears forth the tongue:
 Foaming and bloody, the disabled savage
 Sunk to the earth, and plough'd it with his teeth;
 While with an active bound your conqu'ring soldier
 Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his scull in pieces.

Alex. By all my laurels 't was a godlike act!
 And 'tis my glory as it shall be thine,
 That Alexander could not pardon thee.
 Oh, my brave soldier! think not all the prayers
 And tears of the lamenting queens could move me
 Like what thou hast perform'd: grow to my breast.

Lys. Thus, self-condemn'd, and conscious of my
 guilt,
 How shall I stand such unexampled goodness?
 Oh, pardon, sir, the transports of despair,
 The frantic outrage of ungovern'd love!

Ev'n when I show'd the greatest want of rev'rence
I could have dy'd with rapture in your service.

Alex. Lysimachus, we both have been transported :
But from this hour be certain of my heart.

A lion be the impress of thy shield ;
And that gold armour we from Porus won
Thy king presents thee——But thy wounds ask rest.

Lys. I have no wounds, dread sir ! or if I had,
Where they all mortal they should stream unminded
When Alexander was the glorious health.

Alex. Thy hand, Hephestion : clasp him to thy
heart,

And wear him ever near thee. Parisatis
Shall now be his who serves me best in war.
Neither reply, but mark the charge I give ;
Live, live as friends—you will, you must, you shall :
'Tis a god gives you life.

Clyt. Oh, monstrous vanity !

Alex. Ha ! what says Clytus ? who am I ?

Clyt. The son of good King Philip.

Alex. By my kindred gods

'Tis false. Great Ammon gave me birth.

Clyt. I've done.

Alex. Clytus, what means that dress ? Give him a
robe there.

Take it and wear it.

Clyt. Sir, the wine, the weather,
Has heated me : besides, you know my humour.

Alex. Oh, 'tis not well ! I'd rather perish, burn,
Than be so singular and froward.

Clyt. So would I——

Burn, hang, drown, but in a better cause.

I'll drink or fight for sacred majesty,

With any here. Fill me another bowl.

Will you excuse me?

Alex. You will be excused:

But let him have his humour; he is old.

Clyt. So was your father, sir; this to his memory:
Sound all the trumpets there.

Alex. They shall not sound

'Till the king drinks. Sure I was born to wage
Eternal war. All are my enemies,
Whom I could tame—But let the sports go on.

Lys. Nay, Clytus, you that could advise so well—

Alex. Let him persist, be positive, and proud,
Envious and sullen, 'mongst the nobler souls,
Like an infernal spirit that hath stole
From hell, and mingled with the mirth of gods.

Clyt. When gods grow hot no difference I know,
'Twixt them and devils—Fill me Greek wine—yet—
Yet fuller—I want spirits.

Alex. Let me have music.

Clyt. Music for boys—Clytus would hear the groans
Of dying soldiers and the neigh of steeds;
Or, if I must be pester'd with shrill sounds,
Give me the cries of matrons in sack'd towns.

Heph. Let us, Lysimachus, awake the king;
A heavy gloom is gath'ring on his brow.
Kneel all, with humblest adoration kneel,
And let a health to Jove's great son go round.

Alex. Sound, sound, that all the universe may hear.

[*A loud flourish of Trumpets.*]

Oh, for the voice of Jove! the world should know
The kindness of my people—Rise! oh rise!
My hands, my arms, my heart, are ever yours.

Clyt. I did not kiss the earth, nor must your hand—
I am unworthy, sir.

Alex. I know thou art:

Thou enviest the great honour of thy master.
Sit all my friends. Now let us talk of war,
The noblest subject for a soldier's mouth,
And speak, speak freely, else you love me not.
Who think you was the greatest general
That ever led an army to the field?

Heph. A chief so great, so fortunately brave,
And justly so renew'd, as Alexander
The radiant-sun, since first his beams gave light,
Never yet saw.

Lys. Such was not Cyrus, or the fam'd Alcides,
Nor great Achilles, whose tempestuous sword
Laid Troy in ashes, tho' the warring gods
Oppos'd him.

Alex. Oh, you flatter me!

Clyt. They do indeed, and yet you love them for't,
But hate old Clytus for his hardy virtue.
Come, shall I speak a man with equal bravery,
A better general, and experter soldier?

Alex. I should be glad to learn: instruct me, sir.

Clyt. Your father Philip—I have seen him march,
And fought beneath his dreadful banner, where

The boldest at this table would have trembled.
Nay, frown not, sir, you cannot look me dead.
When Greeks join'd Greeks then was the tug of war!
The labour'd battle sweat, and conquest bled.
Why should I fear to speak a bolder truth
Than e'er the lying priests of Ammon told you?
Philip fought men—but Alexander women.

Alex. All envy, spite and envy, by the gods!
Is then my glory come to this at last
To conquer women! Nay, he said the stoutest,
The stoutest here, would tremble at his dangers.
In all the sickness, all the wounds, I bore,
When from my reins the jav'lin's head was cut,
Lysimachus, Hephestion, speak Perdiccas,
Did I once tremble? Oh, the cursed falsehood!
Did I once shake or groan, or act beneath
The dauntless resolution of a king?

Lys. Wine has transported him.

Alex. No, 't is mere malice.

I was a woman too at Oxydrace,
When planting on the walls a scaling ladder
I mounted, spite of showers of stones, bars, arrows,
And all the lumber which they thunder'd down.
When you beneath cry'd out, and spread your arms,
That I should leap among you—did I so?

Lys. Dread sir! the old man knows not what he says.

Alex. Was I woman when, like Mercury,
I leap'd the walls and flew amidst the foe,
And like a baited lion dy'd myself
All over in the blood of those bold hunters;

'Till spent with toil I battled on my knees,
 Pluck'd forth the darts that made my shield a forest,
 And hurl'd 'em back with most unconquer'd fury,
 Then shining in my arms I sunn'd the field,
 Mov'd, spoke, and fought, and was myself a war.

Clyt. 'Twas all bravado ; for before you leap'd
 You saw that I had burst the gates asunder.

Alex. Oh, that thou wert but once more young and
 vig'rous !

That I might strike thee prostrate to the earth,
 For this audacious lie, thou feeble dotard !

Clyt. I know the reason why you use me thus :
 I sav'd you from the sword of bold Rhesaces,
 Else had your godship slumber'd in the dust,
 And most ungratefully you hate me for it.

Alex. Hence from the banquet : thus far I forgive
 thee.

Clyt. First try (for none can want forgiveness more)
 To have your own bold blasphemies forgiv'n,
 The shameful riots of a vicious life,
 Philotas' murder——

Alex. Ha ! what said the traitor ?

Heph. Clytus, withdraw ; Eumenes, force him hence :
 He must not tarry : drag him to the door.

Clyt. No, let him send me if I must be gone,
 To Philip, Atalaus, Calisthenes,
 To great Parmenio, and his slaughter'd sons.

Alex. Give me a javelin.

Heph. Hold, mighty sir !

Alex. Sirrah! off,

Lest I at once strike thro' his heart and thine.

Lys. Oh, sacred sir! have but a moment's patience.

Alex. What! hold my arms? I shall be murder'd
here,

Like poor Darius by my barb'rous subjects,
Perdiccas, sound our trumpets to the camp;
Call all my soldiers to the court: nay, haste,
For there is treason plotting 'gainst my life,
And I shall perish ere they come to save me.
Where is the traitor?

Clyt. Sure there is none amongst us,
But here I stand—honest Clytus,
Whom the king invited to the banquet.

Alex. Begone to Philip, Atalaus, Calisthenes—

[*Stabs him.*

And let bold subjects learn by thy example
Not to provoke the patience of their prince.

Clyt. The rage of wine is drown'd in gushing blood
Oh Alexander! I have been to blame:
Hate me not after death; for I repent
That I so far have urg'd your noble nature.

Alex. What's this I hear! say on, my dying soldier.

Clyt. I should have kill'd myself had I but liv'd
To be once sober—Now I fall with honour;
My own hands would have brought foul death. Oh,
pardon!

[*Dies.*

Alex. Then I am lost: what has my vengeance done
Who is it thou hast slain? Clytus! what was he?
The faithfullest subject, worthiest counsellor,

The bravest soldier, he who sav'd thy life,
 Fighting bareheaded at the river Granick,
 And now he has a noble recompense ;
 For a rash word, spoke in the heat of wine,
 The poor, the honest Clytus thou hast slain,
 Clytus, thy friend, thy guardian, thy preserver !

Heph. Remove the body, it inflames his sorrow.

Alex. None dare to touch him : we must never part.
 Cruel Hephestion and Lysimachus,
 That had the pow'r, yet would not hold me. Oh !

Lys. Dear sir, we did.

Alex. I know ye did ; yet held me
 Like a wild beast, to let me go again
 With greater violence.—Oh, ye have undone me !
 Excuse it not ; you that could stop a lion
 Could not turn me ! ye should have drawn your swords,
 And barr'd my rage with their advancing points,
 Made reason glitter in my dazzled eyes
 Till I had seen the precipice before me :
 That had been noble, that had shown the friend ;
 Clytus would so have done to save your lives.

Lys. When men shall hear how highly you were
 urg'd——

Alex. No ; you have let me stain my rising glory,
 Which else had ended brighter than the sun.

Oh ! I am all a blot, which seas of tears
 And my heart's blood can never wash away !

But 't is but just I try, and on the point
 Will reeking hurl my black polluted breast.

Heph. Oh, sacred sir !—it shall not—must not be.

Lys. Forgive, dread sir!—forgive my pious hands,
That dare in duty to disarm my master.

Alex. Yes, cruel men! ye now can show your
strength :

Here 's not a slave but dares oppose my justice,
Yet none had courage to prevent this murder:
But I will render all endeavours vain
That tend to save my life—here will I lie,

[*Falls on Clytus.*

Close to my murder'd soldier's bleeding side;
Thus clasping his cold body in my arms
'Till death like his has clos'd my eyes for ever.

Enter PERDICÇAS.

Per. Treason! foul treason! Hephestion, where 's
the king?

Heph. There, by old Clytus' side, whom he hath slain.

Per. Rise, sacred sir! and haste to save the queen.
Roxana filled with furious jealousy,
Came with a guard unmark'd; she gain'd the bow'r,
And broke upon me with such sudden fury
That all have perish'd who oppos'd her rage.

Alex. What says Perdiccas? is the queen in danger?

Per. Haste, sir, or she dies.

Alex. Thus from the grave I rise to save my love:
All draw your swords, on wings of lightning move,
Young Ammon leads you, and the cause is love.
When I rush on sure none will dare to stay;
'Tis beauty calls, and glory leads the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Bower of Semiramis.—STATIRA discovered.

Statira.

BLESS me, ye pow'rs above, and guard my virtue!
Where are you fled, dear shades? where are you fled?
'Twas but a dream, and yet I saw and heard
My royal parents, who, while pious care
Sat on their faded cheeks, pronounc'd with tears,
Tears such as angels weep, this hour my last.
But hence with fear—my Alexander comes,
And fear and danger ever fled from him.
Wou'd that he were here!
For oh, I tremble, and a thousand terrors
Rush in upon me and alarm my heart!
But hark! 't is he, and all my fears are fled:
My life, my joy, my Alexander, comes!

Rox. [Within.] Make fast the gate with all its massy
bars:

At length we 'ave conquered this stupendous height,
And reach'd the grove.

Stat. Ye guardian gods defend me!
Roxana's voice! then all the vision's true,
And die I must.

Enter ROXANA.

Rox. Secure the brazen gate.
Where is my rival? 't is Roxana calls.

Stat. And what is she who with such tow'ring pride
Would awe a princess that is born above her?

Rox. Behold this dagger!—'t is thy fate Statira!
Behold, and meet it as becomes a queen.

Fain would I find thee worthy of my vengeance;
Here, take my weapon then, and if thou dar'st—

Stat. How little know'st thou what Statira dares!
Yes, cruel woman! yes, I dare meet death
With a resolve at which thy coward heart
Would shrink; for terror haunts the guilty mind;
While conscious innocence, that knows no fear,
Can smiling pass, and scorn thy idle threats.

Rox. Return, fair insolent! return, I say:
Dar'st thou, presumptuous, to invade my rights!
Restore him quickly to my longing arms,
And with him give me back his broken vows,
For perjur'd as he is, he still is mine,
Or I will rend them from thy bleeding heart.

Stat. Alas, Roxana! 't is not in my pow'r;
I cannot if I would—and oh, ye gods!
What were the world to Alexander's loss!

Rox. Oh, sorceress! to thy accursed charms
I owe the frenzy that distracts my soul;
To them I owe my Alexander's loss:
Too late thou tremblest at my just revenge,
My wrongs cry out, and vengeance will have way.

Stat. Yet think, Roxana, ere you plunge in murder,
Think on the horrors that must ever haunt you;
Think on the furies, those avenging ministers
Of Heaven's high wrath, how they will tear your soul,

All day distract you with a thousand fears ;
And when by night thou vainly seek'st repose
They'll gather round and interrupt your slumbers
With horrid dreams and terrifying visions.

Rox. Add still, if possible, superior horrors.

Rather than leave my great revenge unfinish'd

I'll dare 'em all, and triumph in the deed ;

Therefore——

[*Holds up the dagger.*]

Stat. Hold hold, thy hand advanc'd in air :

I read my sentence written in thine eyes ;

Yet oh Roxana ! on thy black revenge

One kindly ray of female pity beam ;

And give me death in Alexander's presence.

Rox. Not for the world's wide empire should'st thou
see him.

Fool ! but for him thou might'st unheeded live ;

For his sake only art thou doom'd to die.

The sole remaining joy that glads my soul

Is to deprive thee of the heart I 'ave lost.

Enter Slave.

Slave. Madam, the king and all his guards are come,

With frantick rage they thunder at the gate,

And must ere this have gain'd admittance.

Rox. Ha !

Too long I've trifled. Let me then redeem

The time mispent, and make great vengeance sure.

Stat. Is Alexander, oh ye gods ! so nigh,

And can he not preserve me from her fury ?

Rox. Nor he nor heaven shall shield thee from my justice.

Die sorc'ress, die, and all my wrongs die with thee!

[*Stabs her.*]

Alex. [*Without.*] Away, ye slaves! stand off—quick let me fly

With lightning's wings! nor heav'n nor earth shall stop me.

Enter ALEXANDER.

Ha! oh my soul! my queen, my love, Statira!

These wounds! are these my promis'd joys?

Stat. Alas!

My only love, my best and dearest blessing!

Would I had died before you enter'd here;

For thus delighted, while I gaze upon thee

Death grows more horrid, and I'm loth to leave thee.

Alex. Thou shalt not leave me—Cruel, cruel, stars!

Oh, where's the monster, where's the horrid fiend,

That struck at innocence and murder'd thee!

Rox. Behold the wretch who, desperate of thy love,
In jealous madness gave the fatal blow;

A wretch that to possess once more thy love

Would with the blood of millions stain her soul.

Alex. To dungeons, tortures, drag her from my sight.

Stat. My soul is on the wing: oh come my lord,

Haste to my arms, and take a last farewell.

Thus let me die. Oh! oh!

Alex. Look up my love.

Oh Heaven! and will you, will you, take her from me!

Stat. Farewell, my most lov'd lord: ah me! farewell!

Yet ere I die grant this request.

Alex. Oh speak,

That I may execute before I follow thee!

Stat. Leave not the world till Heaven demands
you—Spare

Roxana's life—'Twas love of you that caus'd
The death she gave me. And oh! sometimes think,
Amidst your revels, think on your poor queen:
And ere the cheerful bowl salutes your lips
Enrich it with a tear, and I am happy. [Dies.]

Alex. Yet ere thou tak'st thy flight—She's gone,
she's gone!

All, all is hush'd, no music now is heard;
The roses wither, and the fragrant breath
That wak'd their sweets shall never wake 'em more!

Rox. Weep not, my lord! no sorrow can recall her.
Oh turn your eyes, and in Roxana's arms
You'll find fond love and everlasting truth.

Alex. Hence from my sight, and thank my dear
Statira

That yet thou art alive.

Rox. Oh, take me to your arms:

In spite of all your cruelty I love you;
Yes, thus I'll fasten on your sacred robe,
Thus on my knees for ever cling around thee,
'Till you forgive me, or 'till death divide us.

Alex. Hence, fury, hence: there's not a glance of
thine

But like a basilisk comes wing'd with death.

Rox. Oh speak not thus to one who kneels for mercy!

Think for whose sake it was I madly plung'd
Into a crime abhorrent to my nature.

Alex. Off, murd'ress, off! for ever shun my sight;
My eyes detest thee, for thy soul is ruin.

Rox. Barbarian! yes, I will for ever shun thee.
Repeated injuries have steel'd my heart,
And I could curse myself for being kind.
If there is any majesty above

That has revenge in store for perjur'd love,
Send, heaven, the swiftest ruin on his head!
Strike the destroyer! lay the victor dead!
Kill the——

But what are curses? curses will not kill,
Nor ease the tortures I am doom'd to feel.

Alex. Oh my fair star, I shall be shortly with thee!
What means this deadly dew upon my forehead?
My heart too heaves——

Cas. The poison works.

Enter EUMENES.

Eum. Pardon, dread sir! a fatal messenger:
The royal Sysigambis is no more.
Struck with the horror of Statira's fate
She soon expir'd, and with her latest breath
Left Parisatis to Lysimachus.
But what I fear most deeply will effect you,
Your lov'd Hephestion 's——

Alex. Dead ! then he is blest !
 But here, here lies my fate. Hephestion, Clytus !
 My victories all for ever folded up
 In this dear body. Here my banner's lost.
 My standard's triumphs gone.
 Oh when shall I be mad ! Give orders to
 The army that they break their shields, swords, spears,
 Pound their bright armour into dust—Away.
 Is there not cause to put the world in mourning ?
 Burn all the spires that seem to meet the sky,
 Beat down the battlements of ev'ry city,
 And for the monument of this lov'd creature
 Root up these bow'rs, and pave 'em all with gold ;
 Draw dry the Ganges, make the Indies poor,
 To deck her tomb ; no shrine nor altar spare,
 But strip the pomp from gods to place it there. [*Exit.*]

Enter THESSALUS.

Cas. He's gone—but whither—follow Thessalus,
 Attend his steps, and let me know what passes.

[*Exit* Thessalus.

Vengeance, lie still, thy craving shall be satd :
 Death roams at large, the furies are unchain'd,
 And murder plays her mighty master-piece.

Enter POLYPERCHON, THESSALUS, and PHILIP.

Phil. Saw you the king ?

Poly. Yes ; with disorder'd wildness in his looks
 He rush'd along, 'till with a casual glance
 He saw me where I stood, then stepping short,

Draw near he cry'd—and grasp'd my hand in his,
Where more than fevers rag'd in every vein.

Oh, Polyperchon! I have lost my queen!
Statira's dead!—and as he spoke the tears
Gush'd from his eyes—I more than felt his pains.

Thes. Hence, hence, away!

Cas. Where is he Thessalus?

Thes. I left him circled by a crowd of princes.
The poison tears him with that height of horror
Ev'n I could pity him—He call'd his chiefs,
Embrac'd 'em round—then starting from amidst 'em
Cry'd out, I come—'t was Ammon's voice;—I know
it—

Father, I come; but let me ere I go,
Dispatch the business of a kneeling world!

Poly. No more; I hear him—we must meet anon.

Cas. In Saturn's field—there give a loose to rapture,
Enjoy the tempest we ourselves have rais'd,
And triumph in the wreck which crowns our ven-
geance. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Palace. ALEXANDER with his Hair dishevelled,
LYSIMACHUS, EUMENES, PERDICCAS, and Atten-
dants discovered.

Alex. Search there; nay, probe me, search my
wounded reins—

Pull, draw it out.

Lys. We have search'd, but find no hurt.

Alex. Oh, I am shot! a forked burning arrow
Sticks cross my shoulders: the sad venom flies
Like lightning thro' my flesh, my blood, my marrow.

Lys. How fierce his fever!

Alex. Ha! what a change of torments I endure!
A bolt of ice runs hissing thro' my bowels;
'Tis sure the arm of death; give me a chair;
Cover me, for I freeze, and my teeth chatter
And my knees knock together.

Eum. Have mercy, Heaven!

Alex. I burn, I burn again!

The war grows wondrous hot: hey for the Tigris!
Bear me, Bucephalus, amongst the billows.

[Jumps into the chair.]

Oh, 't is a noble beast! I would not change him
For the best horse the sun has in his stable,
For they are hot, their mangers full of coals,
Their manes are flakes of lightning, curls of fire,
And their red tails like meteors whisk about.

Lys. Help all; Eumenes, help.

Alex. Ha, ha, ha! I shall die with laughter.
Parmenio, Clytus, do you see yon' fellow,
That ragged soldier, that poor tatter'd Greek?
See how he puts to flight the gaudy Persians
With nothing but a rusty helmet on, thro' which
The grisly bristles of his pushing beard
Drive 'em like pikes—Ha, ha, ha!

Per. How wild he talks.

Lys. Yet warring in his wildness.

Alex. Sound, sound! keep your ranks close. Ay,
now they come;

Oh, the brave din, the noble clang, of arms!
Charge, charge apace, and let the phalanx move.
Darius comes—ay, 't is Darius,
I see, I know him by the sparkling plumes,
And his gold chariot drawn by ten white horses;
But like a tempest thus I pour upon him——
He bleeds! with that last blow I brought him down:
He tumbles; take him, snatch th' imperial crown.
They fly, they fly!—Follow, follow—Victoria!
Victoria! Victoria! — [*Leaps into the soldiers' arms.*]

Per. Let's bear him softly to his bed.

Alex. Hold, the least motion gives me instant death;
My vital spirits are quite parch'd, burnt up,
And all my sinoky entrails turned to ashes.

Lys. When you, the brightest star that ever shone,
Shall set, it must be night with us for ever.

Alex. Let me embrace you all before I die.
[*All kneel and weep.*]

Weep not, my dear companions! the good gods
Shall send you in my stead a nobler prince,
One that shall lead you forth with matchless conduct.

Lys. Break not our hearts with such unkind expressions.

Per. We will not part with you, nor change for
Mars.

Alex. Perdicas, take this ring,
And see me laid in the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Lys. To whom does your dread majesty bequeath
The empire of the world?

Alex. To him that is most worthy.

Per. When will you, sacred sir, that we should give
To your great memory those divine honours
Which such exalted virtue does deserve?

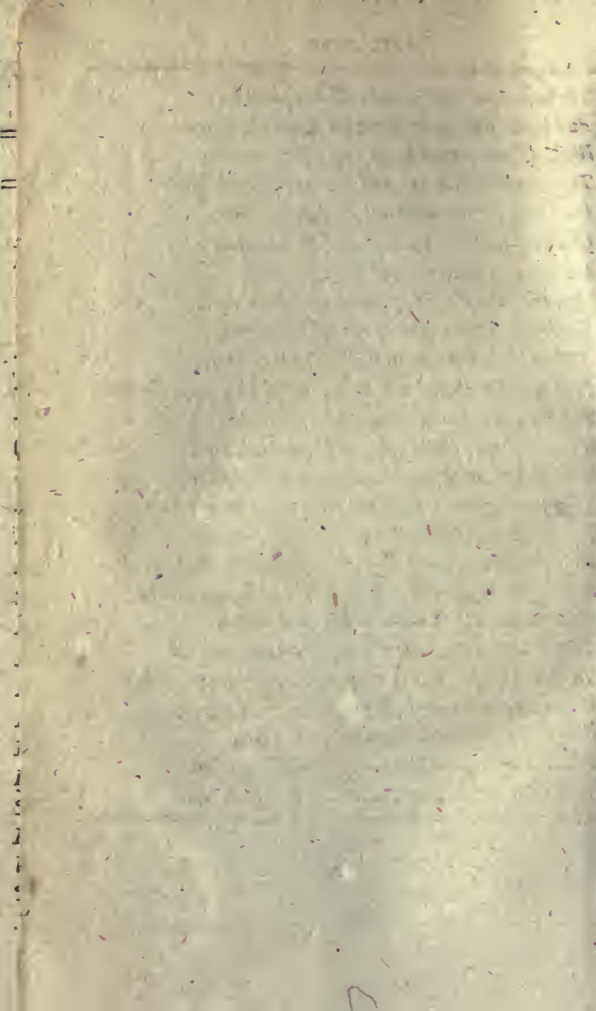
Alex. When you are all most happy and in peace.
Your hands—Oh, father! if I have discharg'd
The duty of a man to empire born;
If by unweary'd toils I have deserv'd
The vast renown of thy adopted son,
Accept this soul which thou did'st first inspire,
And which this sigh thus gives thee back again! [*Dies.*]

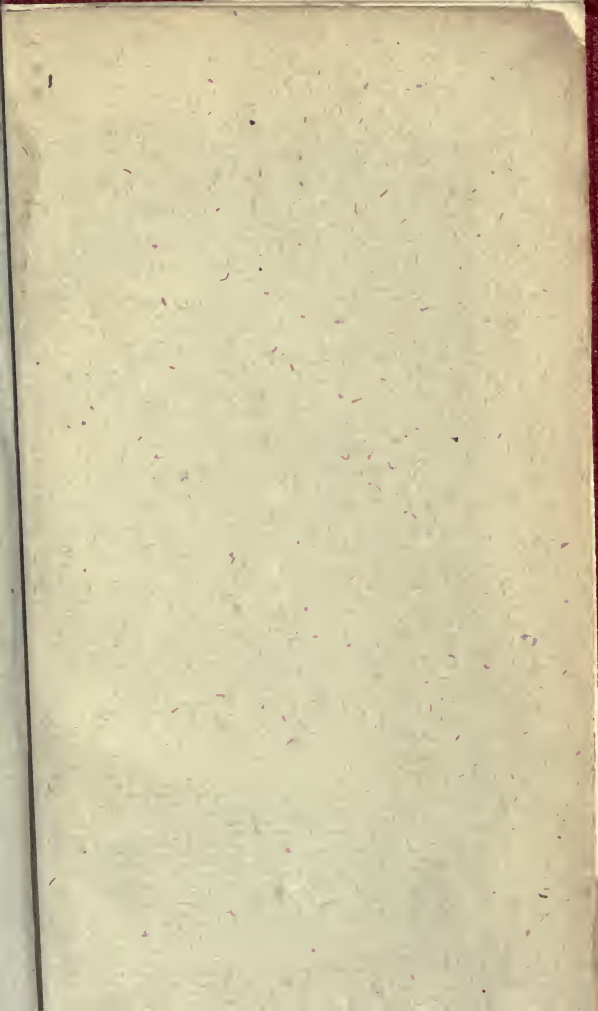
Lys. There fell the pride and glory of the war.
If there be treason let us find it out,
Lysimachus stands forth to lead you on,
And swears, by these most honour'd dear remains,
He will not taste those joys which beauty brings
Until he has reveng'd the best of kings. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

*WHATE'ER they mean, yet ought they to be curst
Who this censorious age did polish first,
Who the best play for one poor error blame,
As priests against our ladies' arts declaim,
And for one patch both soul and body damn.
But what does more provoke the actor's rage,
(For we must show the grievance of the stage)
Is that our women which adorn each play,
Bred at our cost, become at length our prey :
While green and sour like trees we bear them all,
But when they're mellow straight to you they fall;
You watch them bare and squab, and let them rest,
But with the first young down you snatch the nest.
Pray leave those poaching tricks if you are wise,
Ere we take out our letters of reprise ;
For we have vow'd to find a sort of toys
Known to black friars, a tribe of chopping boys ;
If once they come they'll quickly spoil your sport ;
There's not one lady will receive your court :
But for the youth in petticoats run wild,
With, oh ! the archest wag, the sweetest child,
The panting breast, white hands, and lily feet !
No more shall your pall'd thoughts with pleasure meet ;*

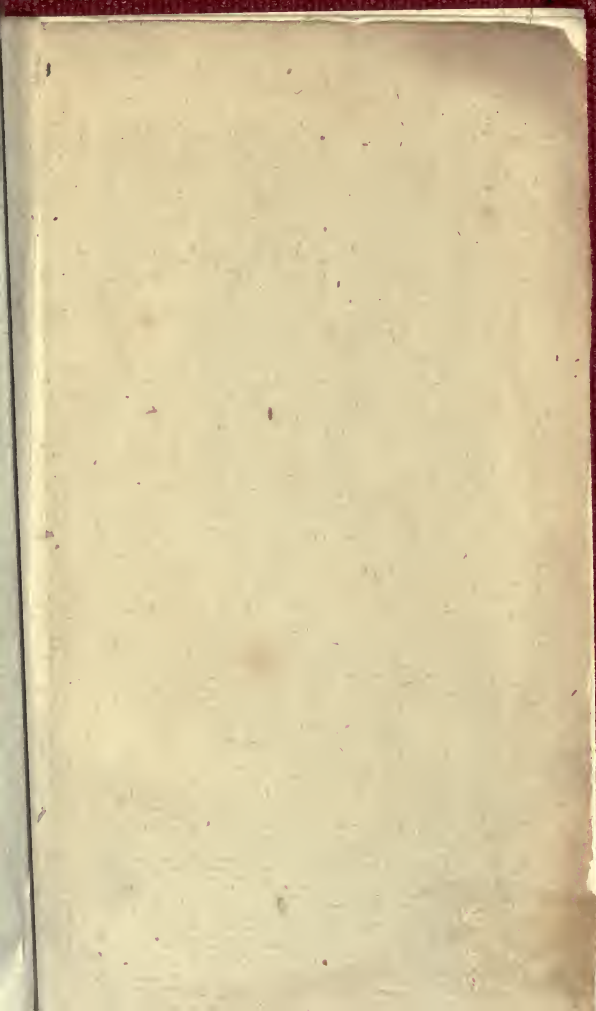
*The woman in boy's clothes all boy shall be,
And never raise your thoughts above the knee.
Well, if our women knew how false you are,
They would stay here, and this new trouble spare:
Poor souls! they think all gospel you relate,
Charm'd with the noise of settling an estate;
But when at last your appetites are full,
And the tir'd Cupid grows with action dull,
You'll find some tricks to cut off the entail,
And send them back to us all worn and stale.
Perhaps they'll find our stage, while they have rang'd
To some vile canting conventicle, chang'd;
Where for the sparks who once resorted there,
With their curl'd wigs that scented all the air,
They'll see grave blockheads with short greasy hair,
Green aprons, steeple-hats, and collar-bands,
Dull sniv'ling rogues that ring—not clap their hands,
Where for gay punks that drew the shining crowd,
And misses that in vizards laugh'd aloud,
They'll hear young sister's sigh, see matrons old
To their chopp'd cheeks their pickled kerchers hold,
Whose zeal too might persuade, in spite to you,
Our flying angels to augment their crew,
While Farringdon their hero struts about 'em.
And ne'er a damning critic dares to flout 'em.*





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